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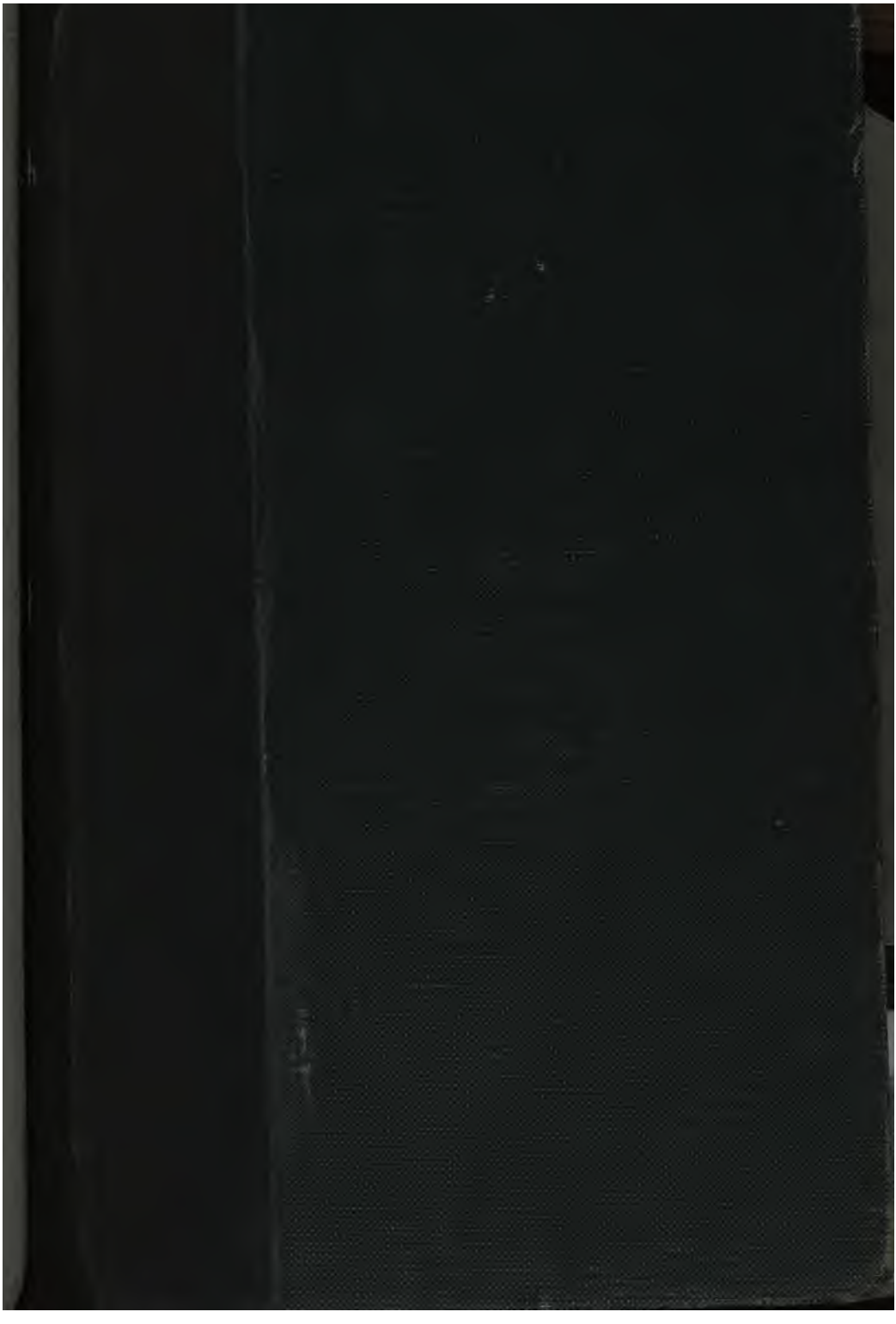

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MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH.

MY DIARY

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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Mr. MacMeekan, the proprietor of the "Washington," declares himself to have been the pioneer of hotels in the far west; but he has now built himself this huge caravanserai, and rests from his wanderings. We entered the dining saloon, and found the tables closely packed with a numerous company of every condition in life, from generals and planters down to soldiers in the uniform of privates. At the end of the room there was a long table on which the joints and dishes were brought hot from the kitchen to be carved by the negro waiters, male and female, and as each was brought in the proprietor, standing in the centre of the room, shouted out with a loud voice, "Now, then, here is a splendid goose! ladies and gentlemen, don't neglect the goose and apple-sauce! Here's a piece of beef that *I* can recommend! upon my honour you will never regret taking a slice of the beef. Oyster-pie! oyster-pie! never was better oyster-pie seen in Vicksburg. Run about, boys, and take orders. Ladies and gentlemen, just look at that turkey! who's for turkey?"—and so on, wiping the perspiration from his forehead and combating with the flies.

Altogether it was a semi-barbarous scene, but the host was active and attentive; and after all, his recommendations were very much like those which it was the habit of the taverners in old London to call out in the streets to the passers-by when the joints were ready. The little negroes who ran about to take orders were smart, but now and then came into violent collision, and were cuffed incontinently. One mild-looking little fellow stood by my chair and appeared so sad that I asked him "Are you happy, my boy?" He looked quite frightened. "Why don't

you answer me?" "I'se afeered, sir; I can't tell that to Massa." "Is not your master kind to you?" "Massa very kind man, sir; very good man when he is not angry with me," and his eyes filled with tears to the brim.

The war fever is rife in Vicksburg, and the Irish and German labourers, to the extent of several hundreds, have all gone off to the war.

When dinner was over, the mayor and several gentlemen of the city were good enough to request that I would attend a meeting, at a room in the railway-station, where some of the inhabitants of the town had assembled. Accordingly I went to the terminus and found a room filled with gentlemen. Large china bowls, blocks of ice, bottles of wine and spirits, and boxes of cigars were on the table, and all the materials for a symposium.

The company discussed recent events, some of which I learned for the first time. Dislike was expressed to the course of the authorities in demanding negro labour for the fortifications along the river, and uneasiness was expressed respecting a negro plot in Arkansas; but the most interesting matter was Judge Taney's protest against the legality of the President's course in suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of Merriman. The lawyers who were present at this meeting were delighted with his argument, which insists that Congress alone can suspend the writ, and that the President cannot legally do so.

The news of the defeat of an expedition from Fortress Monroe against a Confederate post at Great Bethel, has caused great rejoicing. The accounts show that there was the grossest mismanagement on the part

of the Federal officers. The Northern papers particularly regret the loss of Major Winthrop, aide-de-camp to General Butler, a writer of promise. At four o'clock p.m. I bade the company farewell, and the train started for Jackson. The line runs through a poor clay country, cut up with gulleys and water-courses made by violent rain.

There were a number of volunteer soldiers in the train; and their presence no doubt attracted the girls and women who waved flags and cheered for Jeff. Davis and States Rights. Well, as I travel on through such scenes, with a fine critical nose in the air, I ask myself "Is any Englishman better than these publicans and sinners in regard to this question of slavery?" It was not on moral or religious grounds that our ancestors abolished serfdom. And if to-morrow our good farmers, deprived of mowers, reapers, ploughmen, hedgers and ditchers, were to find substitutes in certain people of a dark skin assigned to their use by Act of Parliament, I fear they would be almost as ingenious as the Rev. Dr. Seabury in discovering arguments physiological, ethnological, and biblical for the retention of their property. And an evil day would it be for them if they were so tempted; for assuredly, without any derogation to the intellect of the Southern men, it may be said that a large proportion of the population is in a state of very great moral degradation compared with civilised Anglo-Saxon communities.

The man is more natural, and more reckless; he has more of the qualities of the Arab than are to be reconciled with civilisation; and it is only among the upper classes that the influences of the aristocratic condition which is

generated by the subjection of masses of men to their fellow-man are to be found.

At six o'clock the train stopped in the country at a railway crossing by the side of a large platform. On the right was a common, bounded by a few detached wooden houses, separated by palings from each other, and surrounded by rows of trees. In front of the station were two long wooden sheds, which, as the signboard indicates, were exchanges or drinking saloons; and beyond these again were visible some rudimentary streets of straggling houses, above which rose three pretentious spires and domes, resolved into insignificance by nearer approach. This was Jackson.

Our host was at the station in his carriage, and drove us to his residence, which consisted of some detached houses shaded by trees in a small enclosure, and bounded by a kitchen garden. He was one of the men who had been filled with the afflatus of 1848, and joined the Young Ireland party before it had seriously committed itself to an unfortunate outbreak; and when all hope of success had vanished, he sought, like many others of his countrymen, a shelter under the stars and stripes, which, like most of the Irish settled in Southern States, he was now bent on tearing asunder. He has the honour of being mayor of Jackson, and of enjoying a competitive examination with his medical rivals for the honour of attending the citizens.

In the evening I walked out with him to the adjacent city, which has no title to the name, except as being the State capital. The mushroom growth of these States, using that phrase merely as to their rapid development, raises hamlets in a small space to the

dignity of cities. It is in such outlying expansion of the great republic that the influence of the foreign emigration is most forcibly displayed. It would be curious to inquire, for example, how many men there are in the city of Jackson exercising mechanical arts or engaged in small commerce, in skilled or manual labour, who are really Americans in the proper sense of the word. I was struck by the names over the doors of the shops, which were German, Irish, Italian, French, and by foreign tongues and accents in the streets; but, on the other hand, it is the native-born American who obtains the highest political stations and arrogates to himself the largest share of governmental emoluments.

Jackson proper consists of strings of wooden houses, with white porticoes and pillars a world too wide for their shrunk rooms, and various religious and other public edifices, of the hydrocephalic order of architecture, where vulgar cupola and exaggerated steeple tower above little bodies far too feeble to support them. There are of course a monster hotel and blazing bar-rooms—the former celebrated as the scene of many a serious difficulty, out of some of which the participators never escaped alive. The streets consist of rows of houses such as I have seen at Macon, Montgomery, and Bâton Rouge; and as we walked towards the capital or State-house there were many more invitations "to take a drink" addressed to my friend and me than we were able to comply with. Our steps were bent to the State-house, which is a pile of stone, with open colonnades, and an air of importance at a distance which a nearer examination of its dilapidated condition does not confirm. Mr. Pettus, the Governor of the State of Mississippi, was in the Capitol; and on

sending in our cards, we were introduced to his room, which certainly was of more than republican simplicity. The apartment was surrounded with some common glass cases, containing papers and odd volumes of books; the furniture, a table or desk, and a few chairs and a ragged carpet; the glass in the windows cracked and broken; the walls and ceiling discoloured by mildew.

The Governor is a silent man, of abrupt speech, but easy of access; and, indeed, whilst we were speaking, strangers and soldiers walked in and out of his room, looked around them, and acted in all respects as if they were in a public-house, except in ordering drinks. This grim, tall, angular man seemed to me such a development of public institutions in the South as Mr. Seward was in a higher phase in the North. For years he hunted deer and trapped in the forest of the far west, and lived in a Natty Bumpo or David Crocket state of life; and he was not ashamed of the fact when taunted with it during his election contest, but very rightly made the most of his independence and his hard work.

The pecuniary honours of his position are not very great as Governor of the enormous State of Mississippi. He has simply an income of £800 a year and a house provided for his use; he is not only quite contented with what he has but believes that the society in which he lives is the highest development of civilised life, notwithstanding the fact that there are more outrages on the person in his State, nay, more murders perpetrated in the very capital, than were known in the worst days of mediæval Venice or Florence; —indeed, as a citizen said to me, "Well, I think our

average in Jackson is a murder a month;" but he used a milder name for the crime.

The Governor conversed on the aspect of affairs, and evinced that wonderful confidence in his own people which, whether it arises from ignorance of the power of the North, or a conviction of greater resources, is to me so remarkable. "Well, sir," said he, dropping a portentous plug of tobacco just outside the spittoon, with the air of a man who wished to show he could have hit the centre if he liked, "England is no doubt a great country, and has got fleets and the like of that, and may have a good deal to do in Eu-*rope;* but the sovereign State of Mississippi can do a great deal better without England than England can do without her." Having some slight recollection of Mississippi repudiation, in which Mr. Jefferson Davis was so actively engaged, I thought it possible that the Governor might be right; and after a time his Excellency shook me by the hand, and I left, much wondering within myself what manner of men they must be in the State of Mississippi when Mr. Pettus is their chosen Governor; and yet, after all, he is honest and fierce; and perhaps he is so far qualified as well as any other man to be Governor of the State. There are newspapers, electric telegraphs, and railways; there are many educated families, even much good society, I am told, in the State; but the larger masses of the people struck me as being in a condition not much elevated from that of the original backwoodsman. On my return to the Doctor's house I found some letters which had been forwarded to me from New Orleans had gone astray, and I was obliged, therefore, to make arrangements for my departure on the following evening.

June 16th.—I was compelled to send my excuses to Governor Pettus, and remained quietly within the house of my host, entreating him to protect me from visitors and especially my own *confrères*, that I might secure a few hours even in that ardent heat to write letters to home. Now, there is some self-denial required, if one be at all solicitous of the *popularis aura*, to offend the susceptibilities of the irritable genus in America. It may make all the difference between millions of people hearing and believing you are a high-toned, whole-souled gentleman or a wretched ignorant and prejudiced John Bull; but, nevertheless, the solid pudding of self-content and the satisfaction of doing one's work are preferable to the praise even of a New York newspaper editor.

When my work was over I walked out and sat in the shade with a gentleman whose talk turned upon the practices of the Mississippi duello. Without the smallest animus, and in the most natural way in the world, he told us tale after tale of blood, and recounted terrible tragedies enacted outside bars of hotels and in the public streets close beside us. The very air seemed to become purple as he spoke, the land around a veritable "Aceldama." There may, indeed, be security for property, but there is none for the life of its owner in difficulties, who may be shot by a stray bullet from a pistol as he walks up the street.

I learned many valuable facts. I was warned, for example, against the impolicy of trusting to small-bored pistols or to pocket six-shooters in case of a close fight, because suppose you hit your man mortally he may still run in upon you and rip you up with a bowie knife before he falls dead; whereas if you drive a good

heavy bullet into him, or make a hole in him with a "Derringer" ball, he gets faintish and drops at once.

Many illustrations, too, were given of the value of practical lessons of this sort. One particularly struck me. If a gentleman with whom you are engaged in altercation moves his hand towards his breeches pocket, or behind his back, you must smash him or shoot him at once, for he is either going to draw his six-shooter, to pull out a bowie knife, or to shoot you through the lining of his pocket. The latter practice is considered rather ungentlemanly, but it has somewhat been more honoured lately in the observance than in the breach. In fact, the savage practice of walking about with pistols, knifes, and poniards, in bar-rooms and gambling-saloons, with passions ungoverned, because there is no law to punish the deeds to which they lead, affords facilities for crime which an uncivilised condition of society leaves too often without punishment, but which must be put down or the country in which it is tolerated will become as barbarous as a jungle inhabited by wild beasts.

Our host gave me an early dinner, at which I met some of the citizens of Jackson, and at six o'clock I proceeded by the train for Memphis. The carriages were, of course, full of soldiers or volunteers, bound for a large camp at a place called Corinth, who made night hideous by their song and cries, stimulated by enormous draughts of whiskey and a proportionate consumption of tobacco, by teeth and by fire. The heat in the carriages added to the discomforts arising from these causes, and from great quantities of biting insects in the sleeping places. The people have all the air and manners of settlers. Altogether the impression pro-

duced on my mind was by no means agreeable, and I felt as if I was indeed in the land of Lynch law and bowie knives, where the passions of men have not yet been subordinated to the influence of the tribunals of justice. Much of this feeling has no doubt been produced by the tales to which I have been listening around me—most of which have a smack of manslaughter about them.

June 17th. If it was any consolation to me that the very noisy and very turbulent warriors of last night were exceedingly sick, dejected, and crestfallen this morning, I had it to the full. Their cries for water were incessant to allay the internal fires caused by "40 rod" and "60 rod," as whiskey is called, which is supposed to kill people at those distances. Their officers had no control over them—and the only authority they seemed to respect was that of the "gentlemanly" conductor whom they were accustomed to fear individually, as he is a great man in America and has much authority and power to make himself disagreeable if he likes.

The victory at Big or Little Bethel has greatly elated these men, and they think they can walk all over the Northern States. It was a relief to get out of the train for a few minutes at a station called Holly Springs, where the passengers breakfasted at a dirty table on most execrable coffee, corn bread, rancid butter, and very dubious meats, and the wild soldiers outside made the most of their time, as they had recovered from their temporary depression by this time, and got out on the tops of the carriages, over which they performed tumultuous dances to the music of their band, and the great admiration of the surrounding

negrodom. Their demeanour is very unlike that of the unexcitable staid people of the North.

There were in the train some Texans who were going to Richmond to offer their services to Mr. Davis. They denounced Sam Houston as a traitor, but admitted there were some Unionists, or as they termed them, Lincolnite skunks, in the State. The real object of their journey was, in my mind, to get assistance from the Southern Confederacy, to put down their enemies in Texas.

In order to conceal from the minds of the people that the government at Washington claims to be that of the United States, the press politicians and speakers divert their attention to the names of Lincoln, Seward, and other black republicans, and class the whole of the North together as the Abolitionists. They call the Federal levies "Lincoln's mercenaries" and "abolition hordes," though their own troops are paid at the same rate as those of the United States. This is a common mode of procedure in revolutions and rebellions, and is not unfrequent in wars.

The enthusiasm for the Southern cause among all the people is most remarkable,—the sight of the flag waving from the carriage windows drew all the population of the hamlets and the workers in the field, black and white, to the side of the carriages to cheer for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy, and to wave whatever they could lay hold of in the air. The country seems very poorly cultivated, the fields full of stumps of trees, and the plantation houses very indifferent. At every station more "soldiers," as they are called, got in, till the smell and heat were suffocating.

These men were as fanciful in their names and

dress as could be. In the train which preceded us there was a band of volunteers armed with rifled pistols and enormous bowie knives, who called themselves "The Toothpick Company." They carried along with them a coffin, with a plate inscribed, "Abe Lincoln, died ——," and declared they were "bound" to bring his body back in it, and that they did not intend to use muskets or rifles, but just go in with knife and six-shooter, and whip the Yankees straight away. How astonished they will be when the first round shot flies into them, or a cap full of grape rattles about their bowie knives.

At the station of Grand Junction, north of Holly Springs, which latter is 210 miles north of Jackson, several hundreds of our warrior friends were turned out in order to take the train north-westward for Richmond, Virginia. The 1st Company, seventy rank and file, consisted of Irishmen armed with sporting rifles without bayonets. Five-sixths of the 2nd Company, who were armed with muskets, were of the same nationality. The 3rd Company were all Americans. The 4th Company were almost all Irish. Some were in green, others were in grey, the Americans who were in blue had not yet received their arms. When the word fix bayonets was given by the officer, a smart keen-looking man, there was an astonishing hurry and tumult in the ranks.

"Now then, Sweeny, whar are yes dhriven me too? Is it out of the redjmint amongst the officers yer shovin' me?"

"Sullivan, don't ye hear we're to fix beenits?"

"Sarjeut, jewel, wud yes ayse the shtrap of me baynit?"

"If ye prod me wid that agin, I'll let dayloite into ye."

The officer, reading, "No. 23, James Phelan."

No reply.

Officer again, "No. 23, James Phelan."

Voice from the rank, "Shure, captain, and faix Phelan's gone, he wint at the last depôt."

"No. 40, Miles Corrigan."

Voice further on, "He's the worse for dhrink in the cars, yer honour, and says he'll shoot us if we touch him;" and so on.

But these fellows were, nevertheless, the material for fighting and for marching after proper drill and with good officers, even though there was too large a proportion of old men and young lads in the ranks. To judge from their dress these recruits came from the labouring and poorest classes of whites. The officers affected a French cut and bearing with indifferent success, and in the luggage vans there were three foolish young women with slop-dress imitation clothes of the Vivandière type, who, with dishevelled hair, dirty faces, and dusty hats and jackets, looked sad, sorry, and absurd. Their notions of propriety did not justify them in adopting straps, boots, and trousers, and the rest of the tawdry ill-made costume looked very bad indeed.

The train which still bore a large number of soldiers for the camp of Corinth, proceeded through dreary swamps, stunted forests, and clearings of the rudest kind at very long intervals. We had got out of the cotton district and were entering poorer soil, or land which, when cleared, was devoted to wheat and corn, and I was told that the crops ran from forty to sixty

bushels to the acre. A more uninteresting country than this portion of the State of Mississippi I have never witnessed. There was some variety of scenery about Holly Springs where undulating ground covered with wood, diversified the aspect of the flat, but since that we have been travelling through mile after mile of insignificantly grown timber and swamps.

On approaching Memphis the line ascends towards the bluff of the Mississippi, and farms of a better appearance come in sight on the side of the rail; but after all I do not envy the fate of the man who, surrounded by slaves and shut out from the world, has to pass his life in this dismal region, be the crops never so good.

At a station where a stone pillar marks the limit between the sovereign State of Mississippi and that of Tennessee, there was a house two stories high, from the windows of which a number of negro girls and young men were staring on the passengers. Some of them smiled, laughed, and chatted, but the majority of them looked gloomy and sad enough. They were packed as close as they could be, and I observed that at the door a very ruffianly looking fellow in a straw hat, long straight hair, flannel shirt, and slippers, was standing with his legs across and a heavy whip in his hand. One of the passengers walked over and chatted to him. They looked in and up at the negroes and laughed, and when the man came near the carriage in which I sat, a friend called out, "Whose are they, Sam?" "He's a dealer at Jackson, Mr. Smith. They're as prime a lot of fine Virginny niggers as I've seen this long time, and he wants to realise, for the news looks so bad."

It was 1.40 p.m. when the train arrived at Memphis.

I was speedily on my way to the Gayoso House, so called after an old Spanish ruler of the district, which is situated in the street on the bluff, which runs parallel with the course of the Mississippi. This resuscitated Egyptian city is a place of importance, and extends for several miles along the high bank of the river, though it does not run very far back. The streets are at right angles to the principal thoroughfares, which are parallel to the stream; and I by no means expected to see the lofty stores, warehouses, rows of shops, and handsome buildings on the broad esplanade along the river, and the extent and size of the edifices public and private in this city, which is one of the developments of trade and commerce created by the Mississippi. Memphis contains nearly 30,000 inhabitants, but many of them are foreigners, and there is a nomad draft into and out of the place, which abounds in haunts for Bohemians, drinking and dancing-saloons, and gaming-rooms. And this strange kaleidoscope of negroes and whites of the extremes of civilisation in its American development, and of the semi-savage degraded by his contact with the white; of enormous steamers on the river, which bears equally the dug-out or canoe of the black fisherman; the rail, penetrating the inmost recesses of swamps, which on either side of it remain no doubt in the same state as they were centuries ago; the roll of heavily-laden waggons through the streets; the rattle of omnibuses and all the phenomena of active commercial life before our eyes, included in the same scope of vision which takes in at the other side of the Mississippi lands scarcely yet settled, though the march of empire has gone thousands of miles

beyond them, amuses but perplexes the traveller in this new land.

The evening was so exceedingly warm that I was glad to remain within the walls of my darkened bedroom. All the six hundred and odd guests whom the Gayoso House is said to accommodate were apparently in the passage at one time. At present it is the headquarters of General Gideon J. Pillow, who is charged with the defences of the Tennessee side of the river, and commands a considerable body of troops around the city and in the works above. The house is consequently filled with men in uniform, belonging to the General's staff or the various regiments of Tennessee troops.

The Governors and the Legislatures of the States, view with dislike every action on the part of Mr. Davis which tends to form the State troops into a national army. At first, indeed, the doctrine prevailed that troops could not be sent beyond the limits of the State in which they were raised—then it was argued that they ought not to be called upon to move outside their borders; and I have heard people in the South inveighing against the sloth and want of spirit of the Virginians, who allowed their State to be invaded without resisting the enemy. Such complaints were met by the remark that all the Northern States had combined to pour their troops into Virginia, and that her sister States ought in honour to protect her. Finally, the martial enthusiasm of the Southern regiments impelled them to press forward to the frontier, and by delicate management, and the perfect knowledge of his countrymen which Mr. Jefferson Davis possesses, he is now enabled to amalgamate in some sort the diverse

individualities of his regiments into something like a national army.

On hearing of my arrival, General Pillow sent his aide-de-camp to inform me that he was about starting in a steamer up the river, to make an inspection of the works and garrison at Fort Randolph and at other points where batteries had been erected to command the stream, supported by large levies of Tennesseans. The aide-de-camp conducted me to the General, whom I found in his bedroom, fitted up as an office, littered with plans and papers. Before the Mexican war General Pillow was a flourishing solicitor, connected in business with President Polk, and commanding so much influence that when the expedition was formed he received the nomination of brigadier-general of volunteers. He served with distinction and was severely wounded at the battle of Chapultepec, and at the conclusion of the campaign he retired into civil life, and was engaged directing the work of his plantation till this great rebellion summoned him once more to the field.

Of course there is, and must be, always an inclination to deride these volunteer officers on the part of regular soldiers; and I was informed by one of the officers in attendance on the General that he had made himself ludicrously celebrated in Mexico for having undertaken to throw up a battery which, when completed, was found to face the wrong way, so that the guns were exposed to the enemy. General Pillow is a small, compact, clear-complexioned man, with short grey whiskers, cut in the English fashion, a quick eye, and a pompous manner of speech; and I had not been long in his company before I heard of Chapultepec and his wound,

which causes him to limp a little in his walk, and gives him inconvenience in the saddle. He wore a round black hat, plain blue frock coat, dark trousers, and brass spurs on his boots; but no sign of military rank. The General ordered carriages to the door, and we went to see the batteries on the bluff or front of the esplanade, which are intended to check any ship attempting to pass down the river from Cairo, where the Federals under General Prentiss have entrenched themselves, and are understood to meditate an expedition against the city. A parapet of cotton bales, covered with tarpaulin, has been erected close to the edge of the bank of earth, which rises to heights varying from 60 to 150 feet almost perpendicularly from the waters of the Mississippi, with zigzag roads running down through it to the landing-places. This parapet could offer no cover against vertical fire, and is so placed that well-directed shell into the bank below it would tumble it all into the water. The zigzag roads are barricaded with weak planks, which would be shivered to pieces by boat-guns; and the assaulting parties could easily mount through these covered ways to the rear of the parapet, and up to the very centre of the esplanade.

The blockade of the river at this point is complete; not a boat is permitted to pass either up or down. At the extremity of the esplanade, on an angle of the bank, an earthen battery, mounted with six heavy guns, has been thrown up, which has a fine command of the river; and the General informed me he intends to mount sixteen guns in addition, on a prolongation of the face of the same work.

The inspection over, we drove down a steep

road to the water beneath, where the Ingomar, a large river steamer, now chartered for the service of the State of Tennessee, was lying to receive us. The vessel was crowded with troops—all volunteers, of course—about to join those in camp. Great as were their numbers, the proportion of the officers was inordinately large, and the rank of the greater number preposterously high. It seemed to me as if I was introduced to a battalion of colonels, and that I was not permitted to pierce to any lower strata of military rank. I counted seventeen colonels, and believe the number was not then exhausted.

General Clarke, of Mississippi, who had come over from the camp at Corinth, was on board, and I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. He spoke with sense and firmness of the present troubles, and dealt with the political difficulties in a tone of moderation which bespoke a gentleman and a man of education and thought. He also had served in the Mexican war, and had the air and manner of a soldier. With all his quietness of tone, there was not the smallest disposition to be traced in his words to retire from the present contest, or to consent to a reunion with the United States under any circumstances whatever. Another general, of a very different type, was among our passengers—a dirty-faced, frightened-looking young man, of some twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, redolent of tobacco, his chin and shirt slavered by its foul juices, dressed in a green cutaway coat, white jean trousers, strapped under a pair of prunella slippers, in which he promenaded the deck in an Agag-like manner, which gave rise to a suspicion of bunions or corns. This strange figure was topped by a tremendous black felt

sombrero, looped up at one side by a gilt eagle, in which was stuck a plume of ostrich feathers and from the other side dangled a heavy gold tassel. This decrepit young warrior's name was Ruggles or Struggles, who came from Arkansas, where he passed, I was informed, for "quite a leading citizen."

Our voyage as we steamed up the river afforded no novelty, nor any physical difference worthy of remark, to contrast it with the lower portions of the stream, except that upon our right hand side, which is, in effect, the left bank, there are ranges of exceedingly high bluffs, some parallel with and others at right angles to the course of the stream. The river is of the same pea-soup colour with the same masses of leaves, decaying vegetation, stumps of trees, forming small floating islands, or giant cotton-tree, pines, and balks of timber whirling down the current. Our progress was slow; nor did I regret the captain's caution, as there must have been fully nine hundred persons on board; and although there is but little danger of being snagged in the present condition of the river, we encountered now and then a trunk of a tree, which struck against the bows with force enough to make the vessel quiver from stem to stern. I was furnished with a small berth, to which I retired at midnight, just as the Ingomar was brought to at the Chickasaw Bluffs, above which lies Camp Randolph.

CHAPTER II.

Camp Randolph—Cannon practice—Volunteers—"Dixie"—Forced return from the South—Apathy of the North—General retrospect of politics—Energy and earnestness of the South—Fire-arms—Position of Great Britain towards the belligerents—Feeling towards the Old Country.

June 18*th*. On looking out of my cabin window this morning I found the steamer fast alongside a small wharf, above which rose, to the height of 150 feet, at an angle of 45 degrees, the rugged bluff already mentioned. The wharf was covered with commissariat stores and ammunition. Three heavy guns, which some men were endeavouring to sling to rude bullock-carts, in a manner defiant of all the laws of gravitation, seemed likely to go slap into the water at every moment; but of the many great strapping fellows who were lounging about, not one gave a hand to the working party. A dusty track wound up the hill to the brow, and there disappeared; and at the height of fifty feet or so above the level of the river two earth-works had been rudely erected in an ineffective position. The volunteers who were lounging about the edge of the stream were dressed in different ways, and had no uniform.

Already the heat of the sun compelled me to seek the shade; and a number of the soldiers, labouring

under the same infatuation as that which induces little boys to disport themselves in the Thames at Waterloo Bridge, under the notion that they are washing themselves, were swimming about in a back-water of the great river, regardless of cat-fish, mud, and fever.

General Pillow proceeded on shore after breakfast, and we mounted the coarse cart-horse chargers which were in waiting at the jetty to receive us. It is scarcely worth while to transcribe from my diary a description of the works which I sent over at the time to England. Certainly, a more extraordinary maze could not be conceived, even in the dreams of a sick engineer—a number of mad beavers might possibly construct such dams. They were so ingeniously made as to prevent the troops engaged in their defence from resisting the enemy's attacks, or getting away from them when the assailants had got inside—most difficult and troublesome to defend, and still more difficult for the defenders to leave, the latter perhaps being their chief merit.

The General ordered some practice to be made with round shot down the river. An old forty-two pound carronade was loaded with some difficulty, and pointed at a tree about 1700 yards—which I was told, however, was not less than 2500 yards—distant. The General and his staff took their posts on the parapet to leeward, and I ventured to say, "I think, General, the smoke will prevent your seeing the shot." To which the General replied, "No, sir," in a tone which indicated, "I beg you to understand I have been wounded in Mexico, and know all about this kind of thing." "Fire," the string was pulled, and

out of the touch-hole popped a piece of metal with a little chirrup. "Darn these friction tubes! I prefer the linstock and match," quoth one of the staff, *sotto voce*, "but General Pillow will have us use friction tubes made at Memphis, that ar'nt worth a cuss." Tube No. 2, however, did explode, but where the ball went no one could say, as the smoke drifted right into our eyes.

The General then moved to the other side of the gun, which was fired a third time, the shot falling short in good line, but without any ricochet. Gun No. 3 was next fired. Off went the ball down the river, but off went the gun, too, and with a frantic leap it jumped, carriage and all, clean off the platform. Nor was it at all wonderful, for the poor old-fashioned chamber carronade had been loaded with a charge and a solid shot heavy enough to make it burst with indignation. Most of us felt relieved when the firing was over, and, for my own part, I would much rather have been close to the target than to the battery.

Slowly winding for some distance up the steep road in a blazing sun, we proceeded through the tents which are scattered in small groups, for health's sake, fifteen and twenty together, on the wooded plateau above the river. The tents are of the small ridge-pole pattern, six men to each, many of whom, from their exposure to the sun, whilst working in these trenches, and from the badness of the water, had already been laid up with illness. As a proof of General Pillow's energy, it is only fair to say he is constructing, on the very summit of the plateau, large cisterns, which will be filled with water from the river by steam power.

The volunteers were mostly engaged at drill in dis-

tinct companies, but by order of the General some 700 or 800 of them were formed into line for inspection. Many of these men were in their shirt sleeves, and the awkwardness with which they handled their arms showed that, however good they might be as shots, they were bad hands at manual platoon exercise; but such great strapping fellows, that, as I walked down the ranks there were few whose shoulders were not above the level of my head, excepting here and there a weedy old man or a growing lad. They were armed with old pattern percussion muskets, no two clad alike, many very badly shod, few with knapsacks, but all provided with a tin water-flask and a blanket. These men have been only five weeks enrolled, and were called out by the State of Tennessee, in anticipation of the vote of secession.

I could get no exact details as to the supply of food, but from the Quartermaster-General I heard that each man had from ¾ lb. to 1¼ lb. of meat, and a sufficiency of bread, sugar, coffee, and rice daily; however, these military Olivers "asked for more." Neither whisky nor tobacco was served out to them, which to such heavy consumers of both, must prove one source of dissatisfaction. The officers were plain, farmerly planters, merchants, lawyers, and the like—energetic, determined men, but utterly ignorant of the most rudimentary parts of military science. It is this want of knowledge on the part of the officer which renders it so difficult to arrive at a tolerable condition of discipline among volunteers, as the privates are quite well aware they know as much of soldiering as the great majority of their officers.

Having gone down the lines of these motley companies, the General addressed them in a harangue in which he

expatiated on their patriotism, on their courage, and the atrocity of the enemy, in an odd farrago of military and political subjects. But the only matter which appeared to interest them much was the announcement that they would be released from work in another day or so, and that negroes would be sent to perform all that was required. This announcement was received with the words, "Bully for us!" and "That's good." And when General Pillow wound up a florid peroration by assuring them, "When the hour of danger comes I will be with you," the effect was by no means equal to his expectations. The men did not seem to care much whether General Pillow was with them or not at that eventful moment; and, indeed, all dusty as he was in his plain clothes he did not look very imposing, or give one an idea that he would contribute much to the means of resistance. However, one of the officers called out, "Boys, three cheers for General Pillow."

What they may do in the North I know not, but certainly the Southern soldiers cannot cheer, and what passes muster for that jubilant sound is a shrill ringing scream with a touch of the Indian war-whoop in it. As these cries ended, a stentorian voice shouted out, "Who cares for General Pillow?" No one answered; whence I inferred the General would not be very popular until the niggers were actually at work in the trenches.

We returned to the steamer, headed up stream and proceeded onwards for more than an hour, to another landing, protected by a battery, where we disembarked, the General being received by a guard dressed in uniform, who turned out with some appearance of soldierly smartness. On my remarking the difference to the

General, he told me the corps encamped at this point was composed of gentlemen planters, and farmers. They had all clad themselves, and consisted of some of the best families in the State of Tennessee.

As we walked down the gangway to the shore, the band on the upper deck struck up, out of compliment to the English element in the party, the unaccustomed strains of "God save the Queen;" and I am not quite sure that the loyalty which induced me to stand in the sun, with uncovered head, till the musicians were good enough to desist, was appreciated. Certainly a gentleman, who asked me why I did so, looked very incredulous, and said "That he could understand it if it had been in a church; but that he would not broil his skull in the sun, not if General Washington was standing just before him." The General gave orders to exercise the battery at this point, and a working party was told off to firing drill. 'Twas fully six minutes between the giving of the orders and the first gun being ready.

On the word "fire" being given, the gunner pulled the lanyard, but the tube did not explode; a second tube was inserted, but a strong jerk pulled it out without exploding; a third time one of the General's fuses was applied, which gave way to the pull, and was broken in two; a fourth time was more successful—the gun exploded, and the shot fell short and under the mark—in fact, nothing could be worse than the artillery practice which I saw here, and a fleet of vessels coming down the river might, in the present state of the garrisons, escape unhurt.

There are no disparts, tangents, or elevating screws to the gun, which are laid by eye and wooden chocks.

I could see no shells in the battery, but was told ther were some in the magazine.

Altogether, though Randolph's Point and Fort Pillow afford strong positions, in the present state of the service, and equipment of guns and works, gunboats could run past them without serious loss, and, as the river falls, the fire of the batteries will be even less effective.

On returning to the boats the band struck up "The Marseillaise" and "Dixie's Land." There are two explanations of the word Dixie—one is that it is the general term for the Slave States, which are, of course, south of Mason and Dixon's line; another, that a planter named Dixie, died long ago, to the intense grief of his animated property. Whether they were ill-treated after he died, and thus had reason to regret his loss, or that they had merely a longing in the abstract after Heaven, no fact known to me can determine; but certain it is that they long much after Dixie, in the land to which his spirit was supposed by them to have departed, and console themselves in their sorrow by clamorous wishes to follow their master, where probably the revered spirit would be much surprised to find himself in their company. The song is the work of the negro melodists of New York.

In the afternoon we returned to Memphis. Here I was obliged to cut short my Southern tour, though I would willingly have stayed, to have seen the most remarkable social and political changes the world has probably ever witnessed. The necessity of my position obliged me to return northwards—unless I could write, there was no use in my being on the spot at all. By this time the Federal fleets have succeeded in

closing the ports, if not effectually, so far as to render the carriage of letters precarious, and the route must be at best devious and uncertain.

Mr. Jefferson Davis was, I was assured, prepared to give me every facility at Richmond to enable me to know and to see all that was most interesting in the military and political action of the New Confederacy; but of what use could this knowledge be if I could not communicate it to the journal I served?

I had left the North when it was suffering from a political paralysis, and was in a state of coma in which it appeared conscious of the coming convulsion but unable to avert it. The sole sign of life in the body corporate was some feeble twitching of the limbs at Washington, when the district militia were called out, whilst Mr. Seward descanted on the merits of the Inaugural, and believed that the anger of the South was a short madness, which would be cured by a mild application of philosophical essays.

The politicians, who were urging in the most forcible manner the complete vindication of the rights of the Union, were engaged, when I left them arguing, that the Union had no rights at all as opposed to those of the States. Men who had heard with nods of approval of the ordinance of secession passed by State after State were now shrieking out, "Slay the traitors!"

The printed rags which had been deriding the President as the great "rail splitter," and his Cabinet as a collection of ignoble fanatics, were now heading the popular rush, and calling out to the country to support Mr. Lincoln and his Ministry, and were menacing with war the foreign States which dared to stand neutral in the quarrel. The declaration of Lord John Russell

that the Southern Confederacy should have limited belligerent rights had at first created a thrill of exultation in the South, because the politicians believed that in this concession was contained the principle of recognition; while it had stung to fury the people of the North, to whom it seemed the first warning of the coming disunion.

Much, therefore, as I desired to go to Richmond, where I was urged to repair by many considerations, and by the earnest appeals of those around me, I felt it would be impossible, notwithstanding the interest attached to the proceedings there, to perform my duties in a place cut off from all communication with the outer world; and so I decided to proceed to Chicago, and thence to Washington, where the Federals had assembled a large army, with the purpose of marching upon Richmond, in obedience to the cry of nearly every journal of influence in the Northern cities.

My resolution was mainly formed in consequence of the intelligence which was communicated to me at Memphis, and I told General Pillow that I would continue my journey to Cairo, in order to get within the Federal lines. As the river was blockaded, the only means of doing so was to proceed by rail to Columbus, and thence to take a steamer to the Federal position; and so, whilst the General was continuing his inspection, I rode to the telegraph office, in one of the camps, to order my luggage to be prepared for departure as soon as I arrived, and thence went on board the steamer, where I sat down in the cabin to write my last despatch from Dixie.

So far I had certainly no reason to agree with Mr.

Seward in thinking this rebellion was the result of a localised energetic action on the part of a fierce minority in the seceding States, and that there was in each a large, if inert, mass opposed to secession, which would rally round the Stars and Stripes the instant they were displayed in their sight. On the contrary, I met everywhere with but one feeling, with exceptions which proved its unanimity and its force. To a man the people went with their States, and had but one battle cry, "States' rights, and death to those who make war against them!"

Day after day I had seen this feeling intensified by the accounts which came from the North of a fixed determination to maintain the war; and day after day, I am bound to add, the impression on my mind was strengthened that "States' rights" meant protection to slavery, extension of slave territory, and free-trade in slave produce with the outer world; nor was it any argument against the conclusion that the popular passion gave vent to the most vehement outcries against Yankees, abolitionists, German mercenaries, and modern invasion. I was fully satisfied in my mind also that the population of the South, who had taken up arms, were so convinced of the righteousness of their cause, and so competent to vindicate it, that they would fight with the utmost energy and valour in its defence and successful establishment.

The saloon in which I was sitting afforded abundant evidence of the vigour with which the South are entering upon the contest. Men of every variety and condition of life had taken up arms against the cursed Yankee and the black Republican—there was not a man there who would not have given his life for the rare pleasure

of striking Mr. Lincoln's head off his shoulders, and yet to a cold European the scene was almost ludicrous.

Along the covered deck lay tall Tennesseans, asleep, whose plumed felt hats were generally the only indications of their martial calling, for few indeed had any other signs of uniform, except the rare volunteers, who wore stripes of red and yellow cloth on their trousers, or leaden buttons, and discoloured worsted braid and facings on their jackets. The afterpart of the saloon deck was appropriated to General Pillow, his staff, and officers. The approach to it was guarded by a sentry, a tall, good-looking young fellow, in a grey flannel shirt, grey trousers, fastened with a belt and a brass buckle, inscribed U.S., which came from some plundered Federal arsenal, and a black wide-awake hat, decorated with a green plume. His Enfield rifle lay beside him on the deck, and, with great interest expressed on his face, he leant forward in his rocking-chair to watch the varying features of a party squatted on the floor, who were employed in the national game of "Euchre." As he raised his eyes to examine the condition of the cigar he was smoking, he caught sight of me, and by the simple expedient of holding his leg across my chest, and calling out, "Hallo! where are you going to?" brought me to a standstill—whilst his captain, who was one of the happy euchreists, exclaimed, "Now, Sam, you let nobody go in there."

I was obliged to explain who I was, whereupon the sentry started to his feet, and said, "Oh! indeed, you are Russell that's been in that war with the Rooshians. Well, I'm very much pleased to know you. I shall be off sentry in a few minutes; I'll just ask you to tell me something about that fighting." He held out his

hand, and shook mine warmly as he spoke. There was not the smallest intention to offend in his manner; but, sitting down again, he nodded to the captain, and said, "It's all right; it's Pillow's friend—that's Russell of the London *Times*." The game of euchre was continued—and indeed it had been perhaps all night — for my last recollection on looking out of my cabin was of a number of people playing cards on the floor and on the tables all down the saloon, and of shouts of "Eu-kerr!" "Ten dollars, you don't!" "I'll lay twenty on this!" and so on; and with breakfast the sport seemed to be fully revived.

There would have been much more animation in the game, no doubt, had the bar on board the Ingomar been opened; but the intelligent gentleman who presided inside had been restricted by General Pillow in his avocations; and when numerous thirsty souls from the camps came on board, with dry tongues and husky voices, and asked for "mint juleps," "brandy smashes," or "whisky cocktails," he seemed to take a saturnine pleasure by saying, "The General won't allow no spirit on board, but I can give you a nice drink of Pillow's own iced Mississippi water," an announcement which generally caused infinite disgust and some unhandsome wishes respecting the General's future happiness.

By and bye, a number of sick men were brought down on litters, and placed here and there along the deck. As there was a considerable misunderstanding between the civilian and military doctors, it appeared to be understood that the best way of arranging it was not to attend to the sick at all, and unfortunate men suffering from fever and dysentery were left to roll and

groan, and lie on their stretchers, without a soul to help them. I had a medicine chest on board, and I ventured to use the lessons of my experience in such matters, administered my quinine, James's Powder, calomel, and opium, *secundum meam artem*, and nothing could be more grateful than the poor fellows were for the smallest mark of attention. "Stranger, remember, if I die," gasped one great fellow, attenuated to a skeleton by dysentery, "That I am Robert Tallon, of Tishimingo county, and that I died for States' rights; see, now, they put that in the papers, won't you? Robert Tallon died for States' rights," and so he turned round on his blanket.

Presently the General came on board, and the Ingomar proceeded on her way back to Memphis. General Clarke, to whom I mentioned the great neglect from which the soldiers were suffering, told me he was afraid the men had no medical attendance in camp. All the doctors, in fact, wanted to fight, and as they were educated men, and generally connected with respectable families, or had political influence in the State, they aspired to be colonels at the very least, and to wield the sword instead of the scalpel.

Next to the medical department, the commissariat and transport were most deficient; but by constant courts-martial, stoppages of pay, and severe sentences, he hoped these evils would be eventually somewhat mitigated. As one who had received a regular military education, General Clarke was probably shocked by volunteer irregularities; and in such matters as guard-mounting, reliefs, patrols, and picket-duties, he declared they were enough to break one's heart; but I was astonished to hear from him that the Germans

were by far the worst of the five thousand troops under his command, of whom they formed more than a fifth.

Whilst we were conversing, the captain of the steamer invited us to come up into his cabin on the upper deck; and as railway conductors, steamboat captains, bar-keepers, hotel-clerks, and telegraph officers are among the natural aristocracy of the land, we could not disobey the invitation, which led to the consumption of some of the captain's private stores, and many warm professions of political faith.

The captain told me it was rough work abroad sometimes with "sports" and chaps of that kind; but "God bless you," said he, "the river now is not what it used to be a few years ago, when we'd have three or four difficulties of an afternoon, and may-be now and then a regular free fight all up and down the decks, that would last a couple of hours, so that when we came to a town we would have to send for all the doctors twenty miles round, and may-be some of them would die in spite of that. It was the rowdies used to get these fights up; but we've put them pretty well down. The citizens have hunted them out, and they's gone away west." "Well, then, captain, one's life was not very safe on board sometimes." "Safe! Lord bless you!" said the captain; "if you did not meddle, just as safe as you are now, if the boiler don't collapse. You must, in course, know how to handle your weepins, and be pretty spry in taking your own part." "Ho, you Bill!" to his coloured servant, "open that clothes-press." "Now, here," he continued, "is how I travel; so that I am always easy in my mind in case of trouble on board." Putting his hand under the pillow of the bed close beside him, he pulled out a formidable

looking double-barrelled pistol at half-cock, with the caps upon it. "That's as purty a pistol as Derringer ever made. I've got the brace of them—here's the other;" and with that he whipped out pistol No. 2, in an equal state of forwardness, from a little shelf over his bed; and then going over to the clothes-press, he said, "Here's a real old Kentuck, one of the old sort, as light on the trigger as gossamer, and sure as deeth—Why, law bless me, a child would cut a turkey's head off with it at a hundred yards." This was a huge lump of iron, about five feet long, with a small hole bored down the centre, fitted in a coarse German-fashioned stock. "But," continued he, "this is my main dependence; here is a regular beauty, a first-rate, with ball or buck-shot, or whatever you like — made in London; I gave two hundred dollars for it; and it is so short and handy and straight shooting, I'd just as soon part with my life as let it go to anybody" and, with a glow of pride in his face, the captain handed round again a very short double-barrelled gun, of some eleven or twelve bore, with back action locks, and an audacious "Joseph Manton, London," stamped on the plate. The manner of the man was perfectly simple and *bonâ fide;* very much as if Inspector Podger were revealing to a simpleton the mode by which the London police managed refractory characters in the station-house.

From such matters as these I was diverted by the more serious subject of the attitude taken by England in this quarrel. The concession of belligerent rights was, I found, misunderstood, and was considered as an admission that the Southern States had established their independence before they had done more than declare their intention to fight for it.

It is not within my power to determine whether the North is as unfair to Great Britain as the South; but I fear the history of the people, and the tendency of their institutions, are adverse to any hope of fair-play and justice to the old country. And yet it is the only power in Europe for the good opinion of which they really seem to care. Let any French, Austrian, or Russian journal write what it pleases of the United States, it is received with indifferent criticism or callous head-shaking. But let a London paper speak, and the whole American press is delighted or furious.

The political sentiment quite overrides all other feelings; and it is the only symptom statesmen should care about, as it guides the policy of the country. If a man can put faith in the influence for peace of common interests, of common origin, common intentions, with the spectacle of this incipient war before his eyes, he must be incapable of appreciating the consequences which follow from man being an animal. A war between England and the United States would be unnatural; but it would not be nearly so unnatural now as it was when it was actually waged in 1776 between people who were barely separated from each other by a single generation; or in 1812-14, when the foreign immigration had done comparatively little to dilute the Anglo-Saxon blood. The Norman of Hampshire and Sussex did not care much for the ties of consanguinity and race when he followed his lord in fee to ravage Guienne or Brittany.

The general result of my intercourse with Americans is to produce the notion that they consider Great Britain in a state of corruption and decay, and eagerly seek to exalt France at her expense. Their language is the

sole link between England and the United States, and it only binds the England of 1770 to the American o 1860.

There is scarcely an American on either side o Mason and Dixon's line who does not religiously believe that the colonies, alone and single-handed encountered the whole undivided force of Great Britain in the revolution, and defeated it. I mean, of course, the vast mass of the people; and I do not think there is an orator or a writer who would venture to tell them the truth on the subject. Again, they firmly believe that their petty frigate engagements established as complete a naval ascendancy over Great Britain as the latter obtained by her great encounters with the fleets of France and Spain. Their reverses, defeats, and headlong routs in the first war, their reverses in the second, are covered over by a huge Buncombe plaster, made up of Bunker's Hill, Plattsburg, Baltimore, and New Orleans.

Their delusions are increased and solidified by the extraordinary text-books of so-called history, and by the feasts, and festivals, and celebrations of their every-day political life, in all of which we pass through imaginary Caudine Forks; and they entertain towards the old country at best very much the feeling which a high-spirited young man would feel towards the guardian who, when he had come of age, and was free from all control, sought to restrain the passions of his early life.

Now I could not refuse to believe that in New Orleans, Montgomery, Mobile, Jackson, and Memphis there is a reckless and violent condition of society, unfavourable to civilisation, and but little hopeful

for the future. The most absolute and despotic rule, under which a man's life and property are safe, is better than the largest measure of democratic freedom, which deprives the freeman of any security for either. The state of legal protection for the most serious interests of man, considered as a civilised and social creature, which prevails in America, could not be tolerated for an instant, and would generate a revolution in the worst governed country in Europe. I would much sooner, as the accidental victim of a generally disorganized police, be plundered by a chance diligence robber in Mexico, or have a fair fight with a Greek Klepht, suffer from Italian banditti, or be garotted by a London ticket-of-leave man, than be bowie-knifed or revolvered in consequence of a political or personal difference with a man, who is certain not in the least degree to suffer from an accidental success in his argument.

On our return to the hotel I dined with the General and his staff at the public table, where there was a large assemblage of military men, Southern ladies, their families, and contractors. This latter race has risen up as if by magic, to meet the wants of the new Confederacy; and it is significant to measure the amount of the dependence on Northern manufacturers by the advertisements in the Southern journals, indicating the creation of new branches of workmanship, mechanical science, and manufacturing skill.

Hitherto they have been dependent on the North for the very necessaries of their industrial life. These States were so intent on gathering in money for their produce, expending it luxuriously, and paying it out for Northern labour, that they found

themselves suddenly in the condition of a child brought up by hand, whose nurse and mother have left it on the steps of the poor-house. But they have certainly essayed to remedy the evil and are endeavouring to make steam-engines, gunpowder, lamps, clothes, boots, railway carriages, steel springs, glass, and all the smaller articles for which even Southern households find a necessity.

The peculiar character of this contest developes itself in a manner almost incomprehensible to a stranger who has been accustomed to regard the United States as a nation. Here is General Pillow, for example, in the State of Tennessee, commanding the forces of the State, which, in effect, belongs to the Southern Confederacy; but he tells me that he cannot venture to move across a certain geographical line, dividing Tennessee from Kentucky, because the State of Kentucky, in the exercise of its sovereign powers and rights, which the Southern States are bound specially to respect, in virtue of their championship of States' rights, has, like the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, declared it will be neutral in the struggle; and Beriah Magoffin, Governor of the aforesaid State, has warned off Federal and Confederate troops from his territory.

General Pillow is particularly indignant with the cowardice of the well-known Secessionists of Kentucky; but I think he is rather more annoyed by the accumulation of Federal troops at Cairo, and their recent expedition to Columbus on the Kentucky shore, a little below them, where they seized a Confederate flag.

CHAPTER III.

Heavy Bill — Railway travelling — Introductions — Assassinations — Tennessee — "Corinth" — "Troy" — "Humbolt" — "The Confederate Camp" — Return Northwards — Columbus — Cairo — The Slavery Question — Prospects of the War — Coarse Journalism.

June 19*th.* It is probable the landlord of the Gayoso House was a strong Secessionist, and resolved, therefore, to make the most out of a neutral customer like myself — certainly Herodotus would have been astonished if he were called upon to pay the little bill which was presented to me in the modern Memphis; and had the old Egyptian hostelries been conducted on the same principles as those of the Tennessean Memphis, the "Father of History" would have had to sell off a good many editions in order to pay his way. I had to rise at three o'clock A.M., to reach the train, which started before five. The omnibus which took us to the station was literally nave deep in the dust; and of all the bad roads and dusty streets I have yet seen in the New World, where both prevail, North and South, those of Memphis are the worst. Indeed, as the citizen, of Hibernian birth, who presided over the luggage of the passengers on the roof, declared, "The streets are paved with waves of mud, only the mud is all dust when it's fine weather."

By the time I had arrived at the station my clothes

were covered with a fine alluvial deposit in a state of powder; the platform was crowded with volunteers moving off for the wars, and I was obliged to take my place in a carriage full of Confederate officers and soldiers who had a large supply of whisky, which at that early hour they were consuming as a prophylactic against the influence of the morning dews, which hereabouts are of such a deadly character that, to be quite safe from their influence, it appears to be necessary, judging from the examples of my companions, to get as nearly drunk as possible. Whisky, by-the-by, is also a sovereign specific against the bites of rattlesnakes. All the dews of the Mississippi and the rattlesnakes of the prairie might have spent their force or venom in vain on my companions before we had got as far as Union City.

I was evidently regarded with considerable suspicion by my fellow passengers, when they heard I was going to Cairo, until the conductor obligingly informed them who I was, whereupon I was much entreated to fortify myself against the dews and rattlesnakes, and received many offers of service and kindness.

Whatever may be the normal comforts of American railway cars, they are certainly most unpleasant conveyances when the war spirit is abroad, and the heat of the day, which was excessive, did not contribute to diminish the annoyance of foul air—the odour of whisky, tobacco, and the like, combined with innumerable flies. At Humbolt, which is eighty-two miles away, there was a change of cars, and an opportunity of obtaining some refreshment,—the station was crowded by great numbers of men and women dressed in their best, who were making holiday in order to

visit Union City, forty-six miles distant, where a force of Tennesseean and Mississippi regiments are encamped. The ladies boldly advanced into carriages which were quite full, and as they looked quite prepared to sit down on the occupants of the seats if they did not move, and to destroy them with all-absorbing articles of feminine warfare, either defensive or aggressive, and crush them with iron-bound crinolines, they soon drove us out into the broiling sun.

Whilst I was on the platform I underwent the usual process of American introduction, not, I fear, very good-humouredly. A gentleman whom you never saw before in your life, walks up to you and says, "I am happy to see you among us, sir," and if he finds a hand wandering about, he shakes it cordially. "My name is Jones, sir, Judge Jones of Pumpkin County. Any information about this place or State that I can give is quite at your service." This is all very civil and well meant of Jones, but before you have made up your mind what to say, or on what matter to test the worth of his proffered information, he darts off and seizes one of the group who have been watching Jones's advance, and comes forward with a tall man, like himself, busily engaged with a piece of tobacco. "Colonel, let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. Russell. This, sir, is one of our leading citizens, Colonel Knags." Whereupon the Colonel shakes hands, uses nearly the same formula as Judge Jones, immediately returns to his friends, and cuts in before Jones is back with other friends, whom he is hurrying up the platform, introduces General Cassius Mudd and Dr. Ordlando Bellows, who go through the same ceremony, and as each man has a circle of his own, my acquaintance becomes prodigiously

extended, and my hand considerably tortured in the space of a few minutes; finally I am introduced to the driver of the engine and the stoker, but they proved to be acquaintances not at all to be despised, for they gave me a seat on the engine, which was really a boon considering that the train was crowded beyond endurance, and in a state of internal nastiness scarcely conceivable.

When I had got up on the engine a gentleman clambered after me in order to have a little conversation, and he turned out to be an intelligent and clever man well acquainted with the people and the country. I had been much impressed by the account in the Memphis papers of the lawlessness and crime which seemed to prevail in the state of Mississippi, and of the brutal shootings and stabbings which disgraced it and other Southern States. He admitted it was true, but could not see any remedy. "Why not?" "Well, sir, the rowdies have rushed in on us, and we can't master them; they are too strong for the respectable people." "Then you admit the law is nearly powerless?" "Well, you see, sir, these men have got hold of the people who ought to administer the law, and when they fail to do so they are so powerful by reason of their numbers, and so reckless, they have things their own way."

"In effect, then, you are living under a reign of terror, and the rule of a ruffian mob?" "It's not quite so bad as that, perhaps, for the respectable people are not much affected by it, and most of the crimes of which you speak are committed by these bad classes in their own section; but it is disgraceful to have such a state of things, and when this war is over, and we have started the Confederacy all fair, we'll put the whole

thing down. We are quite determined to take the law into our own hands, and the first remedy for the condition of affairs, which we all lament, will be to confine the suffrage to native-born Americans, and to get rid of the infamous, scoundrelly foreigners, who now overrule us in our country." "But are not many regiments of Irish and Germans now fighting for you? And will these foreigners who have taken up arms in your cause be content to receive as the result of their success an inferior position, politically, to that which they now hold?" "Well, sir, they must; we are bound to go through with this thing if we would save society." I had so often heard a similar determination expressed by men belonging to the thinking classes in the South that I am bound to believe the project is entertained by many of those engaged in this great revolt—one principle of which indeed, may be considered hostility to universal suffrage, combining with it, of course, the limitation of the immigrant vote.

The portion of Tennessee through which the rail runs is exceedingly uninteresting, and looks unhealthy, the clearings occur at long intervals in the forest, and the unwholesome population, who came out of their low shanties, situated amidst blackened stumps of trees or fields of Indian corn, did not seem prosperous or comfortable. The twists and curves of the rail, through cane brakes and swamps exceeded in that respect any line I have ever travelled on; but the vertical irregularities of the rail were still greater, and the engine bounded as if it were at sea.

The names of the stations show that a savant has been rambling about the district. Here is Corinth, which consists of a wooden grog-shop and three log shanties;

the acropolis is represented by a grocery store, of which the proprietors, no doubt, have gone to the wars, as their names were suspiciously Milesian, and the doors and windows were fastened; but occasionally the names of the stations on the railway boards represented towns and villages, hidden in the wood some distance away, and Mummius might have something to ruin if he marched off the track but not otherwise.

The city of Troy was still simpler in architecture than the Grecian capitol. The Dardanian towers were represented by a timber-house, in the verandah of which the American Helen was seated, in the shape of an old woman smoking a pipe, and she certainly could have set the Palace of Priam on fire much more readily than her prototype. Four sheds, three log huts, a saw-mill, about twenty negroes sitting on a wood-pile, and looking at the train, constituted the rest of the place, which was certainly too new for one to say, *Troja fuit*, whilst the general "fixins" would scarcely authorise us to say with any confidence, *Troja fuerit*.

The train from Troy passed through a cypress swamp, over which the engine rattled, and hopped at a perilous rate along high trestle work, till forty-six miles from Humbolt we came to Union City, which was apparently formed by aggregate meetings of discontented shavings that had travelled out of the forest hard by. But a little beyond it was the Confederate camp, which so many citizens and citizenesses had come out into the wilderness to see; and a general descent was made upon the place whilst the volunteers came swarming out of their tents to meet their friends. It was interesting to observe the affectionate greetings between the young soldiers, mothers, wives, and sweethearts, and as a

display of the force and earnestness of the Southern people—the camp itself containing thousands of men, many of whom were members of the first families in the State—was specially significant.

There is no appearance of military order or discipline about the camps, though they were guarded by sentries and cannon, and implements of war and soldiers' accoutrements were abundant. Some of the sentinels carried their firelocks under their arms like umbrellas, others carried the butt over the shoulder and the muzzle downwards, and one for his greater ease had stuck the bayonet of his firelock into the ground, and was leaning his elbow on the stock with his chin on his hand, whilst Sybarites less ingenious had simply deposited their muskets against the trees, and were lying down reading newspapers. Their arms and uniforms were of different descriptions—sporting rifles, fowling pieces, flint muskets, smooth bores, long and short barrels, new Enfields, and the like; but the men, nevertheless, were undoubtedly material for excellent soldiers. There were some few boys, too young to carry arms, although the zeal and ardour of such lads cannot but have a good effect, if they behave well in action.

The great attraction of this train lay in a vast supply of stores, with which several large vans were closely packed, and for fully two hours the train was delayed, whilst hampers of wine, spirits, vegetables, fruit, meat, groceries, and all the various articles acceptable to soldiers living under canvas were disgorged on the platform, and carried away by the expectant military.

I was pleased to observe the perfect confidence

that was felt in the honesty of the men. The railway servants simply deposited each article as it came out on the platform—the men came up, read the address, and carried it away, or left it, as the case might be; and only in one instance did I see a scramble, which was certainly quite justifiable, for in handing out a large basket the bottom gave way, and out tumbled onions, apples, and potatoes among the soldiery, who stuffed their pockets and haversacks with the unexpected bounty. One young fellow, who was handed a large wicker-covered jar from the van, having shaken it, and gratified his ear by the pleasant jingle inside, retired to the roadside, drew the cork, and, raising it slowly to his mouth, proceeded to take a good pull at the contents, to the envy of his comrades; but the pleasant expression upon his face rapidly vanished, and spurting out the fluid with a hideous grimace, he exclamed, "D——; why, if the old woman has not gone and sent me a gallon of syrup." The matter was evidently considered too serious to joke about, for not a soul in the crowd even smiled; but they walked away from the man, who, putting down the jar, seemed in doubt as to whether he would take it away or not.

Numerous were the invitations to stop, which I received from the officers. "Why not stay with us, sir; what can a gentleman want to go among black Republicans and Yankees for." It is quite obvious that my return to the Northern States is regarded with some suspicion; but I am bound to say that my explanation of the necessity of the step was always well received, and satisfied my Southern friends that I had no alternative. A special correspondent, whose letters cannot

get out of the country in which he is engaged, can scarcely fulfil the purpose of his mission; and I used to point out, good-humouredly, to these gentlemen that until they had either opened the communication with the North, or had broken the blockade, and established steam communication with Europe, I must seek my base of operations elsewhere.

At last we started from Union City; and there came into the car, among other soldiers who were going out to Columbus, a fine specimen of the wild filibustering population of the South, which furnish many recruits to the ranks of the Confederate army—a tall, brawny-shouldered, brown-faced, black-bearded, hairy-handed man, with a hunter's eye, and rather a Jewish face, full of life, energy, and daring. I easily got into conversation with him, as my companion happened to be a freemason, and he told us he had been a planter in Mississippi, and once owned 110 negroes, worth at least some 20,000*l.*; but, as he said himself, "I was always patrioting it about;" and so he went off, first with Lopez to Cuba, was wounded and taken prisoner by the Spaniards, but had the good fortune to be saved from the execution which was inflicted on the ringleaders of the expedition. When he came back he found his plantation all the worse, and a decrease amongst his negroes; but his love of adventure and filibustering was stronger than his prudence or desire of gain. He took up with Walker, the "the grey eyed man of destiny," and accompanied him in his strange career till his leader received the *coup de grace* in the final raid upon Nicaragua.

Again he was taken prisoner, and would have been put to death by the Nicaraguans, but for the interven-

tion of Captain Aldham. "I don't bear any love to the Britishers," said he, "but I'm bound to say, as so many charges have been made against Captain Aldham, that he behaved like a gentleman, and if I had been at New Orleans when them cussed cowardly blackguards ill-used him, I'd have left my mark so deep on a few of them, that their clothes would not cover them long." He told us that at present he had only five negroes left, "but I'm not going to let the black republicans lay hold of them, and I'm just going to stand up for States' rights as long as I can draw a trigger—so snakes and Abolitionists look out." He was so reduced by starvation, ill-treatment, and sickness in Nicaragua, when Captain Aldham procured his release, that he weighed only 110 pounds, but at present he was over 200 pounds, a splendid *bête fauve*, and without wishing so fine a looking fellow any harm, I could not but help thinking that it must be a benefit to American society to get rid of a considerable number of these class of which he is a representative man. And there is every probability that they will have a full opportunity of doing so.

On the arrival of the train at Columbus, twenty-five miles from Union City, my friend got out, and a good number of men in uniform joined him, which led me to conclude that they had some more serious object than a mere pleasure trip to the very uninteresting looking city on the banks of the Mississippi, which is asserted to be neutral territory, as it belongs to the sovereign state of Kentucky. I heard, accidentally, as I came in the train, that a party of Federal soldiers from the camp at Cairo, up the river, had recently descended to Columbus and torn down a secession flag which had been hoisted on the river's

bank, to the great indignation of many of the inhabitants.

In those border states the coming war promises to produce the greatest misery; they will be the scenes of hostile operations; the population is divided in sentiment; the greatest efforts will be made by each side to gain the ascendancy in the state, and to crush the opposite faction, and it is not possible to believe that Kentucky can maintain a neutral position, or that either Federal or Confederates will pay the smallest regard to the proclamation of Governor McGoffin, and to his empty menaces.

At Columbus the steamer was waiting to convey us up to Cairo, and I congratulated myself on the good fortune of arriving in time for the last opportunity that will be afforded of proceeding northward by this route. General Pillow on the one hand, and General Prentiss on the other, have resolved to blockade the Mississippi, and as the facilities for Confederates going up to Columbus and obtaining information of what is happening in the Federal camps cannot readily be checked, the general in command of the port to which I am bound has intimated that the steamers must cease running. It was late in the day when we entered once more on the father of waters, which is here just as broad, as muddy, as deep, and as wooded as it is at Bâton Rouge, or Vicksburg.

Columbus is situated on an elevated spur or elbow of land projecting into the river, and has, in commercial faith, one of those futures which have so many rallying points down the centre of the great river. The steamer which lay at the wharf, or rather the wooden piles in the bank which afforded a resting place for the gang-

way, carried no flag, and on board presented traces of better days, a list of refreshments no longer attainable, and of bill of fare utterly fanciful. About twenty passengers came on board, most of whom had a distracted air, as if they were doubtful of their journey. The captain was surly, the office keeper petulant, the crew morose, and, perhaps, only one man on board, a stout Englishman, who was purser or chief of the victualling department, seemed at all inclined to be communicative. At dinner he asked me whether I thought there would be a fight, but as I was oscillating between one extreme and the other, I considered it right to conceal my opinion even from the steward of the Mississippi boat; and, as it happened, the expression of it would not have been of much consequence one way or the other, for it turned out that our friend was of very stern stuff. "This war," he said, "is all about niggers; I've been sixteen years in the country, and I never met one of them yet was fit to be anything but a slave; I know the two sections well, and I tell you, sir, the North can't whip the South, let them do their best; they may ruin the country, but they'll do no good."

There were men on board who had expressed the strongest secession sentiments in the train, but who now sat and listened and acquiesced in the opinions of Northern men, and by the time Cairo was in sight, they, no doubt, would have taken the oath of allegiance which every doubtful person is required to utter before he is allowed to go beyond the military post.

In about two hours or so the captain pointed out to me a tall building and some sheds, which seemed to arise out of a wide reach in the river, "that's Cairey," said he, "where the Unionists have their camp," and very

soon the stars and stripes were visible, waving from a lofty staff, at the angle of low land formed by the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio.

For two months I had seen only the rival stars and bars, with the exception of the rival banner floating from the ships and the fort at Pickens. One of the passengers told me that the place was supposed to be described by Mr. Dickens, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and as the steamer approached the desolate embankment, which seemed the only barrier between the low land on which the so-called city was built, and the waters of the great river rising above it, it certainly became impossible to believe that sane men, even as speculators, could have fixed upon such a spot as the possible site of a great city, —an emporium of trade and commerce. A more desolate woe-begone looking place, now that all trade and commerce had ceased cannot be conceived; but as the southern terminus of the Central Illinois railway, it displayed a very different scene before the war broke out.

With the exception of the large hotel, which rises far above the levée of the river, the public edifices are represented by a church and spire, and the rest of the town by a line of shanties and small houses, the rooms and upper stories of which are just visible above the embankment. The general impression effected by the place was decidedly like that which the Isle of Dogs produces on a despondent foreigner as he approaches London by the river on a drisly day in November. The stream, formed by the united efforts of the Mississippi and the Ohio, did not appear to gain much breadth, and each of the confluents looked as large as its product with the other. Three steamers lay alongside the

wooden wharves projecting from the embankment, which was also lined by some flat-boats. Sentries paraded the gangways as the steamer made fast along the shore, but no inquiry was directed to any of the passengers, and I walked up the levee and proceeded straight to the hotel, which put me very much in mind of an effort made by speculating proprietors to create a watering-place on some lifeless beach. In the hall there were a number of officers in United States' uniforms, and the lower part of the hotel was, apparently, occupied as a military bureau; finally, I was shoved into a small dungeon, with a window opening out on the angle formed by the two rivers, which was lined with sheds and huts and terminated by a battery.

These camps are such novelties in the country, and there is such romance in the mere fact of a man living in a tent, that people come far and wide to see their friends under such extraordinary circumstances, and the hotel at Cairo was crowded by men and women who had come from all parts of Illinois to visit their acquaintances and relations belonging to the state troops encamped at this important point. The *salle à manger*, a long and lofty room on the ground floor, which I visited at supper time, was almost untenable by reason of heat and flies; nor did I find that the free negroes, who acted as attendants, possessed any advantages over their enslaved brethren a few miles lower down the river; though their freedom was obvious enough in their demeanour and manners.

I was introduced to General Prentiss, an agreeable person, without anything about him to indicate the soldier. He gave me a number of newspapers, the articles in which were principally occupied with a discussion of Lord

John Russell's speech on American affairs: Much as the South found fault with the British minister for the views he had expressed, the North appears much more indignant, and denounces in the press what the journalists are pleased to call "the hostility of the Foreign Minister to the United States." It is admitted, however, that the extreme irritation caused by admitting the Southern States to exercise limited belligerent rights was not quite justifiable. Soon after nightfall I retired to my room and battled with mosquitoes till I sank into sleep and exhaustion, and abandoned myself to their mercies; perhaps, after all, there were not more than a hundred or so, and their united efforts could not absorb as much blood as would be taken out by one leech, but then their horrible acrimony, which leaves a wreck behind in the place where they have banqueted, inspires the utmost indignation and appears to be an indefensible prolongation of the outrage of the original bite.

June 20th.—When I awoke this morning and, gazing out of my little window on the regiments parading on the level below me, after an arduous struggle to obtain cold water for a bath, sat down to consider what I had seen within the last two months, and to arrive at some general results from the retrospect, I own that after much thought my mind was reduced to a hazy analysis of the abstract principles of right and wrong, in which it failed to come to any very definite conclusion: the space of a very few miles has completely altered the phases of thought and the forms of language.

I am living among "abolitionists, cut-throats, Lincolnite mercenaries, foreign invaders, assassins, and plundering Dutchmen." Such, at least, the men of Columbus

tell me the garrison at Cairo consists of. Down below me are "rebels, conspirators, robbers, slave breeders, wretches bent upon destroying the most perfect government on the face of the earth, in order to perpetuate an accursed system, by which, however, beings are held in bondage and immortal souls consigned to perdition."

On the whole, the impression left upon my mind by what I had seen in slave states is unfavourable to the institution of slavery, both as regards its effects on the slave and its influence on the master. But my examination was necessarily superficial and hasty. I have reason to believe that the more deeply the institution is probed, the more clearly will its unsoundness and its radical evils be discerned. The constant appeals made to the physical comforts of the slaves, and their supposed contentment, have little or no effect on any person who acts up to a higher standard of human happiness than that which is applied to swine or the beasts of the fields—"See how fat my pigs are."

The arguments founded on a comparison of the condition of the slave population with the pauperised inhabitants of European states are utterly fallacious, inasmuch as in one point, which is the most important by far, there can be no comparison at all. In effect slavery can only be justified in the abstract on the grounds which slavery advocates decline to take boldly, though they insinuate it now and then, that is, the inferiority of the negro in respect to white men, which removes them from the upper class of human beings and places them in a condition which is as much below the Caucasian standard as the quadrumanous creatures are beneath the negro. Slavery is a curse, with its time of accomplishment not quite at hand—it is a cancer, the

ravages of which are covered by fair outward show, and by the apparent health of the sufferer.

The slave states, of course, would not support the Northern for a year if cotton, sugar, and tobacco became suddenly worthless. But, nevertheless, the slave owners would have strong grounds to stand upon if they were content to point to the difficulties in the way of emancipation, and the circumstances under which they received their *damnosa hereditas* from England, which fostered, nay forced, slavery in legislative hotbeds throughout the colonies. The Englishman may say "We abolished slavery when we saw its evils." The slave owner replies, "Yes, with you it was possible to decree the extinction—not with us."

Never did a people enter on a war so utterly destitute of any reason for waging it, or of the means of bringing it to a successful termination against internal enemies. The thirteen colonies had a large population of sea-faring and soldiering men, constantly engaged in military expeditions. There was a large infusion, compared with the numbers of men capable of commanding in the field, and their great enemy was separated by a space far greater than the whole circumference of the globe would be in the present time from the scene of operations. Most American officers who took part in the war of 1812-14 are now too old for service, or retired into private life soon after the campaign. The same remark applies to the senior officers who served in Mexico, and the experiences of that campaign could not be of much use to those now in the service, of whom the majority were subalterns, or at most, officers in command of volunteers.

A love of military display is very different indeed from

a true soldierly spirit, and at the base of the volunteer system there lies a radical difficulty, which must be overcome before real military efficiency can be expected. In the South the foreign element has contributed largely to swell the ranks with many docile and a few experienced soldiers, the number of the latter predominating in the German levies, and the same remark is, I hear, true of the Northern armies.

The most active member of the staff here is a young Englishman named Binmore, who was a stenographic writer in London, but has now sharpened his pencil into a sword, and when I went into the guard-room this morning I found that three-fourths of the officers, including all who had seen actual service, were foreigners. One, Milotzky, was an Hungarian; another, Waagner, was of the same nationality; a third, Schuttner, was a German; another, Mac something, was a Scotchman; another, was an Englishman. One only (Colonel Morgan), who had served in Mexico, was an American. The foreigners, of course, serve in this war as mercenaries; that is, they enter into the conflict to gain something by it, either in pay, in position, or in securing a status for themselves.

The utter absence of any fixed principle determining the side which the foreign nationalities adopt is proved by their going North or South with the state in which they live. On the other hand, the effects of discipline and of the principles of military life on rank and file are shown by the fact that the soldiers of the regular regiments of the United States and the sailors in the navy have to a man adhered to their colours, notwithstanding the examples and inducements of their officers.

After breakfast I went down about the works, which fortify the bank of mud, in the shape of a V, formed by the two rivers—a flêche with a ditch, scarp, and counter-scarp. Some heavy pieces cover the end of the spit at the other side of the Mississippi, at Bird's Point. On the side of Missouri there is a field entrenchment, held by a regiment of Germans, Poles, and Hungarians, about 1000 strong, with two field batteries. The sacred soil of Kentucky, on the other side of the Ohio, is tabooed by Beriah Magoffin, but it is not possible for the belligerents to stand so close face to face without occupying either Columbus or Hickman. The thermometer was at 100° soon after breakfast, and it was not wonderful to find that the men in Camp Defiance, which is the name of the cantonment on the mud between the levees of the Ohio and Mississippi, were suffering from diarrhœa and fever.

In the evening there was a review of three regiments, forming a brigade of some 2800 men, who went through their drill, advancing in columns of company, moving *en echelon*, changing front, deploying into line on the centre company, very creditably. It was curious to see what a start ran through the men during the parade when a gun was fired from the battery close at hand, and how their heads turned towards the river; but the steamer which had appeared round the bend hoisted the private signs, by which she was known as a friend, and tranquillity was restored.

I am not sure that most of these troops desire anything but a long residence at a tolerably comfortable station, with plenty of pay and no marching.

Cairo, indeed, is not comfortable; the worst barrack that ever asphyxiated the British soldier would be better than the best shed here, and the flies and the mosquitoes are beyond all conception virulent and pestiferous. I would give much to see Cairo in its normal state, but it is my fate to witness the most interesting scenes in the world through a glaze of gunpowder. It would be unfair to say that any marked superiority in dwelling, clothing, or comfort was visible between the mean white of Cairo or the black chattel a few miles down the river. Brawling, rioting, and a good deal of drunkenness prevailed in the miserable sheds which line the stream, although there was nothing to justify the libels on the garrison of the *Columbus Crescent*, edited by one Colonel L. G. Faxon, of the Tennessee Tigers, with whose writings I was made acquainted by General Prentiss, to whom they appeared to give more annoyance than he was quite wise in showing.

This is a style of journalism which may have its merits, and which certainly is peculiar; I give a few small pieces. "The Irish are for us, and they will knock Bologna sausages out of the Dutch, and we will knock wooden nutmegs out of the Yankees." "The mosquitoes of Cairo have been sucking the lager-bier out of the dirty soldiers there so long, they are bloated and swelled up as large as spring 'possums. An assortment of Columbus mosquitoes went up there the other day to suck some, but as they have not returned, the probability is they went off with *delirium tremens;* in fact, the blood of these Hessians would poison the most degraded tumble bug in creation."

Our editor is particularly angry about the recent

seizure of a Confederate flag at Columbus by Colonel Oglesby and a party of Federals from Cairo. Speaking of a flag intended for himself, he says, "Would that its folds had contained 1000 asps to sting 1000 Dutchmen to eternity unshriven." Our friend is certainly a genius. His paper of June the 19th opens with an apology for the non-appearance of the journal for several weeks. "Before leaving," he says, "we engaged the services of a competent editor, and left a printer here to issue the paper regularly. We were detained several weeks beyond our time, the aforesaid printer promised faithfully to perform his duties, but he left the same day we did, and consequently there was no one to get out the paper. We have the charity to suppose that fear and bad whisky had nothing to do with his evacuation of Columbus." Another elegant extract about the flag commences, "When the bow-legged, wooden shoed, sour craut stinking, Bologna sausage eating, hen roost robbing Dutch sons of —— had accomplished the brilliant feat of taking down the Secession flag on the river bank, they were pointed to another flag of the same sort which their guns did not cover, flying gloriously and defiantly, and dared yea! double big black dog—dared, as we used to say at school, to take that flag down—the cowardly pups, the thieving sheep dogs, the sneaking skunks, dare not do so, because their twelve pieces of artillery were not bearing on it." As to the Federal commander at Cairo, Colonel Faxon's sentiments are unambiguous. "The qualifications of this man, Prentiss," he says, "for the command of such a squad of villains and cut-throats are, that he is a miserable hound, a dirty dog, a sociable fellow, a treacherous villain, a notorious thief, a lying

blackguard, who has served his regular five years in the Penitentiary and keeps his hide continually full of Cincinnati whisky, which he buys by the barrel in order to save his money—in him are embodied the leprous rascalities of the world, and in this living score, the gallows is cheated of its own. Prentiss wants our scalp; we propose a plan by which he may get that valuable article. Let him select 150 of his best fighting men, or 250 of his lager-bier Dutchmen, we will select 100, then let both parties meet where there will be no interruption at the scalping business, and the longest pole will knock the persimmon. If he does not accept this proposal, he is a coward. We think this a gentlemanly proposition and quite fair and equal to both parties."

CHAPTER IV.

Camp at Cairo—The North and the South in respect to Europe—Political reflections—Mr. Colonel Oglesby—My speech—Northern and Southern soldiers compared—American country-walks—Recklessness of life—Want of cavalry—Emeute in the camp—Defects of army medical department—Horrors of war—Bad discipline.

June 21*st*. Verily I would be sooner in the Coptic Cairo, narrow streeted, dark bazaared, many flied, much vexed by donkeys and by overland route passengers, than the horrid tongue of land which licks the muddy margin of the Ohio and the Mississippi. The thermometer at 100° in the shade before noon indicates nowhere else such an amount of heat and suffering, and yet prostrate as I was, it was my fate to argue that England was justified in conceding belligerent rights to the South, and that the attitude of neutrality we had assumed in this terrible quarrel is not in effect an aggression on the United States; and here is a difference to be perceived between the North and the South.

The people of the seceding States, aware in their consciences that they have been most active in their hostility to Great Britain, and whilst they were in power were mainly responsible for the defiant, irritating, and insulting tone commonly used to us by American statesmen, are anxious at the present moment, when so much depends on the action of foreign countries, to

remove all unfavourable impressions from our minds by declarations of good will, respect, and admiration, not quite compatible with the language of their leaders in times not long gone by. The North, as yet unconscious of the loss of power, and reared in a school of menace and violent assertion of their rights regarding themselves as the whole of the United States, and animated by their own feeling of commercial and political opposition to Great Britain, maintain the high tone of a people who have never known let or hindrance in their passions, and consider it an outrage that the whole world does not join in active sympathy for a government which in its brief career has contrived to affront every nation in Europe with which it had any dealings.

If the United States have astonished France by their ingratitude, they have certainly accustomed England to their petulance, and one can fancy the satisfaction with which the Austrian Statesmen who remember Mr. Webster's despatch to Mr. Hulsemann, contemplate the present condition of the United States in the face of an insurrection of these sovereign and independent States which the Cabinet at Washington stigmatises as an outbreak of rebels and traitors to the royalty of the Union.

During my short sojourn in this country I have never yet met any person who could show me where the sovereignty of the Union resides. General Prentiss, however, and his Illinois volunteers, are quite ready to fight for it.

In the afternoon the General drove me round the camps in company with Mr. Washburne, Member of Congress, from Illinois, his staff and a party of officers, among whom was Mr. Oglesby, colonel of a

regiment of State Volunteers, who struck me by his shrewdness, simple honesty, and zeal.* He told me that he had begun life in the utmost obscurity, but that somehow or other he got into a lawyer's office, and there, by hard drudgery, by mother wit, and industry, notwithstanding a defective education, he had raised himself not only to independence but to such a position that 1000 men had gathered at his call and selected one who had never led a company in his life to be their colonel; in fact, he is an excellent orator of the western school, and made good homely, telling speeches to his men.

"I'm not as good as your Frenchmen of the schools of Paris, nor am I equal to the Russian colonels I met at St. Petersburg, who sketched me out how they had beaten you Britishers at Sebastopol," said he; "but I know I can do good straight fighting with my boys when I get a chance. There is a good deal in training, to be sure, but nature tells too. Why I believe I would make a good artillery officer if I was put to it. General, you heard how I laid one of them guns the other day and touched her off with my own hand and sent the ball right into a tree half-a-mile away." The Colonel evidently thought he had by that feat proved his fitness for the command of a field battery. One of the German officers who was listening to the lively old man's talk, whispered to me, "Dere is a good many of tese colonels in dis camp."

At each station the officers came out of their tents, shook hands all round, and gave an unfailing invitation to get down and take a drink, and the guns on the General's approach fired salutes, as though it was a

* Since died of wounds received in action.

time of profoundest peace. Powder was certainly more plentiful than in the Confederate camps, where salutes are not permitted unless by special order on great occasions.

The General remained for some time in the camp of the Chicago light artillery, which was commanded by a fine young Scotchman of the Saxon genus Smith, who told me that the privates of his company represented a million and a half of dollars in property. Their guns, horses, carriages, and accoutrements were all in the most creditable order, and there was an air about the men and about their camp which showed they did not belong to the same class as the better disciplined Hungarians of Milotzky close at hand.

Whilst we were seated in Captain Smith's tent, a number of the privates came forward, and sang the "Star-spangled banner" and a patriotic song, to the air of "God save the Queen," and the rest of the artillerymen, and a number of stragglers from the other camps, assembled and then formed line behind the singers. When the chorus was over there arose a great shout for Washburne, and the honourable Congress man was fain to come forward and make a speech, in which he assured his hearers of a very speedy victory and the advent of liberty all over the land. Then "General Prentiss" was called for; and as citizen soldiers command their Generals on such occasions, he too was obliged to speak, and to tell his audience "the world had never seen any men more devoted, gallant, or patriotic than themselves." "Oglesby" was next summoned, and the tall, portly, good-humoured old man stepped to the front, and with excellent tact and good sense, dished up in the Buncombe style, told them the time for

making speeches had passed, indeed it had lasted too long; and although it was said there was very little fighting when there was much talking, he believed too much talking was likely to lead to a great deal more fighting than any one desired to see between citizens of the United States of America, except their enemies, who, no doubt, were much better pleased to see Americans fighting each other than to find them engaged in any other employment. Great as the mischief of too much talking had been, too much writing had far more of the mischief to answer for. The pen was keener than the tongue, hit harder, and left a more incurable wound; but the pen was better than the tongue, because it was able to cure the mischief it had inflicted." And so by a series of sentences the Colonel got round to me, and to my consternation, remembering how I had fared with my speech at the little private dinner on St. Patrick's Day in New York, I was called upon by stentorian lungs, and hustled to the stump by a friendly circle, till I escaped by uttering a few sentences as to "mighty struggle," "Europe gazing," "the world anxious," "the virtues of discipline," "the admirable lessons of a soldier's life," and the "aspiration that in a quarrel wherein a British subject was ordered, by an authority he was bound to respect, to remain neutral, God might preserve the right."

Colonel, General, and all addressed the soldiers as "gentlemen," and their auditory did not on their part refrain from expressing their sentiments in the most unmistakeable manner. "Bully for you General!" "Bravo, Washburne!" "That's so, Colonel!" and the like, interrupted the harangues and when the

oratorical exercises were over the men crowded round the staff, cheered and hurrahed, and tossed up their caps in the greatest delight.

With the exception of the foreign officers, and some of the Staff, there are very few of the colonels, majors, captains, or lieutenants who know anything of their business. The men do not care for them, and never think of saluting them. A regiment of Germans was sent across from Bird's Point this evening for plundering and robbing the houses in the district in which they were quartered.

It may be readily imagined that the scoundrels who had to fly from every city in Europe before the face of the police will not stay their hands when they find themselves masters of the situation in the so-called country of an enemy. In such matters the officers have little or no control, and discipline is exceedingly lax, and punishments but sparingly inflicted, the use of the lash being forbidden altogether. Fine as the men are, incomparably better armed, clad—and doubtless better fed—than the Southern troops, they will scarcely meet them man to man in the field with any chance of success. Among the officers are bar-room keepers, persons little above the position of potmen in England, grocers' apprentices, and such like—often inferior socially, and in every other respect, to the men whom they are supposed to command. General Prentiss has seen service, I believe, in Mexico; but he appears to me to be rather an ardent politician, embittered against slaveholders and the South, than a judicious or skilful military leader.

The principles on which these isolated commanders carry on the war are eminently defective. They apply

their whole minds to petty expeditions, which go out from the camps, attack some Secessionist gathering, and then return, plundering as they go and come, exasperating enemies, converting neutrals into opponents, disgusting friends, and leaving it to the Secessionists to boast that they have repulsed them. Instead of encouraging the men and improving their discipline these ill-conducted expeditions have an opposite result.

June 22nd. An active man would soon go mad if he were confined in Cairo. A mudbank stretching along the course of a muddy river is not attractive to a pedestrian; and, as is the case in most of the Southern cities, there is no place round Cairo where a man can stretch his legs, or take an honest walk in the country. A walk in the country! The Americans have not an idea of what the thing means. I speak now only of the inhabitants of the towns of the States through which I have passed, as far as I have seen of them. The roads are either impassable in mud or knee-deep in dust. There are no green shady lanes, no sheltering groves, no quiet paths through green meadows beneath umbrageous trees. Off the rail there is a morass—or, at best, a clearing—full of stumps. No temptations to take a stroll. Down away South the planters ride or drive; indeed in many places the saunterer by the way-side would probably encounter an alligator, or disturb a society of rattle-snakes.

To-day I managed to struggle along the levee in a kind of sirocco, and visited the works at the extremity, which were constructed by an Hungarian named Waagner, one of the *emigrés* who came with Kossuth to the United States. I found him

in a hut full of flies, suffering from camp diarrhœa, and waited on by Mr. O'Leary, who was formerly petty officer in our navy, served in the Furious in the Black Sea, and in the Shannon Brigade in India, now a lieutenant in the United States' army, where I should say he feels himself very much out of place. The Hungarian and the Milesian were, however, quite agreed about the utter incompetence of their military friends around them, and the great merits of heavy artillery. "When I tell them here the way poor Sir William made us rattle about them 68-pounder guns, the poor ignorant creatures laugh at me—not one of them believes it." "It is most astonishing," says the colonel, "how ignorant they are; there is not one of these men who can trace a regular work. Of West-point men I speak not, but of the people about here, and they will not learn of me—from me who knows." However, the works were well enough, strongly covered, commanded both rivers, and not to be reduced without trouble.

The heat drove me in among the flies of the crowded hotel, where Brigadier Prentiss is planning one of those absurd expeditions against a Secessionist camp at Commerce, in the State of Missouri, about two hours' steaming up the river, and some twelve or fourteen miles inland. Cairo abounds in Secessionists and spies, and it is needful to take great precautions lest the expedition be known; but, after all, stores must be got ready, and put on board the steamers, and preparations must be made which cannot be concealed from the world. At dusk 700 men, supported by a six-pounder field-piece, were put on board the "City of Alton," on which they clustered like bees in a swarm,

and as the huge engine laboured up and down against the stream, and the boat swayed from side to side, I felt a considerable desire to see General Prentiss chucked into the stream for his utter recklessness in cramming on board one huge tinder-box, all fire and touchwood, so many human beings, who, in event of an explosion, or a shot in the boiler, or of a heavy musketry fire on the banks, would have been converted into a great slaughter-house. One small boat hung from her stern, and although there were plenty of river flats and numerous steamers, even the horses belonging to the field piece were crammed in among the men along the deck.

In my letter to Europe I made, at the time, some remarks by which the belligerents might have profited, and which at the time these pages are reproduced may strike them as possessing some value, illustrated as they have been by many events in the war. "A handful of horsemen would have been admirable to move in advance, feel the covers, and make prisoners for political or other purposes in case of flight; but the Americans persist in ignoring the use of horsemen, or at least in depreciating it, though they will at last find that they may shed much blood, and lose much more, before they can gain a victory without the aid of artillery and charges after the retreating enemy. From the want of cavalry, I suppose it is, the unmilitary practice of 'scouting,' as it is called here, has arisen. It is all very well in the days of Indian wars for footmen to creep about in the bushes, and shoot or be shot by sentries and pickets; but no civilised war recognises such means of annoyance as firing upon sentinels, unless in case of an

actual advance or feigned attack on the line. No camp can be safe without cavalry videttes and pickets; for the enemy can pour in impetuously after the alarm has been given, as fast as the outlying footmen can run in. In feeling the way for a column, cavalry are invaluable, and there can be little chance of ambuscades or surprises where they are judiciously employed; but 'scouting' on foot, or adventurous private expeditions on horseback, to have a look at the enemy, can do, and will do, nothing but harm. Every day the papers contain accounts of 'scouts' being killed, and sentries being picked off. The latter is a very barbarous and savage practice; and the Russian, in his most angry moments, abstained from it. If any officer wishes to obtain information as to his enemy, he has two ways of doing it. He can employ spies, who carry their lives in their hands, or he can beat up their quarters by a proper reconnaissance on his own responsibility, in which, however, it would be advisable not to trust his force to a railway train."

At night there was a kind of *émeute* in camp. The day, as I have said, was excessively hot, and on returning to their tents and huts from evening parade the men found the contractor who supplies them with water had not filled the barrels; so they forced the sentries, broke barracks after hours, mobbed their officers, and streamed up to the hotel, which they surrounded, calling out, "Water, water," in chorus. The General came out, and got up on a rail: "Gentlemen," said he, "it is not my fault you are without water. It's your officers who are to blame; not me." ("Groans for the Quartermaster," from the men.) "If it is the fault of the contractor, I'll see that he is punished.

I'll take steps at once to see that the matter is remedied. And now, gentlemen, I hope you'll go back to your quarters;" and the gentlemen took it into their heads very good-humouredly to obey the suggestion, fell in, and marched back two deep to their huts.

As the General was smoking his cigar before going to bed, I asked him why the officers had not more control over the men. "Well," said he, "the officers are to blame for all this. The truth is, the term for which these volunteers enlisted is drawing to a close; and they have not as yet enrolled themselves in the United States' army. They are merely volunteer regiments of the State of Illinois. If they were displeased with anything, therefore, they might refuse to enter the service or to take fresh engagements: and the officers would find themselves suddenly left without any men; they therefore curry favour with the privates, many of them, too, having an eye to the votes of the men when the elections of officers in the new regiments are to take place."

The contractors have commenced plunder on a gigantic scale; and their influence with the authorities of the State is so powerful, there is little chance of punishing them. Besides, it is not considered expedient to deter contractors, by too scrupulous an exactitude, in coming forward at such a trying period; and the Quartermaster's department, which ought to be the most perfect, considering the number of persons connected with transport and carriage, is in a most disgraceful and inefficient condition. I told the General that one of the Southern leaders proposed to hang any contractor who was found out in cheating the men, and that the press cordially approved of the

suggestion. "I am afraid," said he, "if any such proposal was carried out here, there would scarcely be a contractor left throughout the States." Equal ignorance is shown by the medical authorities of the requirements of an army. There is not an ambulance or cacolet of any kind attached to this camp; and, as far as I could see, not even a litter was sent on board the steamer which has started with the expedition.

Although there has scarcely been a fought field or anything more serious than the miserable skirmishes of Shenck and Butler, the pressure of war has already told upon the people. The Cairo paper makes an urgent appeal to the authorities to relieve the distress and pauperism which the sudden interruption of trade has brought upon so many respectable citizens. And when I was at Memphis the other day, I observed a public notice in the journals, that the magistrates of the city would issue orders for money to families left in distress by the enrolment of the male members for military service. When General Scott, sorely against his will, was urged to make preparations for an armed invasion of the seceded states in case it became necessary, he said it would need some hundreds of thousands of men and many millions of money to effect that object. Mr. Seward, Mr Chase, and Mr. Lincoln laughed pleasantly at this exaggeration, but they have begun to find by this time the old general was not quite so much in the wrong.

In reference to the discipline maintained in the camp, I must admit that proper precautions are used to prevent spies entering the lines. The sentries are posted closely and permit no one to go in without a pass in the day and a countersign at night. A conversation

with General Prentiss in the front of the hotel was interrupted this evening by an Irishman, who ran past us towards the camp, hotly pursued by two policemen. The sentry on duty at the point of the lines close to us brought him up by the point of the bayonet. "Who goes tere?" "A friend, shure your honour; I'm a friend." "Advance three paces and give the countersign." "I don't know it, I tell you. Let me in, let me in." But the German was resolute, and the policemen now coming up in hot pursuit, seized the culprit, who resisted violently, till General Prentiss rose from his chair and ordered the guard, who had turned out, to make a prisoner of the soldier and hand him over to the civil power, for which the man seemed to be most deeply grateful. As the policemen were walking him off, he exclaimed, "Be quiet wid ye, till I spake a word to the Giniral," and then bowing and chuckling with drunken gravity, he said, "an' indeed, Giniral, I'm much obleeged to ye altogither for this kindness. Long life to ye. We've got the better of that dirty German. Hoora' for Giniral Prentiss." He preferred a chance of more whisky in the police office and a light punishment to the work in camp and a heavy drill in the morning. An officer who was challenged by a sentry the other evening, asked him, "do you know the countersign yourself?" "No, sir, it's not nine o'clock and they have not given it out yet." Another sentry stopped a man because he did not know the countersign. The fellow said, "I dare say you don't know it yourself." "That's a lie," he exclaimed, "it's Plattsburgh." "Plattsburgh it is, sure enough," said the other, and walked on without further parley.

The Americans, Irish, and Germans, do not always coincide in the phonetic value of each letter in the passwords, and several difficulties have occurred in consequence. An incautious approach towards the posts at night is attended with risk; for the raw sentries are very quick on the trigger. More fatal and serious injuries have been inflicted on the Federals by themselves than by the enemy. "I declare to you, sir, the way the boys touched off their irons at me going home to my camp last night, was just like a running fight with the Ingins. I was a little 'tight,' and didn't mind it a cuss."

CHAPTER IV.

Impending battle—By railway to Chicago—Northern enlightenment—Mound City—"Cotton is King"—Land in the States—Dead level of American society—Return into the Union—American homes—Across the prairie—White labourers—New pillager—Lake Michigan.

June 23rd.—The latest information which I received to-day is of a nature to hasten my departure for Washington; it can no longer be doubted that a battle between the two armies assembled in the neighbourhood of the capital is imminent. The vague hope which from time to time I have entertained of being able to visit Richmond before I finally take up my quarters with the only army from which I can communicate regularly with Europe has now vanished.

At four o'clock in the evening I started by the train on the famous Central Illinois line from Cairo to Chicago.

The carriages were tolerably well filled with soldiers, and in addition to them there were a few unfortunate women, undergoing deportation to some less moral neighbourhood. Neither the look, language, nor manners of my fellow passengers inspired me with an exalted notion of the intelligence, comfort and respectability of the people which are so much vaunted by Mr. Seward and American journals, and which, though truly attri-

buted, no doubt, to the people of the New England states, cannot be affirmed with equal justice to belong to all the other components of the Union.

As the Southerners say, their negroes are the happiest people on the earth, so the Northerners boast "We are the most enlightened nation in the world." The soldiers in the train were intelligent enough to think they ought not to be kept without pay, and free enough to say so. The soldiers abused Cairo roundly, and indeed it is wonderful if the people can live on any food but quinine. However, speculators, looking to its natural advantages as the point where the two great rivers join, bespeak for Cairo a magnificent and prosperous future. The present is not promising.

Leaving the shanties, which face the levees, and some poor wooden houses with a short vista of cross streets partially flooded at right angles to them, the rail suddenly plunges into an unmistakeable swamp, where a forest of dead trees wave their ghastly, leafless arms over their buried trunks, like plumes over a hearse—a cheerless, miserable place, sacred to the ague and fever. This occurs close to the cleared space on which the city is to stand,—when it is finished—and the rail, which runs on the top of the embankment or levee, here takes to the trestle, and is borne over the water on the usual timber frame work.

"Mound City," which is the first station, is composed of a mere heap of earth, like a ruined brick-kiln, which rises to some height and is covered with fine white oaks, beneath which are a few log huts and hovels, giving the place its proud name. Tents were pitched on the mound side, from which wild-looking banditti sort of men, with arms, emerged

as the train stopped. "I've been pretty well over Europe," said a meditative voice beside me, "and I've seen the despotic armies of the old world, but I don't think they equal that set of boys." The question was not worth arguing—the boys were in fact very "weedy," "splinter-shinned chaps," as another critic insisted.

There were some settlers in the woods around Mound City, and a jolly-looking, corpulent man, who introduced himself as one of the officers of the land department of the Central Illinois railroad, described them as awful warnings to the emigrants not to stick in the south part of Illinois. It was suggestive to find that a very genuine John Bull, "located," as they say in the States for many years, had as much aversion to the principles of the abolitionists as if he had been born a Southern planter. Another countryman of his and mine, steward on board the steamer to Cairo, eagerly asked me what I thought of the quarrel, and which side I would back. I declined to say more than I thought the North possessed very great superiority of means if the conflict were to be fought on the same terms. Whereupon my Saxon friend exclaimed, "all the Northern States and all the power of the world can't beat the South; and why?—because the South has got cotton, and cotton is king."

The Central Illinois officer did not suggest the propriety of purchasing lots but he did intimate I would be doing service if I informed the world at large, they could get excellent land, at sums varying from ten to twenty-five dollars an acre. In America a man's income is represented by capitalizing all that he is worth, and whereas in England we say a man has so much a year, the Americans, in representing his value, observe that

he is worth so many dollars, by which they mean that all he has in the world would realise the amount.

It sounds very well to an Irish tenant farmer, an English cottier, or a cultivator in the Lothians, to hear that he can get land at the rate of from £2 to £5 per acre, to be his for ever, liable only to state taxes; but when he comes to see a parallelogram marked upon the map as "good soil, of unfathomable richness," and finds in effect that he must cut down trees, eradicate stumps, drain off water, build a house, struggle for high-priced labour, and contend with imperfect roads, the want of many things to which he has been accustomed in the old country, the land may not appear to him such a bargain. In the wooded districts he has, indeed a sufficiency of fuel as long as trees and stumps last, but they are, of course, great impediments to tillage. If he goes to the prairie he finds that fuel is scarce and water by no means wholesome.

When we left this swamp and forest, and came out after a run of many miles on the clear lands which abut upon the prairie, large fields of corn lay around us, which bore a peculiarly blighted and harassed look. These fields were suffering from the ravages of an insect called the "army worm," almost as destructive to corn and crops as the locust-like hordes of North and South, which are vying with each other in laying waste the fields of Virginia. Night was falling as the train rattled out into the wild, flat sea of waving grass, dotted by patch-like Indian corn enclosures; but halts at such places as Jonesburgh and Cobden, enabled us to see that these settlements in Illinois were neither very flourishing nor very civilised.

There is a level modicum of comfort, which may be consistent with the greatest good of the greatest number, but which makes the standard of the highest in point of well-being very low indeed. I own, that to me, it would be more agreeable to see a flourishing community placed on a high level in all that relates to the comfort and social status of all its members than to recognise the old types of European civilisation, which place the castle on the hill, surround its outer walls with the mansion of doctor and lawyer, and drive the people into obscure hovels outside. But then one must confess that there are in the castle some elevating tendencies which cannot be found in the uniform level of citizen equality. There are traditions of nobility and noble deeds in the family; there are paintings on the walls; the library is stored with valuable knowledge, and from its precincts are derived the lessons not yet unlearned in Europe, that though man may be equal the condition of men must vary as the accidents of life or the effects of individual character, called fortune, may determine.

The towns of Jonesburgh and Cobden have their little teapot-looking churches and meeting houses, their lager-bier saloons, their restaurants, their small libraries, institutes, and reading rooms, and no doubt they have also their political cliques, social distinctions and favouritisms; but it requires, nevertheless, little sagacity to perceive that the highest of the bourgeois who leads the mass at meeting and prayer, has but little to distinguish him from the very lowest member of the same body politic. Cobden, for example, has no less than four drinking saloons, all on the line of rail, and no doubt the highest citizen in the place frequents

some one or other of them, and meets there the worst rowdy in the place. Even though they do carry a vote for each adult man, "locations" here would not appear very enviable in the eyes of the most miserable Dorsetshire small farmer ever ferretted out by "S. G. O."

A considerable number of towns, formed by accretions of small stores and drinking places, called magazines, round the original shed wherein live the station master and his assistants, mark the course of the railway. Some are important enough to possess a bank, which is generally represented by a wooden hut, with a large board nailed in front, bearing the names of the president and cashier, and announcing the success and liberality of the management. The stores are also decorated with large signs, recommending the names of the owners to the attention of the public, and over all of them is to be seen the significant announcement, "Cash for produce."

At Carbondale there was no coal at all to be found, but several miles farther to the north, at a place called Dugoine, a field of bituminous deposit crops out, which is sold at the pit's mouth for one dollar twenty-five cents, or about 5*s*. 2*d*. a-ton. Darkness and night fell as I was noting such meagre particulars of the new district as could be learned out of the window of a railway carriage; and finally with a delicious sensation of cool night air creeping in through the windows, the first I had experienced for many a long day, we made ourselves up for repose, and were borne steadily, if not rapidly, through the great prairie, having halted for tea at the comfortable refreshment rooms of Centralia.

There were no physical signs to mark the transition

from the land of the Secessionist to Union-loving soil. Until the troops were quartered there, Cairo was for Secession, and Southern Illinois is supposed to be deeply tainted with disaffection to Mr. Lincoln. Placards on which were printed the words, "Vote for Lincoln and Hamlin, for Union and Freedom," and the old battle-cry of the last election, still cling to the wooden walls of the groceries often accompanied by bitter words or offensive additions.

One of my friends argues that as slavery is at the base of Secession, it follows that States or portions of States will be disposed to join the Confederates or the Federalists just as the climate may be favourable or adverse to the growth of slave produce. Thus in the mountainous parts of the border States of Kentucky and Tennessee, in the north-western part of Virginia, vulgarly called the pan handle, and in the pine woods of North Carolina, where white men can work at the rosin and naval store manufactories, there is a decided feeling in favour of the Union; in fact, it becomes a matter of isothermal lines. It would be very wrong to judge of the condition of a people from the windows of a railway carriage, but the external aspect of the settlements along the line, far superior to that of slave hamlets, does not equal my expectations. We all know the aspect of a wood in a gentleman's park which is submitting to the axe, and has been partially cleared, how raw and bleak the stumps look, and how dreary is the naked land not yet turned into arable. Take such a patch and fancy four or five houses made of pine planks, sometimes not painted, lighted by windows in which there is, or has been, glass, each guarded by a paling around a piece of vegetable garden, a pig house,

and poultry box; let one be a grocery, which means a whisky shop, another the post-office, and a third the store where "cash is given for produce." Multiply these groups if you desire a larger settlement, and place a wooden church with a Brobdignag spire and Lilliputian body out in a waste, to be approached only by a causeway of planks; before each grocery let there be a gathering of tall men in sombre clothing, of whom the majority have small newspapers and all of whom are chewing tobacco; near the stores let there be some light wheeled carts and ragged horses, around which are knots of unmistakeably German women; then see the deep tracks which lead off to similar settlements in the forest or prairie, and you have a notion, if your imagination is strong enough, of one of these civilising centres which the Americans assert to be the homes of the most cultivated and intelligent communities in the world.

Next morning, just at dawn, I woke up and got out on the platform of the carriage, which is the favourite resort of smokers and their antithetics, those who love pure fresh air, notwithstanding the printed caution "It is dangerous to stand on the platform;" and under the eye of early morn saw spread around a flat sea-like expanse not yet warmed into colour and life by the sun. The line was no longer guarded from daring Secessionists by soldiers' outposts, and small camps had disappeared. The train sped through the centre of the great verdant circle as a ship through the sea, leaving the rigid iron wake behind it tapering to a point at the horizon, and as the light spread over it the surface of the crisping corn waved in broad undulations beneath the breeze from east to west. This is the

prairie indeed. Hereabouts it is covered with the finest crops, some already cut and stacked. Looking around one could see church spires rising in the distance from the white patches of houses, and by degrees the tracks across the fertile waste became apparent, and then carts and horses were seen toiling through the rich soil.

A large species of partridge or grouse appeared very abundant, and rose in flocks from the long grass at the side of the rail or from the rich carpet of flowers on the margin of the corn fields. They sat on the fence almost unmoved by the rushing engine, and literally swarmed along the line. These are called "prairie chickens" by the people, and afford excellent sport. Another bird about the size of a thrush, with a yellow breast and a harsh cry, I learned was "the sky-lark;" and *apropos* of the unmusical creature, I was very briskly attacked by a young lady patriot for finding fault with the sharp noise it made. "Oh, my! And you not to know that your Shelley loved it above all things! Didn't he write some verses —quite beautiful, too, they are—to the sky-lark." And so "the Britisher was dried up," as I read in a paper afterwards of a similar occurrence.

At the little stations which occur at every few miles —there are some forty of them, at each of which the train stops, in 365 miles between Cairo and Chicago— the Union flag floated in the air; but we had left all the circumstance of this inglorious war behind us, and the train rattled boldly over the bridges across the rare streams, no longer in danger from Secession hatchets. The swamp had given place to the corn field. No black faces were turned up from the mowing and

free white labour was at work, and the type of the labourers was German and Irish.

The Yorkshireman expatiated on the fertility of the land, and on the advantages it held out to the emigrant. But I observed all the lots by the side of the rail, and apparently as far as the eye could reach, were occupied. "Some of the very best land lies beyond on each side," said he. "Out over there in the fat places is where we put our Englishmen." By digging deep enough good water is always to be had, and coal can be carried from the rail, where it costs only 7*s.* or 8*s.* a ton. Wood there is little or none in the prairies, and it was rarely indeed a clump of trees could be detected, or anything higher than some scrub brushwood. These little communities which we passed were but the growth of a few years, and as we approached the Northern portion of the line we could see, as it were, the village swelling into the town, and the town spreading out to the dimensions of the city. "I daresay, Major," says one of the passengers, "this gentleman never saw anything like these cities before. I'm told they've nothin' like them in Europe?" "Bless you," rejoined the Major, with a wink, "just leaving out London, Edinbro', Paris, and Manchester, there's nothing on earth to ekal them." My friend, who is a shrewd fellow, by way of explanation of his military title, says, "I was a major once, a major in the Queen's Bays, but they would put troop-sergeant before it them days." Like many Englishmen he complains that the jealousy of native-born Americans effectually bars the way to political position of any naturalised citizen, and all the places are kept by the natives.

The scene now began to change gradually as we

approached Chicago, the prairie subsided into swampy land, and thick belts of trees fringed the horizon; on our right glimpses of the sea could be caught through openings in the wood—the inland sea on which stands the Queen of the Lakes. Michigan looks broad and blue as the Mediterranean. Large farmhouses stud the country, and houses which must be the retreat of merchants and citizens of means; and when the train, leaving the land altogether, dashes out on a pier and causeway built along the borders of the lake, we see lines of noble houses, a fine boulevard, a forest of masts, huge isolated piles of masonry, the famed grain elevators by which so many have been hoisted to fortune, churches and public edifices, and the apparatus of a great city; and just at nine o'clock the train gives its last steam shout and comes to a standstill in the spacious station of the Central Illinois Company, and in half-an-hour more I am in comfortable quarters at the Richmond House, where I find letters waiting for me, by which it appears that the necessity for my being in Washington in all haste, no longer exists. The wary General who commands the army is aware that the advance to Richmond, for which so many journals are clamouring, would be attended with serious risk at present, and the politicians must be content to wait a little longer.

CHAPTER VI.

Progress of events—Policy of Great Britain as regarded by the North—The American Press and its comments—Privacy a luxury—Chicago—Senator Douglas and his widow—American ingratitude—Apathy in volunteering—Colonel Turchin's camp.

I SHALL here briefly recapitulate what has occurred since the last mention of political events.

In the first place the South has been developing every day greater energy in widening the breach between it and the North, and preparing to fill it with dead; and the North, so far as I can judge, has been busy in raising up the Union as a nationality, and making out the crime of treason from the act of Secession. The South has been using conscription in Virginia, and is entering upon the conflict with unsurpassable determination. The North is availing itself of its greater resources and its foreign vagabondage and destitution to swell the ranks of its volunteers, and boasts of its enormous armies, as if it supposed conscripts well led do not fight better than volunteers badly officered. Virginia has been invaded on three points, one below and two above Washington, and passports are now issued on both sides.

The career open to the Southern privateers is effectually closed by the Duke of Newcastle's notification that the British Government will not permit the

crusiers of either side to bring their prizes into or condemn them in English ports; but, strange to say, the Northerners feel indignant against Great Britain for an act which deprives their enemy of an enormous advantage, and which must reduce their privateering to the mere work of plunder and destruction on the high seas. In the same way the North affects to consider the declaration of neutrality, and the concession of limited belligerent rights to the seceding States, as deeply injurious and insulting; whereas our course has, in fact, removed the greatest difficulty from the path of the Washington Cabinet, and saved us from inconsistencies and serious risks in our course of action.

It is commonly said, "What would Great Britain have done if we had declared ourselves neutral during the Canadian rebellion, or had conceded limited belligerent rights to the Sepoys?" as if Canada and Hindostan have the same relation to the British Crown that the seceding States had to the Northern States. But if Canada, with its parliament, judges, courts of law, and its people, declared it was independent of Great Britain; and if the Government of Great Britain, months after that declaration was made and acted upon, permitted the new State to go free, whilst a large number of her Statesmen agreed that Canada was perfectly right, we could find little fault with the United States' Government for issuing a proclamation of neutrality the same as our own, when after a long interval of quiescence a war broke out between the two countries.

Secession was an accomplished fact months before Mr. Lincoln came into office, but we heard no talk of rebels and pirates till Sumter had fallen, and the North was perfectly quiescent—not only that—the people of

wealth in New York were calmly considering the results of Secession as an accomplished fact, and seeking to make the best of it; nay, more, when I arrived in Washington some members of the Cabinet were perfectly ready to let the South go.

One of the first questions put to me by Mr. Chase in my first interview with him, was whether I thought a very injurious effect would be produced to the *prestige* of the Federal Government in Europe if the Northern States let the South have its own way, and told them to go in peace. "For my own part," said he, "I should not be averse to let them try it, for I believe they would soon find out their mistake." Mr. Chase may be finding out his mistake just now. When I left England the prevalent opinion, as far as I could judge, was, that a family quarrel, in which the South was in the wrong, had taken place, and that it would be better to stand by and let the Government put forth its strength to chastise rebellious children. But now we see the house is divided against itself, and that the family are determined to set up two separate establishments. These remarks occur to me with the more force because I see the New York papers are attacking me because I described a calm in a sea which was afterwards agitated by a storm. "What a false witness is this," they cry. "See how angry and how vexed is our Bermoothes, and yet the fellow says it was quite placid."

I have already seen so many statements respecting my sayings, my doings, and my opinions, in the American papers, that I have resolved to follow a general rule, with few exceptions indeed, which prescribes as the best course to pursue, not so much an indifference to these remarks as a fixed purpose to

abstain from the hopeless task of correcting them. The "Quicklys" of the press are incorrigible. Commerce may well be proud of Chicago. I am not going to reiterate what every Crispinus from the old country has said again and again concerning this wonderful place—not one word of statistics, of corn elevators, of shipping, or of the piles of buildings raised from the foundation by ingenious applications of screws. Nor am I going to enlarge on the splendid future of that which has so much present prosperity, or on the benefits to mankind opened up by the Illinois Central Railway. It is enough to say that by the borders of this lake there has sprung up in thirty years a wonderful city of fine streets, luxurious hotels, handsome shops, magnificent stores, great warehouses, extensive quays, capacious docks; and that as long as corn holds its own, and the mouths of Europe are open, and her hands full, Chicago will acquire greater importance, size, and wealth with every year. The only drawback, perhaps, to the comfort of the money-making inhabitants, and of the stranger within the gates, is to be found in the clouds of dust and in the unpaved streets and thoroughfares, which give anguish to horse and man.

I spent three days here writing my letters and repairing the wear and tear of my Southern expedition; and although it was hot enough, the breeze from the lake carried health and vigour to the frame, enervated by the sun of Louisiana and Mississippi. No need now to wipe the large drops of moisture from the languid brow lest they blind the eyes, nor to sit in a state of semi-clothing, worn out and exhausted, and tracing with moist hand imperfect characters on the paper.

I could not satisfy myself whether there was, as I have been told, a peculiar state of feeling in Chicago, which induced many people to support the Government of Mr. Lincoln because they believed it necessary for their own interests to obtain decided advantages over the South in the field, whilst they were opposed *totis viribus* to the genius of emancipation and to the views of the black Republicans. But the genius and eloquence of the little giant have left their impress on the facile mould of democratic thought, and he who argued with such acuteness and ability last March in Washington, in his own study, against the possibility, or at least the constitutional legality, of using the national forces, and the militia and volunteers of the Northern States, to subjugate the Southern people, carried away by the great bore which rushed through the placid North when Sumter fell, or perceiving his inability to resist its force, sprung to the crest of the wave, and carried to excess the violence of the Union reaction.

Whilst I was in the South I had seen his name in Northern papers with sensation headings and descriptions of his magnificent crusade for the Union in the west. I had heard his name reviled by those who had once been his warm political allies, and his untimely death did not seem to satisfy their hatred. His old foes in the North admired and applauded the sudden apostasy of their eloquent opponent, and were loud in lamentations over his loss. Imagine, then, how I felt when visiting his grave at Chicago, seeing his bust in many houses, or his portrait in all the shop-windows, I was told that the enormously wealthy community of which he was the idol were permitting his widow to live in a state not far removed from penury.

"Senator Douglas, sir," observed one of his friends to me, "died of bad whisky. He killed himself with it while he was stumping for the Union all over the country." "Well," I said, "I suppose, sir, the abstraction called the Union, for which by your own account he killed himself, will give a pension to his widow." Virtue is its own reward, and so is patriotism, unless it takes the form of contracts.

As far as all considerations of wife, children, or family are concerned, let a man serve a decent despot, or even a constitutional country with an economising House of Commons, if he wants anything more substantial than lip-service. The history of the great men of America is full of instances of national ingratitude. They give more praise and less pence to their benefactors than any nation on the face of the earth. Washington got little, though the plundering scouts who captured André were well rewarded; and the men who fought during the War of Independence were long left in neglect and poverty, sitting in sackcloth and ashes at the doorsteps of the temple of liberty, whilst the crowd rushed inside to worship Plutus.

If a native of the British isles, of the natural ignorance of his own imperfections which should characterise him, desires to be subjected to a series of moral shower-baths, douches, and shampooing with a rough glove, let him come to the United States. In Chicago he will be told that the English people are fed by the beneficence of the United States, and that all the trade and commerce of England are simply directed to the one end of obtaining gold enough to pay the western States for the breadstuffs exported for our population.

We know what the South think of our dependence on cotton. The people of the east think they are striking a great blow at their enemy by the Morrill tariff, and I was told by a patriot in North Carolina, "Why, creation! if you let the Yankees shut up our ports, the whole of your darned ships will go to rot. Where will you get your naval stores from? Why, I guess in a year you could not scrape up enough of tarpentine in the whole of your country for Queen Victoria to paint her nursery-door with."

Nearly one half of the various companies enrolled in this district are Germans, or are the descendants of German parents, and speak only the language of the old country; two-thirds of the remainder are Irish, or of immediate Irish descent; but it is said that a grand reserve of Americans born lies behind this *avant garde*, who will come into the battle should there ever be need for their services.

Indeed so long as the Northern people furnish the means of paying and equipping armies perfectly competent to do their work, and equal in numbers to any demands made for men, they may rest satisfied with the accomplishment of that duty, and with contributing from their ranks the great majority of the superior and even of the subaltern officers; but with the South it is far different. Their institutions have repelled immigration; the black slave has barred the door to the white free settler. Only on the seaboard and in the large cities are German and Irish to be found, and they to a man have come forward to fight for the South; but the proportion they bear to the native-born Americans who have rushed to arms in defence of their menaced borders, is of course far less than it is as yet to the

number of Americans in the Northern States who have volunteered to fight for the Union.

I was invited before I left to visit the camp of a Colonel Turchin, who was described to me as a Russian officer of great ability and experience in European warfare, in command of a regiment consisting of Poles, Hungarians, and Germans, who were about to start for the seat of war; but I was only able to walk through his tents, where I was astonished at the amalgam of nations that constituted his battalion; though, on inspection, I am bound to say there proved to be an American element in the ranks which did not appear to have coalesced with the bulk of the rude and, I fear, predatory Cossacks of the Union. Many young men of good position have gone to the wars, although there was no complaint, as in Southern cities, that merchant's offices have been deserted, and great establishments left destitute of clerks and working hands. In warlike operations, however, Chicago, with its communication open to the sea, its access to the head waters of the Mississippi, its intercourse with the marts of commerce and of manufacture, may be considered to possess greater belligerent power and strength than the great city of New Orleans; and there is much greater probability of Chicago sending its contingent to attack the Crescent City than there is of the latter being able to despatch a soldier within five hundred miles of its streets.

CHAPTER VII.

Niagara—Impression of the Falls—Battle scenes in the neighbourhood —A village of Indians—General Scott—Hostile movements on both sides—The Hudson—Military school at West Point—Return to New York—Altered appearance of the city—Misery and suffering —Altered state of public opinion, as to the Union and towards Great Britain.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 27th I left Chicago for Niagara, which was so temptingly near that I resolved to make a detour by that route to New York. The line from the city which I took skirts the southern extremity of Lake Michigan for many miles, and leaving its borders at New Buffalo, traverses the southern portion of the state of Michigan by Albion and Jackson to the town of Detroit, or the outflow of Lake St. Clair into Lake Erie, a distance of 284 miles, which was accomplished in about twelve hours. The most enthusiastic patriot could not affirm the country was interesting. The names of the stations were certainly novel to a Britisher. Thus we had Kalumet, Pokagon, Dowagiac, Kalamazoo, Ypsilanti, among the more familiar titles of Chelsea, Marengo, Albion, and Parma.

It was dusk when we reached the steam ferry-boat at Detroit, which took us across to Windsor; but through the dusk I could perceive the Union Jack

waving above the unimpressive little town which bears a name so respected by British ears. The customs' inspections seemed very mild; and I was not much impressed by the representative of the British crown, who, with a brass button on his coat and a very husky voice, exercised his powers on behalf of Her Majesty at the landing-place of Windsor. The officers of the railway company, received me as if I had been an old friend, and welcomed me as if I had just got out of a battle-field. "Well, I do wonder them Yankees have ever let you come out alive." "May I ask why?" "Oh, because you have not been praising them all round, sir. Why even the Northern chaps get angry with a Britisher, as they call us, if he attempts to say a word against those cursed niggers."

It did not appear the Americans are quite so thin-skinned, for whilst crossing in the steamer a passage of arms between the Captain, who was a genuine John Bull, and a Michigander, in the style which is called chaff or slang, diverted most of the auditors, although it was very much to the disadvantage of the Union champion. The Michigan man had threatened the Captain that Canada would be annexed as the consequence of our infamous conduct. "Why, I tell you," said the Captain, "we'd just draw up the negro chaps from our barbers' shops, and tell them we'd send them to Illinois if they did not lick you; and I believe every creature in Michigan, pigs and all, would run before them into Pennsylvania. We know what you are up to, you and them Maine chaps; but Lor' bless you, sooner than take such a lot, we'd give you ten dollars a head to make you stay in your own country; and we know you would go to the next worst

place before your time for half the money. The very Bluenoses would secede if you were permitted to come under the old flag."

All night we travelled. A long day through a dreary, ill-settled, pine-wooded, half-cleared country, swarming with mosquitoes and biting flies, and famous for fevers. Just about daybreak the train stopped.

"Now, then," said an English voice; "now, then, who's for Clifton Hotel? All passengers leave cars for this side of the Falls." Consigning our baggage to the commissioner of the Clifton, my companion, Mr. Ward, and myself resolved to walk along the banks of the river to the hotel, which is some two miles and a half distant, and set out whilst it was still so obscure that the outline of the beautiful bridge which springs so lightly across the chasm, filled with furious hurrying waters, hundreds of feet below, was visible only as is the tracery of some cathedral arch through the dim light of the cloister.

The road follows the course of the stream, which whirls and gurgles in an Alpine torrent, many times magnified, in a deep gorge like that of the Tête Noire. As the rude bellow of the steam-engine and the rattle of the train proceeding on its journey were dying away, the echoes seemed to swell into a sustained, reverberating, hollow sound from the perpendicular banks of the St. Lawrence. We listened. "It is the noise of the Falls," said my companion; and as we walked on the sound became louder, filling the air with a strange quavering note, which played about a tremendous uniform bass note, and silencing every other. Trees closed in the road on the river side, but when we had walked a mile or so, the lovely light of morning

spreading with our steps, suddenly through an opening in the branches there appeared, closing up the vista—white, flickering, indistinct, and shroud-like—the Falls, rushing into a grave of black waters, and uttering that tremendous cry which can never be forgotten.

I have heard many people say they were disappointed with the first impression of Niagara. Let those who desire to see the water-leap in all its grandeur, approach it as I did, and I cannot conceive what their expectations are if they do not confess the sight exceeded their highest ideal. I do not pretend to describe the sensations or to endeavour to give the effect produced on me by the scene or by the Falls, then or subsequently; but I must say words can do no more than confuse the writer's own ideas of the grandeur of the sight, and mislead altogether those who read them. It is of no avail to do laborious statistics, and tell us how many gallons rush over in that down-flung ocean every second, or how wide it is, how high it is, how deep the earth-piercing caverns beneath. For my own part, I always feel the distance of the sun to be insignificant, when I read it is so many hundreds of thousands of miles away, compared with the feeling of utter inaccessibility to anything human which is caused by it when its setting rays illuminate some purple ocean studded with golden islands in dreamland.

Niagara is rolling its waters over the barrier. Larger and louder it grows upon us.

"I hope the hotel is not full," quoth my friend. I confess, for the time, I forgot all about Niagara, and was perturbed concerning a breakfastless ramble and a hunt after lodgings by the borders of the great river.

But although Clifton Hotel was full enough, there was room for us, too; and for two days a strange, weird-kind of life I led, alternating between the roar of the cataract outside and the din of politics within; for, be it known, that at the Canadian side of the Falls many Americans of the Southern States, who would not pollute their footsteps by contact with the soil of Yankee-land, were sojourning, and that merchants and bankers of New York and other Northern cities had selected it as their summer retreat, and, indeed, with reason; for after excursions on both sides of the Falls, the comparative seclusion of the settlements on the left bank appears to me to render it infinitely preferable to the Rosherville gentism and semi-rowdyism of the large American hotels and settlements on the other side.

It was distressing to find that Niagara was surrounded by the paraphernalia of a fixed fair. I had looked forward to a certain degree of solitude. It appeared impossible that man could cockneyfy such a magnificent display of force and grandeur in nature. But, alas! it is haunted by what poor Albert Smith used to denominate "harpies." The hateful race of guides infest the precincts of the hotels, waylay you in the lanes, and prowl about the unguarded moments of reverie. There are miserable little peepshows and photographers, bird stuffers, shell polishers, collectors of crystals, and proprietors of natural curiosity shops.

There is, besides, a large village population. There is a watering-side air about the people who walk along the road worse than all their mills and factories working their water privileges at both sides of the stream. At the American side there is a lanky, pretentious town,

with big hotels, shops of Indian curiosities, and all the meagre forms of the bazaar life reduced to a minimum of attractiveness which destroy the comfort of a traveller in Switzerland. I had scarcely been an hour in the hotel before I was asked to look at the Falls through a little piece of coloured glass. Next I was solicited to purchase a collection of muddy photographs, representing what I could look at with my own eyes for nothing. Not finally by any means, I was assailed by a gentleman who was particularly desirous of selling me an enormous pair of cow's-horns and a stuffed hawk. Small booths and peepshows corrupt the very margin of the bank, and close by the remnant of the "Table Rock," a Jew (who, by-the-bye, deserves infinite credit for the zeal and energy he has thrown into the collections for his museum), exhibits bottled rattlesnakes, stuffed monkeys, Egyptian mummies, series of coins, with a small living menagerie attached to the shop, in which articles of Indian manufacture are exposed for sale. It was too bad to be asked to admire such *lusus naturæ* as double-headed calves and dogs with three necks by the banks of Niagara.

As I said before, I am not going to essay the impossible or to describe the Falls. On the English side there are, independently of other attractions, some scenes of recent historic interest, for close to Niagara are Lundy's Lane and Chippewa. There are few persons in England aware of the exceedingly severe fighting which characterised the contests between the Americans and the English and Canadian troops during the campaign of 1814. At Chippewa, for example, Major-General Riall, who, with 2000 men, one howitzer, and two 24-pounders, attacked a force of

Americans of a similar strength, was repulsed with a loss of 500 killed and wounded; and on the morning of the 25th of July the action of Lundy's Lane, between four brigades of Americans and seven field-pieces, and 3100 men of the British and seven field-pieces, took place, in which the Americans were worsted, and retired with a loss of 854 men and two guns, whilst the British lost 878. On the 14th of August following Sir Gordon Drummond was repulsed with a loss of 905 men out of his small force in an attack on Fort Erie; and on the 17th of September an American sortie from the place was defeated with a loss of 510 killed and wounded, the British having lost 609. In effect the American campaign was unsuccessful; but their failures were redeemed by their successes on Lake Champlain, and in the affair of Plattsburgh.

There was more hard fighting than strategy in these battles, and their results were not, on the whole, creditable to the military skill of either party. They were sanguinary in proportion to the number of troops engaged, but they were very petty skirmishes considered in the light of contests between two great nations for the purpose of obtaining specific results. As England was engaged in a great war in Europe, was far removed from the scene of operations, was destitute of steam-power, whilst America was fighting, as it were, on her own soil, close at hand, with a full opportunity of putting forth all her strength, the complete defeat of the American invasion of Canada was more honourable to our arms than the successes which the Americans achieved in resisting aggressive demonstrations.

In the great hotel of Clifton we had every day a little war of our own, for there were —— but why

should I mention names? Has not government its bastiles? There were in effect men, and women too, who regarded the people of the Northern States and the government they had selected very much as the men of '98 looked upon the government and people of England; but withal these strong Southerners were not very favourable to a country which they regarded as the natural ally of the abolitionists, simply because it had resolved to be neutral.

On the Canadian side these rebels were secure. British authority was embodied in a respectable old Scottish gentleman, whose duty it was to prevent smuggling across the boiling waters of the St. Lawrence, and who performed it with zeal and diligence worthy of a higher post. There was indeed a withered triumphal arch which stood over the spot where the young Prince of our royal house had passed on his way to the Table Rock, but beyond these signs and tokens there was nothing to distinguish the American from the British side, except the greater size and activity of the settlements upon the right bank. There is no power in nature, according to great engineers, which cannot be forced to succumb to the influence of money. The American papers actually announce that "Niagara is to be sold;" the proprietors of the land upon their side of the water have resolved to sell their water privileges! A capitalist could render the islands the most beautifully attractive places in the world.

Life at Niagara is like that at most watering-places, though it is a desecration to apply such a term to the Falls, and there is no bathing there, except that which is confined to the precincts of the hotels and to the ingenious establishment on the American side, which

permits one to enjoy the full rush of the current in covered rooms with sides pierced, to let it come through with undiminished force and with perfect security to the bather. There are drives and picnics, and mild excursions to obscure places in the neighbourhood, where only the roar of the Falls gives an idea of their presence. The rambles about the islands, and the views of the boiling rapids above them, are delightful, but I am glad to hear from one of the guides that the great excitement of seeing a man and boat carried over occurs but rarely. Every year, however, hapless creatures crossing from one shore to the other, by some error of judgment or miscalculation of strength, or malign influence, are swept away into the rapids, and then, notwithstanding the wonderful rescues effected by the American blacksmith and unwonted kindnesses of fortune, there is little chance of saving body corporate or incorporate from the headlong swoop to destruction.

Next to the purveyors of curiosities and hotel keepers, the Indians, who live in a village at some distance from Niagara, reap the largest profit from the crowds of visitors who repair annually to the Falls. They are a harmless and by no means elevated race of semi-civilised savages, whose energies are expended on whiskey, feather fans, bark canoes, ornamental mocassins, and carved pipe stems. I had arranged for an excursion to see them in their wigwams one morning, when the news was brought to me that General Scott had ordered, or been forced to order the advance of the Federal troops encamped in front of Washington, under the command of McDowell, against the Confederates, commanded by Beauregard, who was described as occupying

a most formidable position, covered with entrenchments and batteries in front of a ridge of hills, through which the railway passes to Richmond.

The New York papers represent the Federal army to be of some grand indefinite strength, varying from 60,000 to 120,000 men, full of fight, admirably equipped, well disciplined, and provided with an overwhelming force of artillery. General Scott, I am very well assured, did not feel such confidence in the result of an invasion of Virginia, that he would hurry raw levies and a rabble of regiments to undertake a most arduous military operation.

The day I was introduced to the General he was seated at a table in the unpretending room which served as his boudoir in the still humbler house where he held his head-quarters. On the table before him were some plans and maps of the harbour defences of the Southern ports. I inferred he was about to organise a force for the occupation of positions along the coast. But when I mentioned my impression to one of his officers, he said, "Oh, no, the General advised that long ago; but he is now convinced we are too late. All he can hope, now, is to be allowed time to prepare a force for the field, but there are hopes that some compromise will yet take place."

The probabilities of this compromise have vanished: few entertain them now. They have been hanging Secessionists in Illinois, and the court-house itself has been made the scene of Lynch law murder in Ogle county. Petitions, prepared by citizens of New York to the President, for a general convention to consider a compromise, have been seized. The Confederates have raised batteries along the Virginian shore of the

Potomac. General Banks, at Baltimore, has deposed the police authorities "*proprio motu*," in spite of the protest of the board. Engagements have occurred between the Federal steamers and the Confederate batteries on the Potomac. On all points, wherever the Federal pickets have advanced in Virginia, they have encountered opposition and have been obliged to halt or to retire.

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As I stood on the verandah this morning, looking for the last time on the Falls, which were covered with a grey mist, that rose from the river and towered unto the sky in columns which were lost in the clouds, a voice beside me said, "Mr. Russell, that is something like the present condition of our country, mists and darkness obscure it now, but we know the great waters are rushing behind, and will flow till eternity." The speaker was an earnest, thoughtful man, but the country of which he spoke was the land of the South. "And do you think," said I, "when the mists clear away the Falls will be as full and as grand as before?" "Well," he replied, "they are great as it is, though a rock divides them; we have merely thrown our rock into the waters,—they will meet all the same in the pool below." A coloured boy, who has waited on me at the hotel, hearing I was going away, entreated me to take him on any terms, which were, I found, an advance of nine dollars, and twenty dollars a month, and, as I heard a good account of him from the landlord, I installed the young man into my service. In the evening I left Niagara on my way to New York.

July 2nd.—At early dawn this morning, looking out of the sleeping car, I saw through the mist a

broad, placid river on the right, and on the left high wooded banks running sharply into the stream, against the base of which the rails were laid. West Point, which is celebrated for its picturesque scenery, as much as for its military school, could not be seen through the fog, and I regretted time did not allow me to stop and pay a visit to the academy. I was obliged to content myself with the handiwork of some of the ex-pupils. The only camaraderie I have witnessed in America exists among the West Point men. It is to Americans what our great public schools are to young Englishmen. To take a high place at West Point is to be a first-class man, or wrangler. The academy turns out a kind of military aristocracy, and I have heard complaints that the Irish and Germans are almost completely excluded, because the nominations to West Point are obtained by political influence; and the foreign element, though powerful at the ballot box, has no enduring strength. The Murphies and Schmidts seldom succeed in shoving their sons into the American institution. North and South, I have observed, the old pupils refer everything military to West Point. "I was with Beauregard at West Point. He was three above me." Or, "M'Dowell and I were in the same class." An officer is measured by what he did there, and if professional jealousies date from the state of common pupilage, so do lasting friendships. I heard Beauregard, Lawton, Hardee, Bragg, and others, speak of M'Dowell, Lyon, M'Clellan, and other men of the academy, as their names turned up in the Northern papers, evidently judging of them by the old school standard. The number of men who have been educated there greatly exceeds the modest requirements of the

army. But there is likelihood of their being all in full work very soon.

At about nine a.m., the train reached New York, and in driving to the house of Mr. Duncan, who accompanied me from Niagara, the first thing which struck me was the changed aspect of the streets. Instead of peaceful citizens, men in military uniforms thronged the pathways, and such multitudes of United States' flags floated from the windows and roofs of the houses as to convey the impression that it was a great holiday festival. The appearance of New York when I first saw it was very different. For one day, indeed, after my arrival, there were men in uniform to be seen in the streets, but they disappeared after St. Patrick had been duly honoured, and it was very rarely I ever saw a man in soldier's clothes during the rest of my stay. Now, fully a third of the people carried arms, and were dressed in some kind of martial garb.

The walls are covered with placards from military companies offering inducements to recruits. An outburst of military tailors has taken place in the streets; shops are devoted to militia equipments; rifles, pistols, swords, plumes, long boots, saddle, bridle, camp beds, canteens, tents, knapsacks, have usurped the place of the ordinary articles of traffic. Pictures and engravings—bad, and very bad—of the "battles" of Big Bethel and Vienna, full of furious charges, smoke and dismembered bodies, have driven the French prints out of the windows. Innumerable "General Scotts" glower at you from every turn, making the General look wiser than he or any man ever was. Ellsworths in almost equal proportion, Grebles and Winthrops—the Union

martyrs—and Tompkins, the temporary hero of Fairfax court-house.

The "flag of our country" is represented in a coloured engraving, the original of which was not destitute of poetical feeling, as an angry blue sky through which meteors fly streaked by the winds, whilst between the red stripes the stars just shine out from the heavens, the flag-staff being typified by a forest tree bending to the force of the blast. The Americans like this idea—to my mind it is significant of bloodshed and disaster. And why not! What would become of all these pseudo-Zouaves who have come out like an eruption over the States, and are in no respect, not even in their baggy breeches, like their great originals, if this war were not to go on? I thought I had had enough of Zouaves in New Orleans, but *dis aliter visum.*

They are overrunning society, and the streets here, and the dress which becomes the broad-chested, stumpy, short-legged Celt, who seems specially intended for it, is singularly unbecoming to the tall and slightly-built American. Songs "On to glory," "Our country," new versions of "Hail Columbia," which certainly cannot be considered by even American complacency a "happy land" when its inhabitants are preparing to cut each other's throats; of the "star-spangled banner," are displayed in booksellers' and music-shop windows, and patriotic sentences emblazoned on flags float from many houses. The ridiculous habit of dressing up children and young people up to ten and twelve years of age as Zouaves and vivandières has been caught up by the old people, and Mars would die with laughter if he saw some of the abdominou, be-spectacled light infantry men who are hobbling along the pavement.

There has been indeed a change in New York: externally it is most remarkable, but I cannot at all admit that the abuse with which I was assailed for describing the indifference which prevailed on my arrival was in the least degree justified. I was desirous of learning how far the tone of conversation "in the city" had altered, and soon after breakfast I went down Broadway to Pine Street and Wall Street. The street in all its length was almost draped with flags—the warlike character of the shops was intensified. In front of one shop window there was a large crowd gazing with interest at some object which I at last succeeded in feasting my eyes upon. A grey cap with a tinsel badge in front, and the cloth stained with blood was displayed, with the words, "Cap of Secession officer killed in action." On my way I observed another crowd of women, some with children in their arms standing in front of a large house and gazing up earnestly and angrily at the windows. I found they were wives, mothers, and sisters, and daughters of volunteers who had gone off and left them destitute.

The misery thus caused has been so great that the citizens of New York have raised a fund to provide food, clothes, and a little money—a poor relief, in fact, for them, and it was plain they were much needed, though some of the applicants did not seem to belong to a class accustomed to seek aid from the public. This already! But Wall Street and Pine Street are bent on battle. And so this day, hot from the South and impressed with the firm resolve of the people, and finding that the North has been lashing itself into fury, I sit down and write to England, on my return from the city. "At present dismiss entirely the idea, no matter

how it may originate, that there will be, or can be, peace, compromise, union, or secession, till war has determined the issue."

As long as there was a chance that the struggle might not take place, the merchants of New York were silent, fearful of offending their Southern friends and connections, but inflicting infinite damage on their own government and misleading both sides. Their sentiments, sympathies, and business bound them with the South; and, indeed, till "the glorious uprising" the South believed New York was with them, as might be credited from the tone of some organs in the press, and I remember hearing it said by Southerners in Washington, that it was very likely New York would go out of the Union! When the merchants, however, saw that the South was determined to quit the Union, they resolved to avert the permanent loss of the great profits derived from their connection with the South by some present sacrifices. They rushed to the platforms—the battle-cry was sounded from almost very pulpit—flag raisings took place in every square, like the planting of the tree of liberty in France in 1848, and the oath was taken to trample Secession under foot, and to quench the fire of the Southern heart for ever.

The change in manner, in tone, in argument, is most remarkable. I met men to-day who last March argued coolly and philosophically about the right of Secession. They are now furious at the idea of such wickedness—furious with England, because she does not deny their own famous doctrine of the sacred right of insurrection. "We must maintain our glorious Union, sir." "We must have a country." "We cannot allow two nations to grow up on this Conti-

nent, sir." "We must possess the entire control of the Mississippi." These "musts," and "can'ts," and "won'ts," are the angry utterances of a spirited people who have had their will so long that they at last believe it is omnipotent. Assuredly, they will not have it over the South without a tremendous and long-sustained contest, in which they must put forth every exertion, and use all the resources and superior means they so abundantly possess.

It is absurd to assert, as do the New York people, to give some semblance of reason to their sudden outburst, that it was caused by the insult to the flag at Sumter. Why, the flag had been fired on long before Sumter was attacked by the Charleston batteries! It had been torn down from United States' arsenals and forts all over the South; and but for the accident which placed Major Anderson in a position from which he could not retire, there would have been no bombardment of the fort, and it would, when evacuated, have shared the fate of all the other Federal works on the Southern coast. Some of the gentlemen who are now so patriotic and Unionistic, were last March prepared to maintain that if the President attempted to re-inforce Sumter or Pickens, he would be responsible for the destruction of the Union. Many journals in New York and out of it held the same doctrine.

One word to these gentlemen. I am pretty well satisfied that if they had always spoke, written, and acted as they do now, the people of Charleston would not have attacked Sumter so readily. The abrupt outburst of the North and the demonstration at New York filled the South, first with astonishment,

and then with something like fear, which was rapidly fanned into anger by the press and the politicians, as well as by the pride inherent in slaveholders.

I wonder what Mr. Seward will say when I get back to Washington. Before I left, he was of opinion—at all events, he stated—that all the States would come back, at the rate of one a month. The nature of the process was not stated; but we are told there are 250,000 Federal troops now under arms, prepared to try a new one.

Combined with the feeling of animosity to the rebels, there is, I perceive, a good deal of ill-feeling towards Great Britain. The Southern papers are so angry with us for the Order in Council closing British ports against privateers and their prizes, that they advise Mr. Rust and Mr. Yancey to leave Europe. We are in evil case between North and South. I met a reverend doctor, who is most bitter in his expressions towards us; and I dare say, Bishop and General Leonidas Polk, down South, would not be much better disposed. The clergy are active on both sides; and their flocks approve of their holy violence. One journal tells with much gusto of a blasphemous chaplain, a remarkably good rifle shot, who went into one of the skirmishes lately, and killed a number of rebels—the joke being in the fact, that each time he fired and brought down his man, he exclaimed, piously, "May Heaven have mercy on your soul!" One Father Mooney, who performed the novel act for a clergyman of "christening" a big gun at Washington the other day, wound up the speech he made on the occasion, by declaring "the echo of its voice would be *sweet music*, inviting the children of Columbia to share the comforts of his father's home." Can impiety and folly, and bad taste, go further?

CHAPTER VIII.

Departure for Washington—A "servant"—The American Press on the War—Military aspect of the States—Philadelphia—Baltimore—Washington—Lord Lyons—Mr. Sumner—Irritation against Great Britain—"Independence" day—Meeting of Congress—General state of affairs.

July 3rd.—Up early, breakfasted at five a.m., and left my hospitable host's roof, on my way to Washington. The ferry-boat, which is a long way off, starts for the train at seven o'clock; and so bad are the roads, I nearly missed it. On hurrying to secure my place in the train, I said to one of the railway officers, "If you see a coloured man in a cloth cap and dark coat with metal buttons, will you be good enough, sir, to tell him I'm in this carriage." "Why so, sir?" "He is my servant." "Servant," he repeated; "your servant! I presume you're a Britisher; and if he's your servant, I think you may as well let him find you." And so he walked away, delighted with his cleverness, his civility, and his rebuke of an aristocrat.

Nearly four months since I went by this road to Washington. The change which has since occurred is beyond belief. Men were then speaking of place under Government, of compromises between North and South, and of peace; now they only talk of war and battle. Ever since I came out of the South, and could see the

newspapers, I have been struck by the easiness of the American people, by their excessive credulity. Whether they wish it or not, they are certainly deceived. Not a day has passed without the announcement that the Federal troops were moving, and that "a great battle was expected" by somebody unknown, at some place or other.

I could not help observing the arrogant tone with which writers of stupendous ignorance on military matters write of the operations which they think the Generals should undertake. They demand that an army, which has neither adequate transport, artillery, nor cavalry, shall be pushed forward to Richmond to crush out Secession, and at the same time their columns teem with accounts from the army, which prove that it is not only ill-disciplined, but that it is ill-provided. A general outcry has been raised against the war department and the contractors, and it is openly stated that Mr. Cameron, the Secretary, has not clean hands. One journal denounces "the swindling and plunder" which prevail under his eyes. A minister who is disposed to be corrupt can be so with facility under the system of the United States, because he has absolute control over the contracts, which are rising to an enormous magnitude, as the war preparations assume more formidable dimensions. The greater part of the military stores of the State are in the South—arms, ordnance, clothing, ammunition, ships, machinery, and all kinds of *matériel* must be prepared in a hurry.

The condition in which the States present themselves, particularly at sea, is a curious commentary on the offensive and warlike tone of their Statesmen in their dealings with the first maritime power of the world.

They cannot blockade a single port effectually. The Confederate steamer Sumter has escaped to sea from New Orleans, and ships run in and out of Charleston almost as they please. Coming so recently from the South, I can see the great difference which exists between the two races, as they may be called, exemplified in the men I have seen, and those who are in the train going towards Washington. These volunteers have none of the swash-buckler bravado, gallant-swaggering air of the Southern men. They are staid, quiet men, and the Pennsylvanians, who are on their way to join their regiment in Baltimore, are very inferior in size and strength to the Tennesseans and Carolinians.

The train is full of men in uniform. When I last went over the line, I do not believe there was a sign of soldiering, beyond perhaps the "conductor," who is always described in the papers as being "gentlemantly," wore his badge. And, *à propos* of badges, I see that civilians have taken to wearing shields of metal on their coats, enamelled with the stars and stripes, and that men who are not in the army try to make it seem they are soldiers by affecting military caps and cloaks.

The country between Washington and Philadelphia is destitute of natural beauties, but it affords abundant evidence that it is inhabited by a prosperous, comfortable, middle-class community. From every village church, and from many houses, the Union flag was displayed. Four months ago not one was to be seen. When we were crossing in the steam ferry-boat at Philadelphia I saw some volunteers looking up and smiling at a hatchet which was over the cabin door, and it was not till I saw it had the words "States Rights'

Fire Axe" painted along the handle I could account for the attraction. It would fare ill with any vessel in Southern waters which displayed an axe to the citizens inscribed with "Down with States. Rights" on it. There is certainly less vehemence and bitterness among the Northerners; but it might be erroneous to suppose there was less determination.

Below Philadelphia, from Havre-de-Grâce all the way to Baltimore, and thence on to Washington, the stations on the rail were guarded by soldiers, as though an enemy were expected to destroy the bridges and to tear up the rails. Wooden bridges and causeways, carried over piles and embankments, are necessary, in consequence of the nature of the country; and at each of these a small camp was formed for the soldiers who have to guard the approaches. Sentinels are posted, pickets thrown out, and in the open field by the way-side troops are to be seen moving, as though a battle was close at hand. In one word, we are in the State of Maryland. By these means alone are communications maintained between the North and the capital. As we approach Baltimore the number of sentinels and camps increase, and earthworks have been thrown up on the high grounds commanding the city. The display of Federal flags from the public buildings and some shipping in the river was so limited as to contrast strongly with those symbols of Union sentiments in the Northern cities.

Since I last passed through this city the streets have been a scene of bloodshed. The conductor of the car on which we travelled from one terminus to the other, along the street railway, pointed out the marks of the bullets on the walls and in the window frames. "That's

the way to deal with the Plug Uglies," exclaimed he; a name given popularly to the lower classes called Rowdies in New York. "Yes," said a fellow-passenger quietly to me, "these are the sentiments which are now uttered in the country which we call the land of freedom, and men like that desire nothing better than brute force. There is no city in Europe—Venice, Warsaw, or Rome—subject to such tyranny as Baltimore at this moment. In this Pratt Street there have been murders as foul as ever soldiery committed in the streets of Paris." Here was evidently the judicial blindness of a States Rights fanatic, who considers the despatch of Federal soldiers through the State of Maryland without the permission of the authorities an outrage so flagrant as to justify the people in shooting them down, whilst the soldiers become murderers if they resist. At the corners of the streets strong guards of soldiers were posted, and patrols moved up and down the thoroughfares. The inhabitants looked sullen and sad. A small war is waged by the police recently appointed by the Federal authorities against the women, who exhibit much ingenuity in expressing their animosity to the stars and stripes—dressing the children, and even dolls, in the Confederate colours, and wearing the same in ribbons and bows. The negro population alone seemed just the same as before.

The Secession newspapers of Baltimore have been suppressed, but the editors contrive nevertheless to show their sympathies in the selection of their extracts. In to-day's paper there is an account of a skirmish in the West, given by one of the Confederates who took part in it, in which it is stated that the officer command-

ing the party "scalped" twenty-three Federals. For the first time since I left the South I see those advertisements headed by the figure of a negro running with a bundle, and containing descriptions of the fugitive, and the reward offered for imprisoning him or her, so that the owner may receive his property. Among the insignia enumerated are scars on the back and over the loins. The whip is not only used by the masters and drivers, but by the police; and in every report of petty police cases sentences of so many lashes, and severe floggings of women of colour are recorded.

It is about forty miles from Baltimore to Washington, and at every quarter of a mile for the whole distance a picket of soldiers guarded the rails. Camps appeared on both sides, larger and more closely packed together; and the rays of the setting sun fell on countless lines of tents as we approached the unfinished dome of the Capitol. On the Virginian side of the river, columns of smoke rising from the forest marked the site of Federal encampments across the stream. The fields around Washington resounded with the words of command and tramp of men, and flashed with wheeling arms. Parks of artillery studded the waste ground, and long trains of white-covered waggons filled up the open spaces in the suburbs of Washington.

To me all this was a wonderful sight. As I drove up Pennyslvania Avenue I could scarce credit that the busy thoroughfare—all red, white, and blue with flags, filled with dust from galloping chargers and commissariat carts; the side-walks thronged with people, of whom a large proportion carried sword or bayonet; shops full of life and activity—was the same as that through which I had driven the first morning

of my arrival. Washington now, indeed, is the capital of the United States; but it is no longer the scene of beneficent legislation and of peaceful government. It is the representative of armed force engaged in war—menaced whilst in the very act of raising its arm by the enemy it seeks to strike.

To avoid the tumult of Willard's, I requested a friend to hire apartments, and drove to a house in Pennsylvania Avenue, close to the War Department, where he had succeeded in engaging a sitting-room about twelve feet square, and a bedroom to correspond, in a very small mansion, next door to a spirit merchant's. At the Legation I saw Lord Lyons, and gave him a brief account of what I had seen in the South. I was sorry to observe he looked rather careworn and pale.

The relations of the United States' Government with Great Britain have probably been considerably affected by Mr. Seward's failure in his prophecies. As the Southern Confederacy developes its power, the Foreign Secretary assumes higher ground, and becomes more exacting, and defiant. In these hot summer days, Lord Lyons and the members of the Legation dine early, and enjoy the cool of the evening in the garden; so after a while I took my leave, and proceeded to Gautier's. On my way I met Mr. Sumner, who asked me for Southern news very anxiously, and in the course of conversation with him I was confirmed in my impressions that the feeling between the two countries was not as friendly as could be desired. Lord Lyons had better means of knowing what is going on in the South, by communications from the British Consuls; but even he seemed unaware of facts

which had occurred whilst I was there, and Mr. Sumner appeared to be as ignorant of the whole condition of things below Mason and Dixon's line as he was of the politics of Timbuctoo.

The importance of maintaining a friendly feeling with England appeared to me very strongly impressed on the Senator's mind. Mr. Seward has been fretful, irritable, and acrimonious; and it is not too much to suppose Mr. Sumner has been useful in allaying irritation. A certain despatch was written last June, which amounted to little less than a declaration of war against Great Britain. Most fortunately the President was induced to exercise his power. The despatch was modified, though not without opposition, and was forwarded to the English Minister with its teeth drawn. Lord Lyons, who is one of the suavest and quietest of diplomatists, has found it difficult, I fear, to maintain personal relations with Mr. Seward at times. Two despatches have been prepared for Lord John Russell, which could have had no result but to lead to a breach of the peace, had not some friendly interpositor succeeded in averting the wrath of the Foreign Minister.

Mr. Sumner is more sanguine of immediate success than I am, from the military operations which are to commence when General Scott considers the army fit to take the field. At Gautier's I met a number of officers, who expressed a great diversity of views in reference to those operations. General M'Dowell is popular with them, but they admit the great deficiencies of the subaltern and company officers. General Scott is too infirm to take the field, and the burdens of administration press the veteran to the earth.

July 4th.—"Independence Day." Fortunate to escape this great national festival in the large cities of the Union where it is celebrated with many days before and after of surplus rejoicing, by fireworks and an incessant fusillade in the streets, I was, nevertheless, subjected to the small ebullition of the Washington juveniles, to bell-ringing and discharges of cannon and musketry. On this day Congress meets. Never before has any legislative body assembled under circumstances so grave. By their action they will decide whether the Union can ever be restored, and will determine whether the States of the North are to commence an invasion for the purpose of subjecting by force of arms, and depriving of their freedom, the States of the South.

Congress met to-day merely for the purpose of forming itself into a regular body, and there was no debate or business of public importance introduced. Mr. Wilson gave me to understand, however, that some military movements of the utmost importance might be expected in a few days, and that General M'Dowell would positively attack the rebels in front of Washington. The Confederates occupy the whole of Northern Virginia, commencing from the peninsula above Fortress Monroe on the right or east, and extending along the Potomac, to the extreme verge of the State, by the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. This immense line, however, is broken by great intervals, and the army with which M'Dowell will have to deal may be considered as detached, covering the approaches to Richmond, whilst its left flank is protected by a corps of observation, stationed near Winchester, under General Jackson. A Federal corps is being prepared

to watch the corps and engage it, whilst M'Dowell advances on the main body. To the right of this again, or further west, another body of Federals, under General M'Clellan, is operating in the valleys of the Shenandoah and in Western Virginia; but I did not hear any of these things from Mr. Wilson, who was, I am sure, in perfect ignorance of the plans, in a military sense, of the general. I sat at Mr. Sumner's desk, and wrote the final paragraphs of a letter describing my impressions of the South in a place but little disposed to give a favourable colour to them.

CHAPTER IX.

Interview with Mr. Seward—My passport—Mr. Seward's views as to the war—Illumination at Washington—My "servant" absents himself—New York journalism—The Capitol—Interior of Congress—The President's Message—Speeches in Congress—Lord Lyons—General M'Dowell—Low standard in the army—Accident to the "Stars and Stripes"—A street row—Mr. Bigelow—Mr. N. P. Willis.

When the Senate had adjourned, I drove to the State Department and saw Mr. Seward, who looked much more worn and haggard than when I saw him last, three months ago. He congratulated me on my safe return from the South in time to witness some stirring events. "Well, Mr. Secretary, I am quite sure that, if all the South are of the same mind as those I met in my travels, there will be many battles before they submit to the Federal Government."

"It is not submission to the Government we want; it is to assent to the principles of the Constitution. When you left Washington we had a few hundred regulars and some hastily-levied militia to defend the national capital, and a battery and a half of artillery under the command of a traitor. The Navy-yard was in the hands of a disloyal officer. We were surrounded by treason. Now we are supported by the loyal States which have come forward in defence of the best Government on the face of the earth, and the unfortunate and

desperate men who have commenced this struggle will have to yield or experience the punishment due to their crimes."

"But, Mr. Seward, has not this great exhibition of strength been attended by some circumstances calculated to inspire apprehension that liberty in the free States may be impaired? for instance, I hear that I must procure a passport in order to travel through the States and go into the camps in front of Washington."

"Yes, sir; you must send your passport here from Lord Lyons, with his signature. It will be no good till I have signed it, and then it must be sent to General Scott, as Commander-in-Chief of the United States army, who will subscribe it, after which it will be available for all legitimate purposes. You are not in any way impaired in your liberty by the process."

"Neither is, one may say, the man who is under surveillance of the police in despotic countries in Europe; he has only to submit to a certain formality, and he is all right; in fact, it is said by some people, that the protection afforded by a passport is worth all the trouble connected with having it in order."

Mr. Seward seemed to think it was quite likely. There were corresponding measures taken in the Southern States by the rebels, and it was necessary to have some control over traitors and disloyal persons. "In this contest," said he, "the Government will not shrink from using all the means which they consider necessary to restore the Union." It was not my place to remark that such doctrines were exactly identical with all that despotic governments in Europe have advanced as the ground of action in cases of revolt, or with a view to the maintenance of their strong Govern-

ments. "The Executive," said he, "has declared in the inaugural that the rights of the Federal Government shall be fully vindicated. We are dealing with an insurrection within our own country, of our own people, and the Government of Great Britain have thought fit to recognise that insurrection before we were able to bring the strength of the Union to bear against it, by conceding to it the status of belligerent. Although we might justly complain of such an unfriendly act in a manner that might injure the friendly relations between the two countries, we do not desire to give any excuse for foreign interference; although we do not hesitate, in case of necessity, to resist it to the uttermost, we have less to fear from a foreign war than any country in the world. If any European Power provokes a war, we shall not shrink from it. A contest between Great Britain and the United States would wrap the world in fire, and at the end it would not be the United States which would have to lament the results of the conflict."

I could not but admire the confidence—may I say the coolness?—of the statesman who sat in his modest little room within the sound of the evening's guns, in a capital menaced by their forces who spoke so fearlessly of war with a Power which could have blotted out the paper blockade of the Southern forts and coast in a few hours, and, in conjunction with the Southern armies, have repeated the occupation and destruction of the capital.

The President sent for Mr. Seward whilst I was in the State Department, and I walked up Pennsylvania Avenue to my lodgings, through a crowd of men in uniform who were celebrating Independence Day in

their own fashion—some by the large internal use of fire-water, others by an external display of fire-works.

Directly opposite my lodgings are the head-quarters of General Mansfield, commanding the district, which are marked by a guard at the door and a couple of six-pounder guns pointing down the street. I called upon the General, but he was busy examining certain inhabitants of Alexandria and of Washington itself, who had been brought before him on the charge of being Secessionists, and I left my card, and proceeded to General Scott's head-quarters, which I found packed with officers. The General received me in a small room, and expressed his gratification at my return, but I saw he was so busy with reports, despatches, and maps, that I did not trespass on his time. I dined with Lord Lyons, and afterwards went with some members of the Legation to visit the camps, situated in the public square.

All the population of Washington had turned out in their best to listen to the military bands, the music of which was rendered nearly inaudible by the constant discharge of fireworks. The camp of the 12th New York presented a very pretty and animated scene. The men liberated from duty were enjoying themselves out and inside their tents, and the sutlers' booths were driving a roaring trade. I was introduced to Colonel Butterfield, commanding the regiment, who was a merchant of New York; but notwithstanding the training of the counting-house, he looked very much like a soldier, and had got his regiment very fairly in hand. In compliance with a desire of Professor Henry, the Colonel had prepared a number of statistical tables in which

the nationality, height, weight, breadth of chest, age, and other particulars respecting the men under his command were entered. I looked over the book, and as far as I could judge, but two out of twelve of the soldiers were native-born Americans, the rest being Irish, German, English, and European-born generally. According to the commanding officer they were in the highest state of discipline and obedience. He had given them leave to go out as they pleased for the day, but at tattoo only 14 men out of 1000 were absent, and some of those had been accounted for by reports that they were incapable of locomotion owing to the hospitality of the citizens.

When I returned to my lodgings, the coloured boy whom I had hired at Niagara was absent, and I was told he had not come in since the night before. "These free coloured boys," said my landlord, "are a bad set; now they are worse than ever; the officers of the army are taking them all away from us; it's just the life they like; they get little work, have good pay; but what they like most is robbing and plundering the farmers' houses over in Virginia; what with Germans, Irish, and free niggers, Lord help the poor Virginians, I say; but they'll give them a turn yet."

The sounds in Washington to-night might have led one to believe the city was carried by storm. Constant explosion of fire-arms, fireworks, shouting, and cries in the streets, which combined, with the heat and the abominable odours of the undrained houses and mosquitoes, to drive sleep far away.

July 5th.—As the young gentleman of colour, to whom I had given egregious ransom as well as an advance of wages, did not appear this morning, I was,

after an abortive attempt to boil water for coffee and to get a piece of toast, compelled to go in next door, and avail myself of the hospitality of Captain Cecil Johnson, who was installed in the drawing-room of Madame Jost. In the forenoon, Mr. John Bigelow, whose acquaintance I made, much to my gratification in time gone by, on the margin of the Lake of Thun, found me out, and proffered his services; which, as the whilom editor of the *Evening Post* and as a leading Republican, he was in a position to render valuable and most effective; but he could not make a Bucephalus to order, and I have been running through the stables of Washington in vain, hoping to find something up to my weight—such flankless, screwy, shoulderless, cat-like creatures were never seen—four of them would scarcely furnish ribs and legs enough to carry a man, but the owners thought that each of them was fit for Baron Rothschild; and then there was saddlery and equipments of all sorts to be got, which the influx of officers and the badness and dearness of the material put quite beyond one's reach. Mr. Bigelow was of opinion that the army would move at once; "but," said I, "where is the transport—where the cavalry and guns?" "Oh," replied he "I suppose we have got everything that is required. I know nothing of these things, but I am told cavalry are no use in the wooded country towards Richmond." I have not yet been able to go through the camps, but I doubt very much whether the material or commissariat of the grand army of the North is at all adequate to a campaign.

The presumption and ignorance of the New York journals would be ridiculous were they not so mis-

chievous. They describe "this horde of battalion companies—unofficered, clad in all kinds of different uniform, diversely equipped, perfectly ignorant of the principles of military obedience and concerted action,"—for so I hear it described by United States officers themselves—as being "the greatest army the world ever saw; perfect in officers and discipline; unsurpassed in devotion and courage; furnished with every requisite; and destined on its first march to sweep into Richmond, and to obliterate from the Potomac to New Orleans every trace of rebellion."

The Congress met to-day to hear the President's Message read. Somehow or other there is not such anxiety and eagerness to hear what Mr. Lincoln has to say as one could expect on such a momentous occasion. It would seem as if the forthcoming appeal to arms had overshadowed every other sentiment in the minds of the people. They are waiting for deeds, and care not for words. The confidence of the New York papers, and of the citizens, soldiers, and public speakers, contrast with the dubious and gloomy views of the military men; but of this Message itself there are some incidents independent of the occasion to render it curious, if not interesting. The President has, it is said, written much of it in his own fashion, which has been revised and altered by his Ministers; but he has written it again and repeated himself, and after many struggles a good deal of pure Lincolnism goes down to Congress.

At a little after half-past eleven I went down to the Capitol. Pennsylvania Avenue was thronged as before, but on approaching Capitol Hill, the crowd rather thinned away, as though they shunned, or had no

curiosity to hear, the President's Message. One would have thought that, where every one who could get in was at liberty to attend the galleries in both Houses, there would have been an immense pressure from the inhabitants and strangers in the city, as well as from the citizen soldiers, of which such multitudes were in the street; but when I looked up from the floor of the Senate, I was astonished to see that the galleries were not more than three parts filled. There is always a ruinous look about an unfinished building when it is occupied and devoted to business. The Capitol is situated on a hill, one face of which is scarped by the road, and has the appearance of being formed of heaps of rubbish. Towards Pennsylvania Avenue the long frontage abuts on a lawn shaded by trees, through which walks and avenues lead to the many entrances under the porticoes and colonnades; the face which corresponds on the other side looks out on heaps of brick and mortar, cut stone, and a waste of marble blocks lying half buried in the earth and cumbering the ground, which, in the magnificent ideas of the founders and planners of the city, was to be occupied by stately streets. The cleverness of certain speculators in land prevented the execution of the original idea, which was to radiate all the main avenues of the city from the Capitol as a centre, the intermediate streets being formed by circles drawn at regularly-increasing intervals from the Capitol, and intersected by the radii. The speculators purchased up the land on the side between the Navy-yard and the site of the Capitol; the result—the land is unoccupied, except by paltry houses, and the capitalists are ruined.

The Capitol would be best described by a series of

photographs. Like the Great Republic itself, it is unfinished. It resembles it in another respect: it looks best at a distance; and, again, it is incongruous in its parts. The passages are so dark that artificial light is often required to enable one to find his way. The offices and bureaux of the committees are better than the chambers of the Senate and the House of Representatives. All the encaustics and the white marble and stone staircases suffer from tobacco juice, though there is a liberal display of spittoons at every corner. The official messengers, doorkeepers, and porters wear no distinctive badge or dress. No policemen are on duty, as in our Houses of Parliament; no soldiery, gendarmerie, or sergens-de-ville in the precincts; the crowd wanders about the passages as it pleases, and shows the utmost propriety, never going where it ought not to intrude. There is a special gallery set apart for women; the reporters are commodiously placed in an ample gallery, above the Speaker's chair; the diplomatic circle have their gallery facing the reporters, and they are placed so low down in the somewhat depressed Chamber, that every word can be heard from speakers in the remotest parts of the house very distinctly.

The seats of the members are disposed in a manner somewhat like those in the French Chambers. Instead of being in parallel rows to the walls, and at right angles to the Chairman's seat, the separate chairs and desks of the Senators are arranged in semicircular rows. The space between the walls and the outer semicircle is called the floor of the house, and it is a high compliment to a stranger to introduce him within this privileged place. There are leather cushioned seats and

lounges put for the accommodation of those who may be introduced by Senators, or to whom, as distinguished members of Congress in former days, the permission is given to take their seats. Senators Sumner and Wilson introduced me to a chair, and made me acquainted with a number of Senators before the business of the day began.

Mr. Sumner, as the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, is supposed to be viewed with some jealousy by Mr. Seward, on account of the disposition attributed to him to interfere in diplomatic questions; but if he does so, we shall have no reason to complain, as the Senator is most desirous of keeping the peace between the two countries, and of mollifying any little acerbities and irritations which may at present exist between them. Senator Wilson is a man who has risen from what would be considered in any country but a republic the lowest ranks of the people. He apprenticed himself to a poor shoemaker when he was twenty-two years of age, and when he was twenty-four years old he began to go to school, and devoted all his earnings to the improvement of education. He got on by degrees, till he set up as a master shoe maker and manufacturer, became a "major-general" of State militia; finally was made Senator of the United States, and is now "Chairman of the Committee of the Senate on Military Affairs." He is a bluff man, of about fifty years of age, with a peculiar eye and complexion, and seems honest and vigorous. But is he not going ultra crepidam in such a post? At present he is much perplexed by the drunkenness which prevails among the troops, or rather by the desire of the men for spirits, as he has a New England mania on that point. One of

the most remarkable-looking men in the House is Mr. Sumner. Mr. Breckinridge and he would probably be the first persons to excite the curiosity of a stranger, so far as to induce him to ask for their names. Save in height—and both are a good deal over six feet—there is no resemblance between the champion of States Rights and the orator of the Black Republicans. The massive head, the great chin and jaw, and the penetrating eyes of Mr. Breckinridge convey the idea of a man of immense determination, courage, and sagacity. Mr. Sumner's features are indicative of a philosophical and poetical turn of thought, and one might easily conceive that he would be a great advocate, but an indifferent leader of a party.

It was a hot day; but there was no excuse for the slop coats and light-coloured clothing and felt wide-awakes worn by so many Senators in such a place. They gave the meeting the aspect of a gathering of bakers or millers; nor did the constant use of the spittoons beside their desks, their reading of newspapers and writing letters during the dispatch of business, or the hurrying to and fro of the pages of the House between the seats, do anything but derogate from the dignity of the assemblage, and, according to European notions, violate the respect due to a Senate Chamber. The pages alluded to are smart boys, from twelve to fifteen years of age, who stand below the President's table, and are employed to go on errands and carry official messages by the members. They wear no particular uniform, and are dressed as the taste or means of their parents dictate.

The House of Representatives exaggerates all the peculiarities I have observed in the Senate, but the

debates are not regarded with so much interest as those of the Upper House; indeed, they are of far less importance. Strong-minded statesmen and officers—Presidents or Ministers—do not care much for the House of Representatives, so long as they are sure of the Senate; and, for the matter of that, a President like Jackson does not care much for Senate and House together. There are privileges attached to a seat in either branch of the Legislature, independent of the great fact that they receive mileage and are paid for their services, which may add some incentive to ambition. Thus the members can order whole tons of stationery for their use, not only when they are in session, but during the recess. Their frank covers parcels by mail, and it is said that Senators without a conscience have sent sewing-machines to their wives and pianos to their daughters as little parcels by post. I had almost forgotten that much the same abuses were in vogue in England some century ago.

The galleries were by no means full, and in that reserved for the diplomatic body the most notable person was M. Mercier, the Minister of France, who, fixing his intelligent and eager face between both hands, watched with keen scrutiny the attitude and conduct of the Senate. None of the members of the English Legation were present. After the lapse of an hour, Mr. Hay, the President's Secretary, made his appearance on the floor, and sent in the Message to the Clerk of the Senate, Mr. Forney, who proceeded to read it to the House. It was listened to in silence, scarcely broken except when some Senator murmured "Good, that is so;" but in fact the general purport of it was already known to the supporters of the Ministry, and not a

sound came from the galleries. Soon after Mr. Forney had finished, the galleries were cleared, and I returned up Pennsylvania Avenue, in which the crowds of soldiers around bar-rooms, oyster shops, and restaurants, the groups of men in officers' uniform, and the clattering of disorderly mounted cavaliers in the dust, increased my apprehension that discipline was very little regarded, and that the army over the Potomac had not a very strong hand to keep it within bounds.

As I was walking over with Captain Johnson to dine with Lord Lyons, I met General Scott leaving his office and walking with great difficulty between two aides-de-camp. He was dressed in a blue frock with gold lace shoulder straps, fastened round the waist by a yellow sash, and with large yellow lapels turned back over the chest in the old style, and moved with great difficulty along the pavement. "You see I am trying to hobble along, but it is hard for me to overcome my many infirmities. I regret I could not have the pleasure of granting you an interview to-day, but I shall cause it to be intimated to you when I may have the pleasure of seeing you; meantime I shall provide you with a pass and the necessary introductions to afford you all facilities with the army."

After dinner I made a round of visits, and heard the diplomatists speaking of the Message; few, if any of them, in its favour. With the exception perhaps of Baron Gerolt, the Prussian Minister, there is not one member of the Legations who justifies the attempt of the Northern States to assert the supremacy of the Federal Government by the force of arms. Lord Lyons, indeed, in maintaining a judicious reticence whenever he does speak, gives utterance to sentiments

becoming the representative of Great Britain at the court of a friendly Power, and the Minister of a people who have been protagonists to slavery for many a long year.

July 6th.—I breakfasted with Mr. Bigelow this morning, to meet General M'Dowell, who commands the army of the Potomac, now so soon to move. He came in without an aide-de-camp, and on foot, from his quarters in the city. He is a man about forty years of age, square and powerfully built, but with rather a stout and clumsy figure and limbs, a good head covered with close-cut thick dark hair, small light-blue eyes, short nose, large cheeks and jaw, relieved by an iron-grey tuft somewhat of the French type, and affecting in dress the style of our gallant allies. His manner is frank, simple, and agreeable, and he did not hesitate to speak with great openness of the difficulties he had to contend with, and the imperfection of all the arrangements of the army.

As an officer of the regular army he has a thorough contempt for what he calls "political generals"—the men who use their influence with President and Congress to obtain military rank, which in time of war places them before the public in the front of events, and gives them an appearance of leading in the greatest of all political movements. Nor is General M'Dowell enamoured of volunteers, for he served in Mexico, and has from what he saw there formed rather an unfavourable opinion of their capabilities in the field. He is inclined, however, to hold the Southern troops in too little respect; and he told me that the volunteers from the slave states, who entered the field full of exultation and boastings, did not make good their words, and that

they suffered especially from sickness and disease, in consequence of their disorderly habits and dissipation. His regard for old associations was evinced in many questions he asked me about Beauregard, with whom he had been a student at West Point, where the Confederate commander was noted for his studious and reserved habits, and his excellence in feats of strength and athletic exercises.

As proof of the low standard established in his army, he mentioned that some officers of considerable rank were more than suspected of selling rations, and of illicit connections with sutlers for purposes of pecuniary advantage. The General walked back with me as far as my lodgings, and I observed that not one of the many soldiers he passed in the streets saluted him, though his rank was indicated by his velvet collar and cuffs, and a gold star on the shoulder strap.

Having written some letters, I walked out with Captain Johnson and one of the attachés of the British Legation, to the lawn at the back of the White House, and listened to the excellent band of the United States Marines, playing on a kind of dais under the large flag recently hoisted by the President himself, in the garden. The occasion was marked by rather an ominous event. As the President pulled the halyards and the flag floated aloft, a branch of a tree caught the bunting and tore it, so that a number of the stars and stripes were detached and hung dangling beneath the rest of the flag, half detached from the staff.

I dined at Captain Johnson's lodgings next door to mine. Beneath us was a wine and spirit store, and crowds of officers and men flocked indiscriminately to make their purchases, with a good deal of tumult, which

increased as the night came on. Later still, there was a great disturbance in the city. A body of New York Zouaves wrecked some houses of bad repute, in one of which a private of the regiment was murdered early this morning. The cavalry patrols were called out and charged the rioters, who were dispersed with difficulty after resistance in which men on both sides were wounded. There is no police, no provost guard. Soldiers wander about the streets, and beg in the fashion of the mendicant in "Gil Blas" for money to get whisky. My coloured gentleman has been led away by the Saturnalia and has taken to gambling in the camps, which are surrounded by hordes of rascally followers and sutlers' servants, and I find myself on the eve of a campaign, without servant, horse, equipment, or means of transport.

July 7th.—Mr. Bigelow invited me to breakfast, to meet Mr. Senator King, Mr. Olmsted, Mr. Thurlow Weed, a Senator from Missouri, a West Point professor, and others. It was indicative of the serious difficulties which embarrass the action of the Government to hear Mr. Wilson, the Chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate, inveigh against the officers of the regular army, and attack West Point itself. Whilst the New York papers were lauding General Scott and his plans to the skies, the Washington politicians were speaking of him as obstructive, obstinate, and prejudiced—unfit for the times and the occasion.

General Scott refused to accept cavalry and artillery at the beginning of the levy, and said that they were not required; now he was calling for both arms most urgently. The officers of the regular army

had followed suit. Although they were urgently pressed by the politicians to occupy Harper's Ferry and Manassas, they refused to do either, and the result is that the enemy have obtained invaluable supplies from the first place, and are now assembled in force in a most formidable position at the second. Everything as yet accomplished has been done by political generals—not by the officers of the regular army. Butler and Banks saved Baltimore in spite of General Scott. There was an attempt made to cry up Lyon in Missouri; but in fact it was Frank Blair, the brother of the Postmaster-General, who had been the soul and body of all the actions in that State. The first step taken by M'Clellan in Western Virginia was atrocious—he talked of slaves in a public document as property. Butler, at Monroe, had dealt with them in a very different spirit, and had used them for State purposes under the name of contraband. One man alone displayed powers of administrative ability, and that was Quarter-master Meigs; and unquestionably from all I heard, the praise was well bestowed. It is plain enough that the political leaders fear the consequences of delay, and that they are urging the military authorities to action, which the latter have too much professional knowledge to take with their present means. These Northern men know nothing of the South, and with them it is *omne ignotum pro minimo*. The West Point professor listened to them with a quiet smile, and exchanged glances with me now and then, as much as to say, "Did you ever hear such fools in your life?"

But the conviction of ultimate success is not less strong here than it is in the South. The difference between these gentlemen and the Southerners is, that

in the South the leaders of the people, soldiers and civilians, are all actually under arms, and are ready to make good their words by exposing their bodies in battle.

I walked home with Mr. N. P. Willis, who is at Washington for the purpose of writing sketches to the little family journal of which he is editor, and giving war "anecdotes;" and with Mr. Olmsted, who is acting as a member of the New York Sanitary Commission, here authorised by the Government to take measures against the reign of dirt and disease in the Federal camp. The Republicans are very much afraid that there is, even at the present moment, a conspiracy against the Union in Washington—nay, in Congress itself; and regard Mr. Breckenridge, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Vallandigham, and others as most dangerous enemies, who should not be permitted to remain in the capital. I attended the Episcopal church and heard a very excellent discourse, free from any political allusion. The service differs little from our own, except that certain euphemisms are introduced in the Litany and elsewhere, and the prayers for Queen and Parliament are offered up *nomine mutato* for President and Congress.

CHAPTER X.

Arlington Heights and the Potomac — Washington — The Federal camp — General M'Dowell — Flying rumours — Newspaper correspondents — General Fremont — Silencing the Press and Telegraph — A Loan Bill — Interview with Mr. Cameron — Newspaper criticism on Lord Lyons — Rumours about M'Clellan — The Northern army as reported and as it is — General M'Clellan.

July 8th.—I hired a horse at a livery stable, and rode out to Arlington Heights, at the other side of the Potomac, where the Federal army is encamped, if not on the sacred soil of Virginia, certainly on the soil of the district of Columbia, ceded by that State to Congress for the purposes of the Federal Government. The Long Bridge which spans the river, here more than a mile broad, is an ancient wooden and brick structure, partly of causeway, and partly of platform, laid on piles and uprights, with drawbridges for vessels to pass. The Potomac, which in peaceful times is covered with small craft, now glides in a gentle current over the shallows unbroken by a solitary sail. The "rebels" have established batteries below Mount Vernon, which partially command the river, and place the city in a state of blockade.

As a consequence of the magnificent conceptions which were entertained by the founders regarding the future dimensions of their future city, Washington is all suburb and no city. The only difference between

the denser streets and the remoter village-like environs, is that the houses are better and more frequent, and the roads not quite so bad in the former. The road to the Long Bridge passes by a four-sided shaft of blocks of white marble, contributed, with appropriate mottoes, by the various States, as a fitting monument to Washington. It is not yet completed, and the materials lie in the field around, just as the Capitol and the Treasury are surrounded by the materials for their future and final development. Further on is the red, and rather fantastic, pile of the Smithsonian Institute, and then the road makes a dip to the bridge, past some squalid little cottages, and the eye reposes on the shore of Virginia, rising in successive folds, and richly wooded, up to a moderate height from the water. Through the green forest leaves gleams the white canvas of the tents, and on the highest ridge westward rises an imposing structure, with a portico and colonnade in front, facing the river, which is called Arlington House, and belongs, by descent, through Mr. Custis, from the wife of George Washington, to General Lee, Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate army. It is now occupied by General M'Dowell as his head-quarters, and a large United States' flag floats from the roof, which shames even the ample proportions of the many stars and stripes rising up from the camps in the trees.

At the bridge there was a post of volunteer soldiers. The sentry on duty was sitting on a stump, with his firelock across his knees, reading a newspaper. He held out his hand for my pass, which was in the form of a letter, written by General Scott, and ordering all officers and soldiers of the army of the Potomac to permit me to pass freely without let or hindrance, and

recommending me to the attention of Brigadier-General M'Dowell and all officers under his orders. "That'll do, you may go," said the sentry. "What pass is that, Abe?" inquired a non-commissioned officer. "It's from General Scott, and says he's to go wherever he likes." "I hope you'll go right away to Richmond, then, and get Jeff Davis's scalp for us," said the patriotic sergeant.

At the other end of the bridge a weak *tête de pont*, commanded by a road-work further on, covered the approach, and turning to the right I passed through a maze of camps, in front of which the various regiments, much better than I expected to find them, broken up into small detachments, were learning elementary drill. A considerable number of the men were Germans, and the officers were for the most part in a state of profound ignorance of company drill, as might be seen by their confusion and inability to take their places when the companies faced about, or moved from one flank to the other. They were by no means equal in size or age, and, with some splendid exceptions, were inferior to the Southern soldiers. The camps were dirty, no latrines—the tents of various patterns—but on the whole they were well castrametated.

The road to Arlington House passed through some of the finest woods I have yet seen in America, but the axe was already busy amongst them, and the trunks of giant oaks were prostrate on the ground. The tents of the General and his small staff were pitched on the little plateau in which stood the house, and from it a very striking and picturesque view of the city, with the White House, the Treasury, the Post Office, Patent

Office, and Capitol, was visible, and a wide spread of country, studded with tents also as far as the eye could reach, towards Maryland. There were only four small tents for the whole of the head-quarters of the grand army of the Potomac, and in front of one we found General M'Dowell, seated in a chair, examining some plans and maps. His personal staff, as far as I could judge, consisted of Mr. Clarence Brown, who came over with me, and three other officers, but there were a few connected with the departments at work in the rooms of Arlington House. I made some remark on the subject to the General, who replied that there was great jealousy on the part of the civilians respecting the least appearance of display, and that as he was only a brigadier, though he was in command of such a large army, he was obliged to be content with a brigadier's staff. Two untidy-looking orderlies, with ill-groomed horses, near the house, were poor substitutes for the force of troopers one would see in attendance on a general in Europe; but the use of the telegraph obviates the necessity of employing couriers. I went over some of the camps with the General. The artillery is the most efficient-looking arm of the service, but the horses are too light, and the number of the different calibres quite destructive to continuous efficiency in action. Altogether I was not favourably impressed with what I saw, for I had been led by reiterated statements to believe to some extent the extravagant stories of the papers, and expected to find upwards of 100,000 men in the highest state of efficiency, whereas there were not more than a third of the number, and those in a very incomplete, ill-disciplined state. Some of these

regiments were called out under the President's proclamation for three months only, and will soon have served their full time, and as it is very likely they will go home, now the bubbles of national enthusiasm have all escaped, General Scott is urged not to lose their services, but to get into Richmond before they are disbanded.

It would scarcely be credited, were I not told it by General M'Dowell, that there is no such thing procurable as a decent map of Virginia. He knows little or nothing of the country before him, more than the general direction of the main roads, which are bad at the best; and he can obtain no information, inasmuch as the enemy are in full force all along his front, and he has not a cavalry officer capable of conducting a reconnaissance, which would be difficult enough in the best hands, owing to the dense woods which rise up in front of his lines, screening the enemy completely. The Confederates have thrown up very heavy batteries at Manassas, about thirty miles away, where the railway from the West crosses the line to Richmond, and I do not think General M'Dowell much likes the look of them, but the cry for action is so strong the President cannot resist it.

On my way back I rode through the woods of Arlington, and came out on a quadrangular earthwork, called Fort Corcoran, which is garrisoned by the 69th Irish, and commands the road leading to an aqueduct and horse-bridge over the Potomac. The regiment is encamped inside the fort, which would be a slaughter-pen if exposed to shell-fire. The streets were neat, the tents protected from the sun by shades of evergreens and pine boughs. One little door, like that of an ice-

house, half buried in the ground, was opened by one of the soldiers, who was showing it to a friend, when my attention was more particularly attracted by a sergeant, who ran forward in great dudgeon, exclaiming "Dempsey! Is that you going into the 'magazine' wid yer pipe lighted?" I rode away with alacrity.

In the course of my ride I heard occasional dropping shots in the camp. To my looks of inquiry, an engineer officer said quietly, "They are volunteers shooting themselves." The number of accidents from the carelessness of the men is astonishing; in every day's paper there is an account of deaths and wounds caused by the discharge of firearms in the tents.

Whilst I was at Arlington House, walking through the camp attached to head-quarters, I observed a tall red-bearded officer seated on a chair in front of one of the tents, who bowed as I passed him, and as I turned to salute him, my eye was caught by the apparition of a row of Palmetto buttons down his coat. One of the officers standing by said, "Let me introduce you to Captain Taylor, from the other side." It appears that he came in with a flag of truce, bearing a despatch from Jefferson Davis to President Lincoln, countersigned by General Beauregard at Manassas. Just as I left Arlington, a telegraph was sent from General Scott to send Captain Taylor, who rejoices in the name of Tom, over to his quarters.

The most absurd rumours were flying about the staff, one of whom declared very positively that there was going to be a compromise, and that Jeff Davis had made an overture for peace. The papers are filled with accounts of an action in Missouri, at a place called Carthage, between the Federals commanded by Colonel

Sigel, consisting for the most part of Germans, and the Confederates under General Parsons, in which the former were obliged to retreat, although it is admitted the State troops were miserably armed, and had most ineffective artillery, whilst their opponents had every advantage in both respects, and were commanded by officers of European experience. Captain Taylor had alluded to the news in a jocular way to me, and said, "I hope you will tell the people in England we intend to whip the Lincolnites in the same fashion wherever we meet them," a remark which did not lead me to believe there was any intention on the part of the Confederates to surrender so easily.

July 9th.—Late last night the President told General Scott to send Captain Taylor back to the Confederate lines, and he was accordingly escorted to Arlington in a carriage, and thence returned without any answer to Mr. Davis's letter, the nature of which has not transpired.

A swarm of newspaper correspondents has settled down upon Washington, and great are the glorifications of the high-toned paymasters, gallant doctors, and subalterns accomplished in the art of war, who furnish minute items to my American brethren, and provide the yeast which overflows in many columns; but the Government experience the inconvenience of the smallest movements being chronicled for the use of the enemy, who, by putting one thing and another together, are no doubt enabled to collect much valuable information. Every preparation is being made to put the army on a war footing, to provide them with shoes, ammunition waggons, and horses.

I had the honour of dining with General Scott, who

has moved to new quarters, near the War Department, and met General Fremont, who is designated, according to rumour, to take command of an important district in the West, and to clear the right bank of the Mississippi and the course of the Missouri. "The Pathfinder" is a strong Republican and Abolitionist, whom the Germans delight to honour—a man with a dreamy, deep blue eye, a gentlemanly address, pleasant features, and an active frame, but without the smallest external indication of extraordinary vigour, intelligence, or ability; if he has military genius, it must come by intuition, for assuredly he has no professional acquirements or experience. Two or three members of Congress, and the General's staff, and Mr. Bigelow, completed the company. The General has become visibly weaker since I first saw him. He walks down to his office, close at hand, with difficulty; returns a short time before dinner, and reposes; and when he has dismissed his guests at an early hour, or even before he does so, stretches himself on his bed, and then before midnight rouses himself to look at despatches or to transact any necessary business. In case of an action it is his intention to proceed to the field in a light carriage, which is always ready for the purpose, with horses and driver; nor is he unprepared with precedents of great military commanders who have successfully conducted engagements under similar circumstances.

Although the discussion of military questions and of politics was eschewed, incidental allusions were made to matters going on around us, and I thought I could perceive that the General regarded the situation with much more apprehension than the politicians, and that his influence extended itself to the views of his staff.

General Fremont's tone was much more confident. Nothing has become known respecting the nature of Mr. Davis's communication to President Lincoln, but the fact of his sending it at all is looked upon as a piece of monstrous impertinence. The General is annoyed and distressed by the plundering propensities of the Federal troops, who have been committing terrible depredations on the people of Virginia. It is not to be supposed, however, that the Germans, who have entered upon this campaign as mercenaries, will desist from so profitable and interesting a pursuit as the detection of Secesh sentiments, chickens, watches, horses, and dollars. I mentioned that I had seen some farm-houses completely sacked close to the aqueduct. The General merely said, "It is deplorable!" and raised up his hands as if in disgust. General Fremont, however, said, "I suppose you are familiar with similar scenes in Europe. I hear the allies were not very particular with respect to private property in Russia"—a remark which unfortunately could not be gainsaid. As I was leaving the General's quarters, Mr. Blair, accompanied by the President, who was looking more anxious than I had yet seen him, drove up, and passed through a crowd of soldiers, who had evidently been enjoying themselves. One of them called out, "Three cheers for General Scott!" and I am not quite sure the President did not join him.

July 10th.—To-day was spent in a lengthy excursion along the front of the camp in Virginia, round by the chain bridge which crosses the Potomac about four miles from Washington.

The Government have been coerced, as they say, by the safety of the Republic, to destroy the liberty

of the press, which is guaranteed by the Constitution, and this is not the first instance in which the Constitution of the United States will be made *nominis umbra*. The telegraph, according to General Scott's order, confirmed by the Minister of War, Simon Cameron, is to convey no despatches respecting military movements not permitted by the General; and to-day the newspaper correspondents have agreed to yield obedience to the order, reserving to themselves a certain freedom of detail in writing their despatches, and relying on the Government to publish the official accounts of all battles very speedily. They will break this agreement if they can, and the Government will not observe their part of the bargain. The freedom of the press, as I take it, does not include the right to publish news hostile to the cause of the country in which it is published; neither can it involve any obligation on the part of Government to publish despatches which may be injurious to the party they represent. There is a wide distinction between the publication of news which is known to the enemy as soon as to the friends of the transmitters, and the utmost freedom of expression concerning the acts of the Government or the conduct of past events; but it will be difficult to establish any rule to limit or extend the boundaries to which discussion can go without mischief, and in effect the only solution of the difficulty in a free country seems to be to grant the press free licence, in consideration of the enormous aid it affords in warning the people of their danger, in animating them with the news of their successes, and in sustaining the Government in their efforts to conduct the war.

The most important event to-day is the passage of

the Loan Bill, which authorises Mr. Chase to borrow, in the next year, a sum of £50,000,000, on coupons, with interest at 7 per cent., and irredeemable for twenty years—the interest being guaranteed on a pledge of the Customs duties. I just got into the House in time to hear Mr. Vallandigham, who is an ultra-democrat, and very nearly a secessionist, conclude a well-delivered argumentative address. He is a tall, slight man, of a bilious temperament, with light flashing eyes, dark hair and complexion, and considerable oratorical power. "Deem me ef I wouldn't just ride that Vallandiggaim on a reay-al," quoth a citizen to his friend, as the speaker sat down, amid a few feeble expressions of assent. Mr. Chase has also obtained the consent of the Lower House to his bill for closing the Southern ports by the decree of the President, but I hear some more substantial measures are in contemplation for that purpose. Whilst the House is finding the money the Government are preparing to spend it, and they have obtained the approval of the Senate to the enrolment of half a million of men, and the expenditure of one hundred millions of dollars to carry on the war.

I called on Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of War. The small brick house of two stories, with long passages, in which the American Mars prepares his bolts, was, no doubt, large enough for the 20,000 men who constituted the armed force on land of the great Republic, but it is not sufficient to contain a tithe of the contractors who haunt its precincts, fill all the lobbies and crowd into every room. With some risk to coat-tails, I squeezed through iron-masters, gun-makers, clothiers, shoemakers, inventors, bakers, and all that genus which fattens on the desolation caused by an

army in the field, and was introduced to Mr. Cameron's room, where he was seated at a desk surrounded by people, who were also grouped round two gentlemen as clerks in the same small room. "I tell you, General Cameron, that the way in which the loyal men of Missouri have been treated is a disgrace to this Government," shouted out a big, black, burly man—"I tell you so, sir." "Well, General," responded Mr. Cameron, quietly, "so you have several times. Will you, once for all, condescend to particulars?" "Yes, sir; you and the Government have disregarded our appeals. You have left us to fight our own battles. You have not sent us a cent——" "There, General, I interrupt you. You say we have sent you no money," said Mr. Cameron, very quietly. "Mr. Jones will be good enough to ask Mr. Smith to step in here." Before Mr. Smith came in, however, the General, possibly thinking some member of the press was present, rolled his eyes in a Nicotian frenzy, and perorated: "The people of the State of Missouri, sir, will power-out every drop of the blood which only flows to warm patriotic hearts in defence of the great Union, which offers freedom to the enslaved of mankind, and a home to persecuted progress, and a few-ture to civil-zation. We demand, General Cameron, in the neame of the great Western State——" Here Mr. Smith came in, and Mr. Cameron said, "I want you to tell me what disbursements, if any, have been sent by this department to the State of Missouri." Mr. Smith was quick at figures, and up in his accounts, for he drew out a little memorandum book, and replied (of course, I can't tell the exact sum), "General, there has been sent, as by vouchers, to Missouri, since the beginning

of the levies, six hundred and seventy thousand dollars and twenty-three cents." "The General looked crest-fallen, but he was equal to the occasion, "These sums may have been sent, sir, but they have not been received. I declare in the face of——" "Mr. Smith will show you the vouchers, General, and you can then take any steps needful against the parties who have misappropriated them."

"That is only a small specimen of what we have to go through with our people," said the Minister, as the General went off with a lofty toss of his head, and then gave me a pleasant sketch of the nature of the applications and interviews which take up the time and clog the movements of an American statesman. "These State organisations give us a great deal of trouble." I could fully understand that they did so. The immediate business that I had with Mr. Cameron—he is rarely called General now that he is Minister of War—was to ask him to give me authority to draw rations at cost price, in case the army took the field before I could make arrangements, and he seemed very well disposed to accede; "but I must think about it, for I shall have all our papers down upon me if I grant you any facility which they do not get themselves." After I left the War Department, I took a walk to Mr. Seward's, who was out. In passing by President's Square, I saw a respectably-dressed man up in one of the trees, cutting off pieces of the bark, which his friends beneath caught up eagerly. I could not help stopping to ask what was the object of the proceeding. "Why, sir, this is the tree Dan Sickles shot Mr. —— under. I think it's quite a remarkable spot."

July 11*th*.—The diplomatic circle is so *totus teres*

atque rotundus, that few particles of dirt stick on its periphery from the road over which it travels. The radii are worked from different centres, often far apart, and the tires and naves often fly out in wide divergence; but for all social purposes is a circle, and a very pleasant one. When one sees M. de Stoeckle speaking to M. Mercier, or joining in with Baron Gerolt and M. de Lisboa, it is safer to infer that a little social re-union is at hand for a pleasant civilised discussion of ordinary topics, some music, a rubber, and a dinner, than to resolve with the *New York Correspondent*, "that there is reason to believe that a diplomatic movement of no ordinary significance is on foot, and that the ministers of Russia, France, and Prussia have concerted a plan of action with the representative of Brazil, which must lead to extraordinary complications, in view of the temporary embarrassments which distract our beloved country. The Minister of England has held aloof from these reunions for a sinister purpose no doubt, and we have not failed to discover that the emissary of Austria, and the representative of Guatemala have abstained from taking part in these significant demonstrations. We tell the haughty nobleman who represents Queen Victoria, on whose son we so lately lavished the most liberal manifestations of our good will, to beware. The motives of the Court of Vienna, and of the republic of Guatemala, in ordering their representatives not to join in the reunion which we observed at three o'clock to-day, at the corner of Seventeenth Street and One, are perfectly transparent; but we call on Mr. Seward instantly to demand of Lord Lyons a full and ample explanation of his conduct on the occasion, or the transmission of his papers.

There is no harm in adding, that we have every reason to think our good ally of Russia, and the minister of the astute monarch, who is only watching an opportunity of leading a Franco-American army to the Tower of London and Dublin Castle, have already moved their respective Governments to act in the premises."

That paragraph, with a good heading, would sell several thousands of the "New York Stabber" to-morrow.

July 12th.—There are rumours that the Federals, under Brigadier M'Clellan, who have advanced into Western Virginia, have gained some successes; but so far it seems to have no larger dimensions than the onward raid of one clan against another in the Highlands. And whence do rumours come? From Government departments, which, like so many Danaes in the clerks' rooms, receive the visits of the auriferous Jupiters of the press, who condense themselves into purveyors of smashes, slings, baskets of champagne, and dinners. M'Clellan is, however, considered a very steady and respectable professional soldier. A friend of his told me to-day one of the most serious complaints the Central Illinois Company had against him was that, during the Italian war, he seemed to forget their business; and that he was busied with maps stretched out on the floor, whereupon he, superincumbent, penned out the points of battle and strategy when he ought to have been attending to passenger trains and traffic. That which was flat blasphemy in a railway office may be amazingly approved in the field.

July 13th.—I have had a long day's ride through the camps of the various regiments across the Potomac,

and at this side of it, which the weather did not render very agreeable to myself or the poor hack that I had hired for the day, till my American Quartermaine gets me a decent mount. I wished to see with my own eyes what is the real condition of the army which the North have sent down to the Potomac, to undertake such a vast task as the conquest of the South. The Northern papers describe it as a magnificent force, complete in all respects, well-disciplined, well-clad, provided with fine artillery, and with every requirement to make it effective for all military operations in the field.

In one word, then, they are grossly and utterly ignorant of what an army is or should be. In the first place, there are not, I should think, 30,000 men of all sorts available for the campaign. The papers estimate it at any number from 50,000 to 100,000, giving the preference to 75,000. In the next place, their artillery is miserably deficient; they have not, I should think, more than five complete batteries, or six batteries, including scratch guns, and these are of different calibres, badly horsed, miserably equipped, and provided with the worst set of gunners and drivers which I, who have seen the Turkish field-guns, ever beheld. They have no cavalry, only a few scarecrow-men, who would dissolve partnership with their steeds at the first serious combined movement, mounted in high saddles, on wretched mouthless screws, and some few regulars from the frontiers, who may be good for Indians, but who would go over like ninepins at a charge from Punjaubee irregulars. Their transport is tolerably good, but inadequate; they have no carriage for reserve ammunition; the commissariat drivers are civilians, under little or no control; the

officers are unsoldierly-looking men; the camps are dirty to excess; the men are dressed in all sorts of uniforms; and from what I hear, I doubt if any of these regiments have ever performed a brigade evolution together, or if any of the officers know what it is to deploy a brigade from column into line. They are mostly three months' men, whose time is nearly up. They were rejoicing to-day over the fact that it was so, and that they had kept the enemy from Washington "without a fight." And it is with this rabblement that the North propose not only to subdue the South, but according to some of their papers, to humiliate Great Britain, and conquer Canada afterwards.

I am opposed to national boasting, but I do firmly believe that 10,000 British regulars, or 12,000 French, with a proper establishment of artillery and cavalry, would not only entirely repulse this army with the greatest ease, under competent commanders, but that they could attack them and march into Washington over them or with them whenever they pleased. Not that Frenchman or Englishman is perfection, but that the American of this army knows nothing of discipline, and what is more, cares less for it.

Major-General M'Clellan—I beg his pardon for styling him Brigadier—has really been successful. By a very well-conducted and rather rapid march, he was enabled to bring superior forces to bear on some raw levies under General Garnett (who came over with me in the steamer), which fled after a few shots, and were utterly routed, when their gallant commander fell, in an abortive attempt to rally them by the banks of the Cheat river. In this "great battle" M'Clellan's loss is less than 30 killed and wounded, and

the Confederates loss is less than 100. But the dispersion of such guerilla bands has the most useful effect among the people of the district; and M'Clellan has done good service, especially as his little victory will lead to the discomfiture of all the Secessionists in the valley of the Keanawha, and in the valley of Western Virginia. I left Washington this afternoon, with the Sanitary Commissioners, for Baltimore, in order to visit the Federal camps at Fortress Monroe, to which we proceeded down the Chesapeake the same night.

CHAPTER XI.

Fortress Monroe — General Butler — Hospital accommodation — Wounded soldiers — Aristocratic pedigrees — A great gun — Newport News — Fraudulent contractors — General Butler —Artillery practice—Contraband negroes—Confederate lines—Tombs of American loyalists — Troops and contractors — Durevy's New York Zouaves — Military calculations — A voyage by steamer to Annapolis.

July 14*th*.—At six o'clock this morning the steamer arrived at the wharf under the walls of Fortress Monroe, which presented a very different appearance from the quiet of its aspect when first I saw it, some months ago. Camps spread around it, the parapets lined with sentries, guns looking out towards the land, lighters and steamers alongside the wharf, a strong guard at the end of the pier, passes to be scrutinised and permits to be given. I landed with the members of the Sanitary Commission, and repaired to a very large pile of buildings, called "The Hygeia Hotel," for once on a time Fortress Monroe was looked upon as the resort of the sickly, who required bracing air and an abundance of oysters; it is now occupied by the wounded in the several actions and skirmishes which have taken place, particularly at Bethel; and it is so densely crowded that we had difficulty in procuring the use of some small dirty rooms to dress in. As the

business of the Commission was principally directed to ascertain the state of the hospitals, they considered it necessary in the first instance to visit General Butler, the commander of the post, who has been recommending himself to the Federal Government by his activity ever since he came down to Baltimore, and the whole body marched to the fort, crossing the drawbridge after some parley with the guard, and received permission, on the production of passes, to enter the court.

The interior of the work covers a space of about seven or eight acres, as far as I could judge, and is laid out with some degree of taste; rows of fine trees border the walks through the grass plots; the officers' quarters, neat and snug, are surrounded with little patches of flowers, and covered with creepers. All order and neatness, however, were fast disappearing beneath the tramp of mailed feet, for at least 1200 men had pitched their tents inside the place. We sent in our names to the General, who lives in a detached house close to the sea face of the fort, and sat down on a bench under the shade of some trees, to avoid the excessive heat of the sun until the commander of the place could receive the Commissioners. He was evidently in no great hurry to do so. In about half an hour an aide-de-camp came out to say that the General was getting up, and that he would see us after breakfast. Some of the Commissioners, from purely sanitary considerations, would have been much better pleased to have seen him at breakfast, as they had only partaken of a very light meal on board the steamer at five o'clock in the morning; but we were interested meantime by the morning parade of a por-

tion of the garrison, consisting of 300 regulars, a Massachusetts' volunteer battalion, and the 2nd New York Regiment.

It was quite refreshing to the eye to see the cleanliness of the regulars—their white gloves and belts, and polished buttons, contrasted with the slovenly aspect of the volunteers; but, as far as the material went, the volunteers had by far the best of the comparison. The civilians who were with me did not pay much attention to the regulars, and evidently preferred the volunteers, although they could not be insensible to the magnificent drum-major who led the band of the regulars. Presently General Butler came out of his quarters, and walked down the lines, followed by a few officers. He is a stout, middle-aged man, strongly built, with coarse limbs, his features indicative of great shrewdness and craft, his forehead high, the elevation being in some degree due perhaps to the want of hair; with a strong obliquity of vision, which may perhaps have been caused by an injury, as the eyelid hangs with a peculiar droop over the organ.

The General, whose manner is quick, decided, and abrupt, but not at all rude or unpleasant, at once acceded to the wishes of the Sanitary Commissioners, and expressed his desire to make my stay at the fort as agreeable and useful as he could. "You can first visit the hospitals in company with these gentlemen, and then come over with me to our camp, where I will show you everything that is to be seen. I have ordered a steamer to be in readiness to take you to Newport News." He speaks rapidly, and either affects or possesses great decision. The Commissioners accordingly proceeded to make the

most of their time in visiting the Hygeia Hotel, being accompanied by the medical officers of the garrison.

The rooms, but a short time ago occupied by the fair ladies of Virginia, when they came down to enjoy the sea breezes, were now crowded with Federal soldiers, many of them suffering from the loss of limb or serious wounds, others from the worst form of camp disease. I enjoyed a small national triumph over Dr. Bellows, the chief of the Commissioners, who is of the "sangre azul" of Yankeeism, by which I mean that he is a believer, not in the perfectibility, but in the absolute perfection, of New England nature, which is the only human nature that is not utterly lost and abandoned—Old England nature, perhaps, being the worst of all. We had been speaking to the wounded men in several rooms, and found most of them either in the listless condition consequent upon exhaustion, or with that anxious air which is often observable on the faces of the wounded when strangers approach. At last we came into a room in which two soldiers were sitting up, the first we had seen, reading the newspapers. Dr. Bellows asked where they came from; one was from Concord, the other from Newhaven. "You see, Mr. Russell," said Dr. Bellows, "how our Yankee soldiers spend their time. I knew at once they were Americans when I saw them reading newspapers." One of them had his hand shattered by a bullet, the other was suffering from a gun-shot wound through the body. "Where were you hit?" I inquired of the first. "Well," he said, "I guess my rifle went off when I was cleaning it in camp." "Were you wounded at Bethel?" I asked of the second. "No, sir," he replied; "I got this wound from a comrade, who discharged his piece

by accident in one of the tents as I was standing outside." "So," said I, to Dr. Bellows, "whilst the Britishers and Germans are engaged with the enemy, you Americans employ your time shooting each other!"

These men were true mercenaries, for they were fighting for money—I mean the strangers. One poor fellow from Devonshire said, as he pointed to his stump, "I wish I had lost it for the sake of the old island, sir," paraphrasing Sarsfield's exclamation as he lay dying on the field. The Americans were fighting for the combined excellences and strength of the States of New England, and of the rest of the Federal power over the Confederates, for they could not in their heart of hearts believe the Old Union could be restored by force of arms. Lovers may quarrel and may reunite, but if a blow is struck there is no *redintegratio amoris* possible again. The newspapers and illustrated periodicals which they read were the pabulum that fed the flames of patriotism incessantly. Such capacity for enormous lying, both in creation and absorption, the world never heard. Sufficient for the hour is the falsehood.

There were lady nurses in attendance on the patients; who followed—let us believe, as I do, out of some higher motive than the mere desire of human praise—the example of Miss Nightingale. I loitered behind in the rooms, asking many questions respecting the nationality of the men, in which the members of the Sanitary Commission took no interest, and I was just turning into one near the corner of the passage when I was stopped by a loud smack. A young Scotchman was dividing his attention between a basin of soup and a demure young lady from Phila-

delphia, who was feeding him with a spoon, his only arm being engaged in holding her round the waist, in order to prevent her being tired, I presume. Miss Rachel, or Deborah, had a pair of very pretty blue eyes, but they flashed very angrily from under her trim little cap at the unwitting intruder, and then she said, in severest tones, "Will you take your medicine, or not?" Sandy smiled, and pretended to be very penitent.

When we returned with the doctors from our inspection we walked round the parapets of the fortress, why so called I know not, because it is merely a fort. The guns and mortars are old-fashioned and heavy, with the exception of some new-fashioned and very heavy Columbiads, which are cast-iron 8-, 10-, and 12-inch guns, in which I have no faith whatever. The armament is not sufficiently powerful to prevent its interior being searched out by the long range fire of ships with rifle guns, or mortar boats; but it would require closer and harder work to breach the masses of brick and masonry which constitute the parapets and casemates. The guns, carriages, rammers, shot, were dirty, rusty, and neglected; but General Butler told me he was busy polishing up things about the fortress as fast as he could.

Whilst we were parading these hot walls in the sunshine, my companions were discussing the question of ancestry. It appears your New Englander is very proud of his English descent from good blood, and it is one of their isms in the Yankee States that they are the salt of the British people and the true aristocracy of blood and family, whereas we in the isles retain but a paltry share of the blue blood defiled by incessant infiltrations of the muddy fluid of the outer world.

This may be new to us Britishers, but is a Q. E. D. If a gentleman left Europe 200 years ago, and settled with his kin and kith, intermarrying his children with their equals, and thus perpetuating an ancient family, it is evident he may be regarded as the founder of a much more honourable dynasty than the relative who remained behind him, and lost the old family place, and sunk into obscurity. A singular illustration of the tendency to make much of themselves may be found in the fact, that New England swarms with genealogical societies and bodies of antiquaries, who delight in reading papers about each other's ancestors, and tracing their descent from Norman or Saxon barons and earls. The Virginians opposite, who are flouting us with their Confederate flag from Sewall's Point, are equally given to the "genus et proavos."

At the end of our promenade round the ramparts, Lieutenant Butler, the General's nephew and aide-de-camp, came to tell us the boat was ready, and we met His Excellency in the court-yard, whence we walked down to the wharf. On our way, General Butler called my attention to an enormous heap of hollow iron lying on the sand, which was the Union gun that is intended to throw a shot of some 350 lbs. weight or more, to astonish the Confederates at Sewall's Point opposite, when it is mounted. This gun, if I mistake not, was made after the designs of Captain Rodman, of the United States artillery, who in a series of remarkable papers, the publication of which has cost the country a large sum of money, has given us the results of long-continued investigations and experiments on the best method of cooling masses of iron for ordnance purposes, and of making powder for heavy shot. The piece must

weigh about 20 tons, but a similar gun, mounted on an artificial island called the Rip Raps, in the Channel opposite the fortress, is said to be worked with facility. The Confederates have raised some of the vessels sunk by the United States officers when the Navy Yard at Gosport was destroyed, and as some of these are to be converted into rams, the Federals are preparing their heaviest ordnance, to try the effect of crushing weights at low velocities against their sides, should they attempt to play any pranks among the transport vessels. The General said: "It is not by these great masses of iron this contest is to be decided: we must bring sharp points of steel, directed by superior intelligence." Hitherto General Butler's attempts at Big Bethel have not been crowned with success in employing such means, but it must be admitted that, according to his own statement, his lieutenants were guilty of carelessness and neglect of ordinary military precautions in the conduct of the expedition he ordered. The march of different columns of troops by night concentrating on a given point is always liable to serious interruptions, and frequently gives rise to hostile encounters between friends, in more disciplined armies than the raw levies of United States volunteers.

When the General, Commissioners, and Staff had embarked, the steamer moved across the broad estuary to Newport News. Among our passengers were several medical officers in attendance on the Sanitary Commissioners, some belonging to the army, others who had volunteered from civil life. Their discussion of professional questions and of relative rank assumed such a personal character, that General Butler had to interfere to quiet the disputants, but the exertion of

his authority was not altogether successful, and one of the angry gentlemen said in my hearing, "I'm d—d if I submit to such treatment if all the lawyers in Massachusetts with stars on their collars were to order me to-morrow."

On arriving at the low shore of Newport News we landed at a wooden jetty, and proceeded to visit the camp of the Federals, which was surrounded by a strong entrenchment, mounted with guns on the water face; and on the angles inland, a broad tract of cultivated country, bounded by a belt of trees, extended from the river away from the encampment; but the Confederates are so close at hand that frequent skirmishes have occurred between the foraging parties of the garrison and the enemy, who have on more than one occasion pursued the Federals to the very verge of the woods.

Whilst the Sanitary Commissioners were groaning over the heaps of filth which abound in all camps where discipline is not most strictly observed, I walked round amongst the tents, which, taken altogether, were in good order. The day was excessively hot, and many of the soldiers were laying down in the shade of arbours formed of branches from the neighbouring pine wood, but most of them got up when they heard the General was coming round. A sentry walked up and down at the end of the street, and as the General came up to him he called out "Halt." The man stood still. "I just want to show you, sir, what scoundrels our Government has to deal with. This man belongs to a regiment which has had new clothing recently served out to it. Look what it is made of." So saying the General stuck his fore-finger into the breast of the man's coat,

and with a rapid scratch of his nail tore open the cloth as if it was of blotting paper." "Shoddy, sir. Nothing but shoddy. I wish I had these contractors in the trenches here, and if hard work would not make honest men of them, they'd have enough of it to be examples for the rest of their fellows."

A vivacious prying man, this Butler, full of bustling life, self-esteem, revelling in the exercise of power. In the course of our rounds we were joined by Colonel Phelps, who was formerly in the United States army, and saw service in Mexico, but retired because he did not approve of the manner in which promotions were made, and who only took command of a Massachusetts regiment because he believed he might be instrumental in striking a shrewd blow or two in this great battle of Armageddon—a tall, saturnine, gloomy, angry-eyed, sallow man, soldier-like too, and one who places old John Brown on a level with the great martyrs of the Christian world. Indeed one, not so fierce as he, is blasphemous enough to place images of our Saviour and the hero of Harper's Ferry on the mantelpiece, as the two greatest beings the world has ever seen. "Yes, I know them well. I've seen them in the field. I've sat with them at meals. I've travelled through their country. These Southern slave-holders are a false, licentious, godless people. Either we who obey the laws and fear God, or they who know no God except their own will and pleasure, and know no law except their passions, must rule on this continent, and I believe that Heaven will help its own in the conflict they have provoked. I grant you they are brave enough, and desperate too, but surely justice, truth, and religion, will strengthen a man's arm to strike

down those who have only brute force and a bad cause to support them." But Colonel Phelps was not quite indifferent to material aid, and he made a pressing appeal to General Butler to send him some more guns and harness for the field-pieces he had in position, because, said he, "in case of attack, please God I'll follow them up sharp, and cover these fields with their bones." The General had a difficulty about the harness, which made Colonel Phelps very grim, but General Butler had reason in saying he could not make harness, and so the Colonel must be content with the results of a good rattling fire of round shell, grape, and canister, if the Confederates are foolish enough to attack his batteries.

There was nothing to complain of in the camp, except the swarms of flies, the very bad smells, and perhaps the shabby clothing of the men. The tents were good enough. The rations were ample, but nevertheless there was a want of order, discipline, and quiet in the lines which did not augur well for the internal economy of the regiments. When we returned to the river face, General Butler ordered some practice to be made with a Sawyer rifle gun, which appeared to be an ordinary cast-iron piece, bored with grooves, on the shunt principle, the shot being covered with a composition of a metallic amalgam like zinc and tin, and provided with flanges of the same material to fit the grooves. The practice was irregular and unsatisfactory. At an elevation of 24 degrees, the first shot struck the water at a point about 2000 yards distant. The piece was then further elevated, and the shot struck quite out of land, close to the opposite bank, at a distance of nearly three miles. The third shot rushed with a peculiar hurtling noise out of the piece,

and flew up in the air, falling with a splash into the water about 1500 yards away. The next shot may have gone half across the continent, for assuredly it never struck the water, and most probably ploughed its way into the soft ground at the other side of the river. The shell practice was still worse, and on the whole I wish our enemies may always fight us with Sawyer guns, particularly as the shells cost between £6 and £7 a-piece.

From the fort the General proceeded to the house of one of the officers, near the jetty, formerly the residence of a Virginian farmer, who has now gone to Secessia, where we were most hospitably treated at an excellent lunch, served by the slaves of the former proprietor. Although we boast with some reason of the easy level of our mess-rooms, the Americans certainly excel us in the art of annihilating all military distinctions on such occasions as these; and I am not sure the General would not have liked to place a young Doctor in close arrest, who suddenly made a dash at the liver wing of a fowl on which the General was bent with eye and fork, and carried it off to his plate. But on the whole there was a good deal of friendly feeling amongst all ranks of the volunteers, the regulars being a little stiff and adherent to etiquette.

In the afternoon the boat returned to Fortress Monroe, and the general invited me to dinner, where I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Butler, his staff, and a couple of regimental officers from the neighbouring camp. As it was still early, General Butler proposed a ride to visit the interesting village of Hampton, which lies some six or seven miles outside the fort, and forms his advance post. A powerful charger, with a

tremendous Mexican saddle, fine housings, blue and gold embroidered saddle-cloth, was brought to the door for your humble servant, and the General mounted another, which did equal credit to his taste in horseflesh; but I own I felt rather uneasy on seeing that he wore a pair of large brass spurs, strapped over white jean brodequins. He took with him his aide-de-camp and a couple of orderlies. In the precincts of the fort outside, a population of contraband negroes has been collected, whom the General employs in various works about the place, military and civil; but I failed to ascertain that the original scheme of a debit and credit account between the value of their labour and the cost of their maintenance had been successfully carried out. The General was proud of them, and they seemed proud of themselves, saluting him with a ludicrous mixture of awe and familiarity as he rode past. "How do, Massa Butler? How do, General?" accompanied by absurd bows and scrapes. "Just to think," said the General, "that every one of these fellows represents some 1000 dollars at least out of the pockets of the chivalry yonder." "Nasty, idle, dirty beasts," says one of the staff, *sotto voce*; "I wish to Heaven they were all at the bottom of the Chesapeake. The General insists on it that they do work, but they are far more trouble than they are worth."

The road towards Hampton traverses a sandy spit, which, however, is more fertile than would be supposed from the soil under the horses' hoofs, though it is not in the least degree interesting. A broad creek or river interposed between us and the town, the bridge over which had been destroyed. Workmen were busy repairing it, but all the planks had not yet been laid

down or nailed, and in some places the open space between the upright rafters allowed us to see the dark waters flowing beneath. The Aide said, "I don't think, General, it is safe to cross;" but his chief did not mind him until his horse very nearly crashed through a plank, and only regained its footing with unbroken legs by marvellous dexterity; whereupon we dismounted, and, leaving the horses to be carried over in the ferry boat, completed the rest of the transit, not without difficulty. At the other end of the bridge a street lined with comfortable houses, and bordered with trees, led us into the pleasant town or village of Hampton—pleasant once, but now deserted by all the inhabitants except some pauperised whites and a colony of negroes. It was in full occupation of the Federal soldiers, and I observed that most of the men were Germans, the garrison at Newport News being principally composed of Americans. The old red brick houses, with cornices of white stone; the narrow windows and high gables; gave an aspect of antiquity and European comfort to the place, the like of which I have not yet seen in the States. Most of the shops were closed; in some the shutters were still down, and the goods remained displayed in the windows. "I have allowed no plundering," said the General; "and if I find a fellow trying to do it, I will hang him as sure as my name is Butler. See here," and as he spoke he walked into a large woollen-draper's shop, where bales of cloth were still lying on the shelves, and many articles such as are found in a large general store in a country town were disposed on the floor or counters; "they shall not accuse the men under my command of being robbers." The boast, however, was

not so well justified in a visit to another house occupied by some soldiers. "Well," said the General, with a smile, "I daresay you know enough of camps to have found out that chairs and tables are irresistible; the men will take them off to their tents, though they may have to leave them next morning."

The principal object of our visit was the fortified trench which has been raised outside the town towards the Confederate lines. The path lay through a churchyard filled with most interesting monuments. The sacred edifice of red brick, with a square clock tower rent by lightning, is rendered interesting by the fact that it is almost the first church built by the English colonists of Virginia. On the tombstones are recorded the names of many subjects of his Majesty George III., and familiar names of persons born in the early part of last century in English villages, who passed to their rest before the great rebellion of the Colonies had disturbed their notions of loyalty and respect to the Crown. Many a British subject, too, lies there, whose latter days must have been troubled by the strange scenes of the war of independence. With what doubt and distrust must that one at whose tomb I stand have heard that George Washington was making head against the troops of His Majesty King George III.! How the hearts of the old men who had passed the best years of their existence, as these stones tell us, fighting for His Majesty against the French, must have beaten when once more they heard the roar of the Frenchman's ordnance uniting with the voices of the rebellious guns of the colonists from the plains of Yorktown against the entrenchments in which Cornwallis and his deserted band stood at hopeless bay! But could these old eyes

open again, and see General Butler standing on the eastern rampart which bounds their resting-place, and pointing to the spot whence the rebel cavalry of Virginia issue night and day to charge the loyal pickets of His Majesty The Union, they might take some comfort in the fulfilment of the vaticinations which no doubt they uttered, "It cannot, and it will not, come to good."

Having inspected the works—as far as I could judge, too extended, and badly traced — which I say with all deference to the able young engineer who accompanied us to point out the various objects of interest—the General returned to the bridge, where we remounted, and made a tour of the camps of the force intended to defend Hampton, falling back on Fortress Monroe in case of necessity. Whilst he was riding *ventre d terre*, which seems to be his favourite pace, his horse stumbled in the dusty road, and in his effort to keep his seat the General broke his stirrup leather, and the ponderous brass stirrup fell to the ground; but, albeit a lawyer, he neither lost his seat nor his *sang froid*, and calling out to his orderly "to pick up his toe plate," the jean slippers were closely pressed, spurs and all, to the sides of his steed, and away we went once more through dust and heat so great I was by no means sorry when he pulled up outside a pretty villa, standing in a garden, which was occupied by Colonel Max Webber, of the German Turner Regiment, once the property of General Tyler. The camp of the Turners, who are members of various gymnastic societies, was situated close at hand; but I had no opportunity of seeing them at work, as the Colonel insisted on our partaking of the hospitalities of his little mess, and produced some bottles of sparkling hock and a block of

ice, by no means unwelcome after our fatiguing ride. His Major, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, and who spoke English better than his chief, had served in some capacity or other in the Crimea, and made many inquiries after the officers of the Guards whom he had known there. I took an opportunity of asking him in what state the troops were. "The whole thing is a robbery," he exclaimed; "this war is for the contractors; the men do not get a third of what the Government pay for them; as for discipline, my God! it exists not. We Germans are well enough, of course; we know our affair; but as for the Americans, what would you? They make colonels out of doctors and lawyers, and captains out of fellows who are not fit to brush a soldier's shoe." "But the men get their pay?" "Yes; that is so. At the end of two months, they get it, and by that time it is due to sutlers, who charge them 100 per cent."

It is easy to believe these old soldiers do not put much confidence in General Butler, though they admit his energy. "Look you; one good officer with 5000 steady troops, such as we have in Europe, shall come down any night and walk over us all into Fortress Monroe whenever he pleased, if he knew how these troops were placed."

On leaving the German Turners, the General visited the camp of Duryea's New York Zouaves, who were turned out at evening parade, or more properly speaking, drill. But for the ridiculous effect of their costume the regiment would have looked well enough; but riding down on the rear of the ranks the discoloured napkins tied round their heads, without any fez cap beneath, so that the hair sometimes stuck up

through the folds, the ill-made jackets, the loose bags of red calico hanging from their loins, the long gaiters of white cotton—instead of the real Zouave yellow and black greave, and smart white gaiter—made them appear such military scarecrows, I could scarcely refrain from laughing outright. Nevertheless the men were respectably drilled, marched steadily in columns of company, wheeled into line, and went past at quarter distance at the double much better than could be expected from the short time they had been in the field, and I could with all sincerity say to Col. Duryea, a smart and not unpretentious gentleman, who asked my opinion so pointedly that I could not refuse to give it, that I considered the appearance of the regiment very creditable. The shades of evening were now falling, and as I had been up before 5 o'clock in the morning, I was not sorry when General Butler said, "Now we will go home to tea, or you will detain the steamer." He had arranged before I started that the vessel, which in ordinary course would have returned to Baltimore at 8 o'clock, should remain till he sent down word to the captain to go.

We scampered back to the fort, and judging from the challenges and vigilance of the sentries, and in-lying pickets, I am not quite so satisfied as the Major that the enemy could have surprised the place. At the tea-table there were no additions to the General's family; he therefore spoke without any reserve. Going over the map, he explained his views in reference to future operations, and showed cause, with more military acumen than I could have expected from a gentleman of the long robe, why he believed Fortress Monroe was the true base of operations against Richmond.

I have been convinced for some time, that if a sufficient force could be left to cover Washington, the Federals should move against Richmond from the Peninsula, where they could form their depôts at leisure, and advance, protected by their gunboats, on a very short line which offers far greater facilities and advantages than the inland route from Alexandria to Richmond, which, difficult in itself from the nature of the country, is exposed to the action of a hostile population, and, above all, to the danger of constant attacks by the enemy's cavalry, tending more or less to destroy all communication with the base of the Federal operations.

The threat of seizing Washington led to a concentration of the Union troops in front of it, which caused in turn the collection of the Confederates on the lines below to defend Richmond. It is plain that if the Federals can cover Washington, and at the same time assemble a force at Monroe strong enough to march on Richmond, as they desire, the Confederates will be placed in an exceedingly hazardous position, scarcely possible to escape from; and there is no reason why the North, with their overwhelming preponderance, should not do so, unless they be carried away by the fatal spirit of brag and bluster which comes from their press to overrate their own strength and to despise their enemy's. The occupation of Suffolk will be seen, by any one who studies the map, to afford a most powerful leverage to the Federal forces from Monroe in their attempts to turn the enemy out of their camps of communication, and to enable them to menace Richmond as well as the Southern States most seriously.

But whilst the General and I are engaged over our maps and mint juleps, time flies, and at last I perceive by the clock that it is time to go. An aide is sent to stop the boat, but he returns ere I leave with the news that "She is gone." Whereupon the General sends for the Quartermaster Talmadge, who is out in the camps, and only arrives in time to receive a severe "wigging." It so happened that I had important papers to send off by the next mail from New York and the only chance of being able to do so depended on my being in Baltimore next day. General Butler acted with kindness and promptitude in the matter. "I promised you should go by the steamer, but the captain has gone off without orders or leave, for which he shall answer when I see him. Meantime it is my business to keep my promise. Captain Talmadge, you will at once go down and give orders to the most suitable transport steamer or chartered vessel available, to get up steam at once and come up to the wharf for Mr. Russell."

Whilst I was sitting in the parlour which served as the General's office, there came in a pale, bright-eyed, slim young man in a subaltern's uniform, who sought a private audience, and unfolded a plan he had formed, on certain data gained by nocturnal expeditions, to surprise a body of the enemy's cavalry which was in the habit of coming down every night and disturbing the pickets at Hampton. His manner was so eager, his information so precise, that the General could not refuse his sanction, but he gave it in a characteristic manner. "Well, sir, I understand your proposition. You intend to go out as a volunteer to effect this service. You ask my permission

to get men for it. I cannot grant you an order to any of the officers in command of regiments to provide you with these; but if the Colonel of your regiment wishes to give leave to his men to volunteer, and they like to go with you, I give you leave to take them. I wash my hands of all responsibility in the affair." The officer bowed and retired, saying, "That is quite enough, General."*

At 10 o'clock the Quartermaster came back to say that a screw steamer called the Elizabeth was getting up steam for my reception, and I bade good-by to the General, and walked down with his aide and nephew, Lieutenant Butler, to the Hygeia Hotel to get my light knapsack. It was a lovely moonlight night, and as I was passing down an avenue of trees an officer stopped me, and exclaimed, "General Butler, I hear you have given leave to Lieutenant Blank to take a party of my regiment and go off scouting to-night after the enemy. It is too hard that—" What more he was going to say I know not, for I corrected the mistake, and the officer walked hastily on towards the General's quarters. On reaching the Hygeia Hotel I was met by the correspondent of a New York paper, who as commissary-general, or, as they are styled in the States, officer of subsistence, had been charged to get the boat ready, and who explained to me it would be at least an hour before the steam was up; and whilst I was waiting in the porch I heard many Virginian, and old world stories as well, the general

* It may be stated here, that this expedition met with a disastrous result. If I mistake not, the officer, and with him the correspondent of a paper who accompanied him, were killed by the cavalry whom he meant to surprise, and several of the volunteers were also killed or wounded.

upshot of which was that all the rest of the world could be "done" at cards, in love, in drink, in horseflesh, and in fighting, by the true-born American. Gen. Butler came down after a time, and joined our little society, nor was he by any means the least shrewd and humorous *raconteur* of the party. At 11 o'clock the Elizabeth uttered some piercing cries, which indicated she had her steam up; and so I walked down to the jetty, accompanied by my host and his friends, and wishing them good bye, stepped on board the little vessel, and with the aid of the negro cook, steward, butler, boots, and servant, roused out the captain from a small wooden trench which he claimed as his berth, turned into it, and fell asleep just as the first difficult convulsions of the screw aroused the steamer from her coma, and forced her languidly against the tide in the direction of Baltimore.

July 15th.—I need not speak much of the events of last night, which were not unimportant, perhaps, to some of the insects which played a leading part in them. The heat was literally overpowering; for in addition to the hot night there was the full power of most irritable boilers close at hand to aggravate the natural *désagrémens* of the situation. About an hour after dawn, when I turned out on deck, there was nothing visible but a warm grey mist; but a knotty old pilot on deck told me we were only going six knots an hour against tide and wind, and that we were likely to make less way as the day wore on. In fact, instead of being near Baltimore, we were much nearer Fortress Monroe. Need I repeat the horrors of this day? Stewed, boiled, baked, and grilled on board this miserable Elizabeth, I wished M. Montalembert could

have experienced with me what such an impassive nature could inflict in misery on those around it. The captain was a shy, silent man, much given to short naps in my temporary berth, and the mate was so wild, he might have swam off with perfect propriety to the woods on either side of us, and taken to a tree as an aborigen or chimpanzee. Two men of most retiring habits, the negro, a black boy, and a very fat negress who officiated as cook, filled up the "balance" of the crew.

I could not write, for the vibration of the deck of the little craft gave a St. Vitus dance to pen and pencil; reading was out of the question from the heat and flies; and below stairs the fat cook banished repose by vapours from her dreadful caldrons, where, Medea-like, she was boiling some death broth. Our breakfast was of the simplest and—may I add?—the least enticing; and if the dinner could have been worse it was so; though it was rendered attractive by hunger, and by the kindness of the sailors who shared it with me. The old pilot had a most wholesome hatred of the Britishers, and not having the least idea till late in the day that I belonged to the old country, favoured me with some very remarkable views respecting their general mischievousness and inutility. As soon as he found out my secret he became more reserved, and explained to me that he had some reason for not liking us, because all he had in the world, as pretty a schooner as ever floated and a fine cargo, had been taken and burnt by the English when they sailed up the Potomac to Washington. He served against us at Bladensburg. I did not ask him how fast he ran; but he had a good rejoinder ready if I had done so, inasmuch as he was

up West under Commodore Perry on the lakes when we suffered our most serious reverses. Six knots an hour! hour after hour! And nothing to do but to listen to the pilot.

On both sides a line of forest just visible above the low shores. Small coasting craft, schooners, pungys, boats laden with wood creeping along in the shallow water, or plying down empty before wind and tide.

"I doubt if we'll be able to catch up them forts afore night," said the skipper. The pilot grunted, "I rather think yu'll not." "H—— and thunder! Then we'll have to lie off till daylight?" "They may let you pass, Captain Squires, as you've this Europe-an on board, but anyhow we can't fetch Baltimore till late at night or early in the morning."

I heard the dialogue, and decided very quickly that as Annapolis lay somewhere ahead on our left, and was much nearer than Baltimore, it would be best to run for it while there was daylight. The captain demurred. He had been ordered to take his vessel to Baltimore, and General Butler might come down on him for not doing so; but I proposed to sign a letter stating he had gone to Annapolis at my request, and the steamer was put a point or two to westward, much to the pleasure of the Palinurus, whose "old woman" lived in the town. I had an affection for this weather-beaten, watery-eyed, honest old fellow, who hated us as cordially as Jack detested his Frenchman in the old days before *ententes cordiales* were known to the world. He was thoroughly English in his belief that he belonged to the only sailor race in the world, and that they could beat all mankind in seamanship; and he spoke in the most unaffected way of the Britishers as a survivor of

the old war might do of Johnny Crapaud—"They were brave enough no doubt, but, Lord bless you, see them in a gale of wind! or look at them sending down top-gallant masts, or anything sailor-like in a breeze. *You'd* soon see the differ. And, besides, they *never can* stand again us at close quarters." By-and-by the houses of a considerable town, crowned by steeples, and a large Corinthian-looking building, came in view. "That's the State House. That's where George Washington—first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen—laid down his victorious sword without any one asking him, and retired amid the applause of the civilized world." This flight I am sure was the old man's treasured relic of school-boy days, and I'm not sure he did not give it to me three times over. Annapolis looks very well from the river side. The approach is guarded by some very poor earthworks and one small fort. A dismantled sloop of war lay off a sea wall, banking up a green lawn covered with trees, in front of an old-fashioned pile of buildings, which formerly, I think, and very recently indeed, was occupied by the cadets of the United States Naval School. "There was a lot of them Seceders. Lord bless you! these young ones is all took by these States Rights' doctrines—just as the ladies is caught by a new fashion."

About seven o'clock the steamer hove alongside a wooden pier which was quite deserted. Only some ten or twelve sailing boats, yachts, and schooners lay at anchor in the placid waters of the port which was once the capital of Maryland, and for which the early Republicans prophesied a great future. But Baltimore has eclipsed Annapolis into utter obscurity. I walked

to the only hotel in the place, and found that the train for the junction with Washington had started, and that the next train left at some impossible hour in the morning. It is an odd Rip Van Winkle sort of a place. Quaint-looking boarders came down to the tea-table and talked Secession, and when I was detected, as must ever soon be the case, owing to the hotel book, I was treated to some ill-favoured glances, as my recent letters have been denounced in the strongest way for their supposed hostility to States Rights and the Domestic Institution. The spirit of the people has, however, been broken by the Federal occupation, and by the decision with which Butler acted when he came down here with the troops to open communications with Washington after the Baltimoreans had attacked the soldiery on their way through the city from the north.

CHAPTER XII.

The "State House" at Annapolis — Washington — General Scott's quarters — Want of a staff — Rival camps — Demand for horses — Popular excitement — Lord Lyons — General M'Dowell's movements — Retreat from Fairfax Court House — General Scott's quarters — General Mansfield — Battle of Bull's Run.

July 19th.—I baffled many curious and civil citizens by breakfasting in my room, where I remained writing till late in the day. In the afternoon I walked to the State House. The hall door was open, but the rooms were closed; and I remained in the hall, which is graced by two indifferent huge statues of Law and Justice holding gas lamps, and by an old rusty cannon, dug out of the river, and supposed to have belonged to the original British colonists, whilst an officer whom I met in the portico went to look for the porter and the keys. Whether he succeeded I cannot say, for after waiting some half hour I was warned by my watch that it was time to get ready for the train, which started at 4·15 P.M. The country through which the single line of rail passes is very hilly, much wooded, little cultivated, cut up by water-courses and ravines. At the junction with the Washington line from Baltimore there is a strong guard thrown out from the camp near at hand. The officers, who had a mess in a little wayside inn on the line, invited me to

rest till the train came up, and from them I heard that an advance had been actually ordered, and that if the "rebels" stood there would soon be a tall fight close to Washington. They were very cheery, hospitable fellows, and enjoyed their new mode of life amazingly. The men of the regiment to which they belonged were Germans, almost to a man. When the train came in I found it was full of soldiers, and I learned that three more heavy trains were to follow, in addition to four which had already passed laden with troops.

On arriving at the Washington platform, the first person I saw was General M'Dowell alone, looking anxiously into the carriages. He asked where I came from, and when he heard from Annapolis, inquired eagerly if I had seen two batteries of artillery—Barry's and another—which he had ordered up, and was waiting for, but which had "gone astray." I was surprised to find the General engaged on such duty, and took leave to say so. "Well, it is quite true, Mr. Russell; but I am obliged to look after them myself, as I have so small a staff, and they are all engaged out with my head-quarters. You are aware I have advanced? No! Well, you have just come in time, and I shall be happy, indeed, to take you with me. I have made arrangements for the correspondents of our papers to take the field under certain regulations, and I have suggested to them they should wear a white uniform, to indicate the purity of their character." The General could hear nothing of his guns; his carriage was waiting, and I accepted his offer of a seat to my lodgings. Although he spoke confidently, he did not seem in good spirits. There was the greatest difficulty in finding out anything about the

enemy. Beauregard was said to have advanced to Fairfax Court House, but he could not get any certain knowledge of the fact. "Can you not order a reconnaissance?" "Wait till you see the country. But even if it were as flat as Flanders, I have not an officer on whom I could depend for the work. They would fall into some trap, or bring on a general engagement when I did not seek it or desire it. I have no cavalry such as you work with in Europe." I think he was not so much disposed to undervalue the Confederates as before, for he said they had selected a very strong position, and had made a regular *levée en masse* of the people of Virginia, as a proof of the energy and determination with which they were entering on the campaign.

As we parted the General gave me his photograph, and told me he expected to see me in a few days at his quarters, but that I would have plenty of time to get horses and servants, and such light equipage as I wanted, as there would be no engagement for several days. On arriving at my lodgings I sent to the livery stables to inquire after horses. None fit for the saddle to be had at any price. The sutlers, the cavalry, the mounted officers, had been purchasing up all the droves of horses which came to the markets. M'Dowell had barely extra mounts for his own use. And yet horses must be had; and, even provided with them, I must take the field without tent or servant, canteen or food—a waif to fortune.

July 17th.—I went up to General Scott's quarters and saw some of his staff—young men, some of whom knew nothing of soldiers, not even the enforcing of drill—and found them reflecting, doubtless, the shades

which cross the mind of the old chief, who was now seeking repose. M'Dowell is to advance to-morrow from Fairfax Court House, and will march some eight or ten miles to Centreville, directly in front of which, at a place called Manassas, stands the army of the Southern enemy. I look around me for a staff, and look in vain. There are a few plodding old pedants, with map and rules and compasses, who sit in small rooms and write memoranda; and there are some ignorant and not very active young men, who loiter about the head-quarters' halls, and strut up the street with brass spurs on their heels and kepis raked over their eyes as though they were soldiers, but I see no system, no order, no knowledge, no dash!

The worst-served English general has always a young fellow or two about him who can fly across country, draw a rough sketch map, ride like a foxhunter, and find something out about the enemy and their position, understand and convey orders, and obey them. I look about for the types of these in vain. M'Dowell can find out nothing about the enemy; he has not a trustworthy map of the country; no knowledge of their position, force, or numbers. All the people, he says, are against the Government. Fairfax Court House was abandoned as he approached, the enemy in their retreat being followed by the inhabitants. "Where were the Confederate entrenchments?" "Only in the imagination of those New York newspapers; when they want to fill up a column they write a full account of the enemy's fortifications. No one can contradict them at the time, and it's a good joke when it's found out to be a lie." Colonel Cullum went over the maps with me at General Scott's, and spoke with some greater con-

fidence of M'Dowell's prospects of success. There is a considerable force of Confederates at a place called Winchester, which is connected with Manassas by rail, and this force could be thrown on the right of the Federals as they advanced, but that another corps, under Patterson, is in observation, with orders to engage them if they attempt to move eastwards.

The batteries for which General M'Dowell was looking last night have arrived, and were sent on this morning. One is under Barry, of the United States regular artillery, whom I met at Fort Pickens. The other is a volunteer battery. The onward movement of the army has been productive of a great improvement in the streets of Washington, which are no longer crowded with turbulent and disorderly volunteers, or by soldiers disgracing the name, who accost you in the by-ways for money. There are comparatively few to-day; small shoals, which have escaped the meshes of the net, are endeavouring to make the most of their time before they cross the river to face the enemy.

Still horse-hunting, but in vain—Gregson, Wroe—*et hoc genus omne*. Nothing to sell except at unheard-of rates; tripeds, and the like, much the worse for wear, and yet possessed of some occult virtues, in right of which the owners demanded egregious sums. Everywhere I am offered a gig or a vehicle of some kind or another, as if the example of General Scott had rendered such a mode of campaigning the correct thing. I saw many officers driving over the Log Bridge with large stores of provisions, either unable to procure horses or satisfied that a waggon was the chariot of Mars. It is not fair to ridicule either officers or men of this army, and if they were not so inflated

by a pestilent vanity, no one would dream of doing so; but the excessive bragging and boasting in which the volunteers and the press indulge really provoke criticism and tax patience and forbearance overmuch. Even the regular officers, who have some idea of military efficiency, rather derived from education and foreign travels than from actual experience, bristle up and talk proudly of the patriotism of the army, and challenge the world to show such another, although in their hearts, and more, with their lips, they own they do not depend on them. The white heat of patriotism has cooled down to a dull black; and I am told that the gallant volunteers, who are to conquer the world when they "have got through with their present little job," are counting up the days to the end of their service, and openly declare they will not stay a day longer. This is pleasant, inasmuch as the end of the term of many of M'Dowell's, and most of Patterson's, three months men, is near at hand. They have been faring luxuriously at the expense of the Government—they have had nothing to do—they have had enormous pay—they knew nothing, and were worthless as to soldiering when they were enrolled. Now, having gained all these advantages, and being likely to be of use for the first time, they very quietly declare they are going to sit under their fig-trees, crowned with civic laurels and myrtles, and all that sort of thing. But who dare say they are not splendid fellows—full-blooded heroes, patriots, and warriors—men before whose majestic presence all Europe pales and faints away?

In the evening I received a message to say that the advance of the army would take place to-morrow as soon as General M'Dowell had satisfied himself by

a reconnaissance that he could carry out his plan of turning the right of the enemy by passing Occaguna Creek. Along Pennsylvania Avenue, along the various shops, hotels, and drinking-bars, groups of people were collected, listening to the most exaggerated accounts of desperate fighting and of the utter demoralisation of the rebels. I was rather amused by hearing the florid accounts which were given in the hall of Willard's by various inebriated officers, who were drawing upon their imagination for their facts, knowing, as I did, that the entrenchments at Fairfax had been abandoned without a shot on the advance of the Federal troops. The New York papers came in with glowing descriptions of the magnificent march of the grand army of the Potomac, which was stated to consist of upwards of 70,000 men; whereas I knew not half that number were actually on the field. Multitudes of people believe General Winfield Scott, who was now fast asleep in his modest bed in Pennsylvania Avenue, is about to take the field in person. The horse-dealers are still utterly impracticable. A citizen who owned a dark bay, spavined and ringboned, asked me one thousand dollars for the right of possession. I ventured to suggest that it was not worth the money. "Well," said he, "take it or leave it. If you want to see this fight a thousand dollars is cheap. I guess there were chaps paid more than that to see Jenny Lind on her first night; and this battle is not going to be repeated, I can tell you. The price of horses will rise when the chaps out there have had themselves pretty well used up with bowie-knives and six-shooters."

July 18*th*.—After breakfast. Leaving head-quarters, I went across to General Mansfield's, and

was going upstairs, when the General* himself, a white-headed, grey-bearded, and rather soldierly-looking man, dashed out of his room in some excitement, and exclaimed, "Mr. Russell, I fear there is bad news from the front." "Are they fighting, General?" "Yes, sir. That fellow Tyler has been engaged, and we are whipped." Again I went off to the horse-dealer; but this time the price of the steed had been raised to £220; "for," says he, "I don't want my animals to be ripped up by them cannon and them musketry, and those who wish to be guilty of such cruelty must pay for it." At the War Office, at the Department of State, at the Senate, and at the White House, messengers and orderlies running in and out, military aides, and civilians with anxious faces, betokened the activity and perturbation which reigned within. I met Senator Sumner radiant with joy. "We have obtained a great success; the rebels are falling back in all directions. General Scott says we ought to be in Richmond by Saturday night." Soon afterwards a United States officer, who had visited me in company with General Meigs, riding rapidly past, called out, "You have heard we are whipped; these confounded volunteers have run away." I drove to the Capitol, where people said one could actually see the smoke of the cannon; but on arriving there it was evident that the fire from some burning houses, and from wood cut down for cooking purposes had been mistaken for tokens of the fight.

It was strange to stand outside the walls of the Senate whilst legislators were debating inside respecting the best means of punishing the rebels and traitors, and

* Since killed in action.

to think that amidst the dim horizon of woods which bounded the west towards the plains of Manassas, the army of the United States was then contending, at least with doubtful fortune, against the forces of the desperate and hopeless outlaws whose fate these United States senators pretended to hold in the hollow of their hands. Nor was it unworthy of note that many of the tradespeople along Pennsylvania Avenue, and the ladies whom one saw sauntering in the streets, were exchanging significant nods and smiles, and rubbing their hands with satisfaction. I entered one shop, where the proprietor and his wife ran forward to meet me. "Have you heard the news? Beauregard has knocked them into a cocked hat." "Believe me," said the good lady, "it is the finger of the Almighty is in it. Didn't he curse the niggers, and why should he take their part now with these Yankee Abolitionists, against true white men?" "But how do you know this?" said I. "Why, it's all true enough, depend upon it, no matter how we know it. We've got our underground railway as well as the Abolitionists."

On my way to dinner at the Legation I met the President crossing Pennsylvania Avenue, striding like a crane in a bulrush swamp among the great blocks of marble, dressed in an oddly cut suit of grey, with a felt hat on the back of his head, wiping his face with a red pocket-handkerchief. He was evidently in a hurry, on his way to the White House, where I believe a telegraph has been established in communication with M'Dowell's head-quarters. I may mention, by-the-bye, in illustration of the extreme ignorance and arrogance which characterise the low Yankee, that a man in the uniform of a Colonel said to me to-day, as I was leaving

the War Department, "They have just got a telegraph from M'Dowell. Would it not astonish you Britishers to hear that, as our General moves on towards the enemy, he trails a telegraph wire behind him just to let them know in Washington which foot he is putting first?" I was imprudent enough to say, "I assure you the use of the telegraph is not such a novelty in Europe or even in India. When Lord Clyde made his campaign the telegraph was laid in his track as fast as he advanced." "Oh, well, come now," quoth the Colonel, "that's pretty good, that is; I believe you'll say next, your General Clyde and our Benjamin Franklin discovered lightning simultaneously."

The calm of a Legation contrasts wonderfully in troubled times with the excitement and storm of the world outside. M. Mercier perhaps is moved to a vivacious interest in events. M. Stoeckl becomes more animated as the time approaches when he sees the fulfilment of his prophecies at hand. M. Tassara cannot be indifferent to occurrences which bear so directly on the future of Spain in Western seas; but all these diplomatists can discuss the most engrossing and portentous incidents of political and military life, with a sense of calm and indifference which was felt by the gentleman who resented being called out of his sleep to get up out of a burning house because he was only a lodger.

There is no Minister of the European Powers in Washington who watches with so much interest the march of events as Lord Lyons, or who feels as much sympathy perhaps in the Federal Government as the constituted Executive of the country to which he is accredited; but in virtue of his position he knows little

or nothing officially of what passes around him, and may be regarded as a medium for the communication of despatches to Mr. Seward, and for the discharge of a great deal of most causeless and unmeaning vituperation from the conductors of the New York press against England.

On my return to Captain Johnson's lodgings I received a note from the head-quarters of the Federals, stating that the serious action between the two armies would probably be postponed for some days. M'Dowell's original idea was to avoid forcing the enemy's position directly in front, which was defended by movable batteries commanding the fords over a stream called "Bull's Run." He therefore proposed to make a demonstration on some point near the centre of their line, and at the same time throw the mass of his force below their extreme right, so as to turn it and get possession of the Manassas Railway in their rear: a movement which would separate him, by-the-bye, from his own communications, and enable any general worth his salt to make a magnificent counter by marching on Washington, only 27 miles away, which he could take with the greatest ease, and leave the enemy in the rear to march 120 miles to Richmond, if they dared, or to make a hasty retreat upon the higher Potomac, and to cross into the hostile country of Maryland.

M'Dowell, however, has found the country on his left densely wooded and difficult. It is as new to him as it was to Braddock, when he cut his weary way through forest and swamp in this very district to reach, hundreds of miles away, the scene of his fatal repulse at Fort Du Quesne. And so, having moved his whole army, M'Dowell finds himself obliged to form a new plan of attack, and, prudently fearful

of pushing his under-done and over-praised levies into a river in face of an enemy, is endeavouring to ascertain with what chance of success he can attack and turn their left.

Whilst he was engaged in a reconnaissance to-day, General Tyler did one of those things which must be expected from ambitious officers, without any fear of punishment, in countries where military discipline is scarcely known. Ordered to reconnoitre the position of the enemy on the left front, when the army moved from Fairfax to Centreville this morning, General Tyler thrust forward some 3000 or 4000 men of his division down to the very banks of "Bull's Run," which was said to be thickly wooded, and there brought up his men under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, from which they retired in confusion.

The papers from New York to-night are more than usually impudent and amusing. The retreat of the Confederate outposts from Fairfax Court House is represented as a most extraordinary success; at best it was an affair of outposts; but one would really think that it was a victory of no small magnitude. I learn that the Federal troops behaved in a most ruffianly and lawless manner at Fairfax Court House. It is but a bad beginning of a campaign for the restoration of the Union, to rob, burn, and destroy the property and houses of the people in the State of Virginia. The enemy are described as running in all directions, but it is evident they did not intend to defend the advanced works, which were merely constructed to prevent surprise or cavalry inroads.

I went to Willard's, where the news of the battle, as it was called, was eagerly discussed. One little

man in front of the cigar-stand declared it was all an affair of cavalry. "But how could that be among the piney woods and with a river in front, major?" "Our boys, sir, left their horses, crossed the water at a run, and went right away through them with their swords and six-shooters." "I tell you what it is, Mr. Russell," said a man who followed me out of the crowd and placed his hand on my shoulder, "they were whipped like curs, and they ran like curs, and I know it." "How?" "Well, I'd rather be excused telling you."

July 19th.—I rose early this morning in order to prepare for contingencies and to see off Captain Johnson, who was about to start with despatches for New York, containing, no doubt, the intelligence that the Federal troops had advanced against the enemy. Yesterday was so hot that officers and men on the field suffered from something like sun-stroke. To unaccustomed frames to-day the heat felt unsupportable. A troop of regular cavalry, riding through the street at an early hour, were so exhausted, horse and man, that a runaway cab could have bowled them over like nine pins.

I hastened to General Scott's quarters, which were besieged by civilians outside and full of orderlies and officers within. Mr. Cobden would be delighted with the republican simplicity of the Commander-in-Chief's establishment, though it did not strike me as being very cheap at the money on such an occasion. It consists, in fact, of a small three-storied brick house, the parlours on the ground floor being occupied by subordinates, the small front room on the first floor being appropriated to General Scott himself, the smaller back room being devoted to his staff, and two rooms up-stairs most probably being in possession of

waste papers and the guardians of the mansion. The walls are covered with maps of the coarsest description, and with rough plans and drawings, which afford information and amusement to the orderlies and the stray aide-de-camps. "Did you ever hear anything so disgraceful in your life as the stories which are going about of the affair yesterday?" said Colonel Cullum. "I assure you it was the smallest affair possible, although the story goes that we have lost thousands of men. Our total loss is under ninety—killed, wounded, and missing; and I regret to say nearly one-third of the whole are under the latter head." "However that may be, Colonel," said I, "it will be difficult to believe your statement after the columns of type which appear in the papers here." "Oh! Who minds what they say?" "You will admit, at any rate, that the retreat of these undisciplined troops from an encounter with the enemy will have a bad effect." "Well, I suppose that's likely enough, but it will soon be swept away in the excitement of a general advance. General Scott, having determined to attack the enemy, will not halt now, and I am going over to Brigadier M'Dowell to examine the ground and see what is best to be done." On leaving the room two officers came out of General Scott's apartment; one of them said, "Why, Colonel, he's not half the man I thought him. Well, any way he'll be better there than M'Dowell. If old Scott had legs he's good for a big thing yet."

For hours I went horse-hunting; but Rothschild himself, even the hunting Baron, could not have got a steed. In Pennsylvania Avenue the people were standing in the shade under the ælanthus trees, speculating on the news brought by dusty orderlies, or on the ideas

of passing Congress men. A party of captured Confederates, on their march to General Mansfield's quarters, created intense interest, and I followed them to the house, and went up to see the General, whilst the prisoners sat down on the pavement and steps outside. Notwithstanding his affectation of calm and self-possession, General Mansfield, who was charged with the defence of the town, was visibly perturbed. "These things, sir," said he, "happen in Europe too. If the capital should fall into the hands of the rebels the United States will be no more destroyed than they were when you burned it." From an expression he let fall, I inferred he did not very well know what to do with his prisoners. "Rebels taken in arms in Europe are generally hung or blown away from guns, I believe; but we are more merciful." General Mansfield evidently wished to be spared the embarrassment of dealing with prisoners.

I dined at a restaurant kept by one Boulanger, a Frenchman, who utilised the swarms of flies infesting his premises by combining masses of them with his soup and made dishes. At an adjoining table were a lanky boy in a lieutenant's uniform, a private soldier, and a man in plain clothes; and for the edification of the two latter the warrior youth was detailing the most remarkable stories, in the Munchausen style, ear ever heard. "Well, sir, I tell you, when his head fell off on the ground, his eyes shut and opened twice, and his tongue came out with an expression as if he wanted to say something." "There were seven balls through my coat, and it was all so spiled with blood and powder, I took it off and threw it in the road. When the boys were burying the dead, I saw this coat on a

chap who had been just smothered by the weight of the killed and wounded on the top of him, and I says, 'Boys, give me that coat; it will just do for me with the same rank; and there is no use in putting good cloth on a dead body.'" "And how many do you suppose was killed, Lieutenant?" "Well, sir! it's my honest belief, I tell you, there was not less than 5000 of our boys, and it may be twice as many of the enemy, or more; they were all shot down just like pigeons; you might walk for five rods by the side of the Run, and not be able to put your foot on the ground." "The dead was that thick?" "No, but the dead and the wounded together." No incredulity in the hearers—all swallowed: possibly disgorged into the note-book of a Washington contributor.

After dinner I walked over with Lieutenant H. Wise, inspected a model of Steven's ram, which appears to me an utter impossibility in face of the iron-clad embrasured fleet now coming up to view, though it is spoken of highly by some naval officers and by many politicians. For years their papers have been indulging in mysterious volcanic puffs from the great centre of nothingness as to this secret and tremendous war-engine, which was surrounded by walls of all kinds, and only to be let out on the world when the Great Republic in its might had resolved to sweep everything off the seas. And lo! it is an abortive ram! Los Gringos went home, and I paid a visit to a family whose daughters—bright-eyed, pretty, and clever—were seated out on the door-steps amid the lightning flashes, one of them, at least, dreaming with open eyes of a young artillery officer then sleeping among his guns, probably, in front of Fairfax Court House.

CHAPTER XIII.

Skirmish at Bull's Run—The Crisis in Congress—Dearth of Horses—War Prices at Washington—Estimate of the effects of Bull's Run—Password and Countersign—Transatlantic View of "The Times"—Difficulties of a Newspaper Correspondent in the Field.

July 20th.—The great battle which is to arrest rebellion, or to make it a power in the land, is no longer distant or doubtful. M'Dowell has completed his reconnaissance of the country in front of the enemy, and General Scott anticipates that he will be in possession of Manassas to-morrow night. All the statements of officers concur in describing the Confederates as strongly entrenched along the line of Bull's Run covering the railroad. The New York papers, indeed, audaciously declare that the enemy have fallen back in disorder. In the main thoroughfares of the city there is still a scattered army of idle soldiers moving through the civil crowd, though how they come here no one knows. The officers clustering round the hotels, and running in and out of the bar-rooms and eating-houses, are still more numerous. When I inquired at the head-quarters who these were, the answer was that the majority were skulkers, but that there was no power at such a moment to send them back to their regiments or punish them. In fact, deducting the reserves, the rear-guards, and the scanty garrisons at the earth-

works, M'Dowell will not have 25,000 men to undertake his seven days' march through a hostile country to the Confederate capital; and yet, strange to say, in the pride and passion of the politicians, no doubt is permitted to rise for a moment respecting his complete success.

I was desirous of seeing what impression was produced upon the Congress of the United States by the crisis which was approaching, and drove down to the Senate at noon. There was no appearance of popular enthusiasm, excitement, or emotion among the people in the passages. They drank their iced water, ate cakes or lozenges, chewed and chatted, or dashed at their acquaintances amongst the members, as though nothing more important than a railway bill or a postal concession was being debated inside. I entered the Senate, and found the House engaged in not listening to Mr. Latham, the Senator for California, who was delivering an elaborate lecture on the aspect of political affairs from a Republican point of view. The Senators were, as usual, engaged in reading newspapers, writing letters, or in whispered conversation, whilst the Senator received his applause from the people in the galleries, who were scarcely restrained from stamping their feet at the most highly-flown passages. Whilst I was listening to what is by courtesy called the debate, a messenger from Centreville sent in a letter to me, stating that General M'Dowell would advance early in the morning, and expected to engage the enemy before noon. At the same moment a Senator who had received a despatch left his seat and read it to a brother legislator, and the news it contained was speedily diffused from one seat to another, and groups formed on the

edge of the floor eagerly discussing the welcome intelligence.

The President's hammer again and again called them to order; and from out of this knot, Senator Sumner, his face lighted with pleasure, came to tell me the good news. "M'Dowell has carried Bull's Run without firing a shot. Seven regiments attacked it at the point of the bayonet, and the enemy immediately fled. General Scott only gives M'Dowell till mid-day to-morrow to be in possession of Manassas." Soon afterwards, Mr. Hay, the President's secretary, appeared on the floor to communicate a message to the Senate. I asked him if the news was true. "All I can tell you," said he, "is that the President has heard nothing at all about it, and that General Scott, from whom we have just received a communication, is equally ignorant of the reported success."

Some Senators and many Congress men have already gone to join M'Dowell's army, or to follow in its wake, in the hope of seeing the Lord deliver the Philistines into his hands. As I was leaving the Chamber with Mr. Sumner, a dust-stained, toil-worn man, caught the Senator by the arm, and said, "Senator, I am one of your constituents. I come from ——town, in Massachusetts, and here are letters from people you know, to certify who I am. My poor brother was killed yesterday, and I want to go out and get his body to send back to the old people; but they won't let me pass without an order." And so Mr. Sumner wrote a note to General Scott, and another to General Mansfield, recommending that poor Gordon Frazer should be permitted to go through the Federal lines on his labour of love; and the honest Scotchman seemed as

grateful as if he had already found his brother's body.

Every carriage, gig, waggon, and hack has been engaged by people going out to see the fight. The price is enhanced by mysterious communications respecting the horrible slaughter in the skirmishes at Bull's Run. The French cooks and hotel-keepers, by some occult process of reasoning, have arrived at the conclusion that they must treble the prices of their wines and of the hampers of provisions which the Washington people are ordering to comfort themselves at their bloody Derby. "There was not less than 18,000 men, sir, killed and destroyed. I don't care what General Scott says to the contrary, he was not there. I saw a reliable gentleman, ten minutes ago, as cum straight from the place, and he swore there was a string of waggons three miles long with the wounded. While these Yankees lie so, I should not be surprised to hear they said they did not lose 1000 men in that big fight the day before yesterday."

When the newspapers came in from New York I read flaming accounts of the ill-conducted reconnaissance against orders, which was terminated by a most dastardly and ignominious retreat, "due," say the New York papers, "to the inefficiency and cowardice of some of the officers." Far different was the behaviour of the modest chroniclers of these scenes, who, as they tell us, "stood their ground as well as any of them, in spite of the shot, shell, and rifle-balls that whizzed past them for many hours." General Tyler alone, perhaps, did more, for "he was exposed to the enemy's fire for nearly four hours;" and when we consider that this fire came from masked batteries, and

that the wind of round shot is unusually destructive (in America), we can better appreciate the danger to which he was so gallantly indifferent. It is obvious that in this first encounter the Federal troops gained no advantage; and as they were the assailants, their repulse, which cannot be kept secret from the rest of the army, will have a very damaging effect on their *morale*.

General Johnston, who has been for some days with a considerable force in an entrenched position at Winchester, in the valley of the Shenandoah, had occupied General Scott's attention, in consequence of the facility which he possessed to move into Maryland by Harper's Ferry, or to fall on the Federals by the Manassas Gap Railway, which was available by a long march from the town he occupied. General Patterson, with a Federal corps of equal strength, had accordingly been despatched to attack him, or, at all events, to prevent his leaving Winchester without an action; but the news to-night is that Patterson, who was an officer of some reputation, has allowed Johnston to evacuate Winchester, and has not pursued him; so that it is impossible to predict where the latter will appear.

Having failed utterly in my attempts to get a horse, I was obliged to negotiate with a livery-stable keeper, who had a hooded gig, or tilbury, left on his hands, to which he proposed to add a splinter-bar and pole, so as to make it available for two horses, on condition that I paid him the assessed value of the vehicle and horses, in case they were destroyed by the enemy. Of what particular value my executors might have regarded the guarantee in question, the worthy man did not inquire, nor did he stipulate for any value to be put upon the

driver; but it struck me that, if these were in any way seriously damaged, the occupants of the vehicle were not likely to escape. The driver, indeed, seemed by no means willing to undertake the job; and again and again it was proposed to me that I should drive, but I persistently refused.

On completing my bargain with the stable-keeper, in which it was arranged with Mr. Wroe that I was to start on the following morning early, and return at night before twelve o'clock, or pay a double day, I went over to the Legation, and found Lord Lyons in the garden. I went to request that he would permit Mr. Warre, one of the *attachés*, to accompany me, as he had expressed a desire to that effect. His Lordship hesitated at first, thinking perhaps that the American papers would turn the circumstance to some base uses, if they were made aware of it; but finally he consented, on the distinct assurance that I was to be back the following night, and would not, under any event, proceed onwards with General M'Dowell's army till after I had returned to Washington. On talking the matter over with Mr. Warre, I resolved that the best plan would be to start that night if possible, and proceed over the long bridge, so as to overtake the army before it advanced in the early morning.

It was a lovely moonlight night. As we walked through the street to General Scott's quarters, for the purpose of procuring a pass, there was scarcely a soul abroad; and the silence which reigned contrasted strongly with the tumult prevailing in the day-time. A light glimmered in the General's parlour; his aides were seated in the verandah outside smoking in silence, and one of them handed us the passes which he had

promised to procure; but when I told them that we intended to cross the long bridge that night, an unforeseen obstacle arose. The guards had been specially ordered to permit no person to cross between tattoo and daybreak who was not provided with the countersign; and without the express order of the General, no subordinate officer can communicate that countersign to a stranger. "Can you not ask the General?" "He is lying down asleep, and I dare not venture to disturb him."

As I had all along intended to start before daybreak, this *contretemps* promised to be very embarrassing, and I ventured to suggest that General Scott would authorise the countersign to be given when he awoke. But the *aide-de-camp* shook his head, and I began to suspect from his manner and from that of his comrades that my visit to the army was not regarded with much favour—a view which was confirmed by one of them, who, by the way, was a civilian, for in a few minutes he said, "In fact, I would not advise Warre and you to go out there at all; they are a lot of volunteers and recruits, and we can't say how they will behave. They may probably have to retreat. If I were you I would not be near them." Of the five or six officers who sat in the verandah, not one spoke confidently or with the briskness which is usual when there is a chance of a brush with an enemy.

As it was impossible to force the point, we had to retire, and I went once more to the horse dealer's, where I inspected the vehicle and the quadrupeds destined to draw it. I had spied in a stall a likely-looking Kentuckian nag, nearly black, light, but strong, and full of fire, with an undertaker's tail and something

of a mane to match, which the groom assured me I could not even look at, as it was bespoke by an officer; but after a little strategy I prevailed on the proprietor to hire it to me for the day, as well as a boy, who was to ride it after the gig till we came to Centreville. My little experience in such scenes decided me to secure a saddle horse. I knew it would be impossible to see anything of the action from a gig; that the roads would be blocked up by commissariat waggons, ammunition reserves, and that in case of anything serious taking place, I should be deprived of the chance of participating after the manner of my vocation in the engagement, and of witnessing its incidents. As it was not incumbent on my companion to approach so closely to the scene of action, he could proceed in the vehicle to the most convenient point, and then walk as far as he liked, and return when he pleased; but from the injuries I had sustained in the Indian campaign, I could not walk very far. It was finally settled that the gig, with two horses and the saddle horse ridden by a negro boy, should be at my door as soon after daybreak as we could pass the Long Bridge.

I returned to my lodgings, laid out an old pair of Indian boots, cords, a Himalayan suit, an old felt hat, a flask, revolver, and belt. It was very late when I got in, and I relied on my German landlady to procure some commissariat stores; but she declared the whole extent of her means would only furnish some slices of bread, with intercostal layers of stale ham and mouldy Bologna sausage. I was forced to be content, and got to bed after midnight, and slept, having first arranged that in case of my being very late next night a trustworthy Englishman should be sent for, who would

carry my letters from Washington to Boston in time for the mail which leaves on Wednesday. My mind had been so much occupied with the coming event that I slept uneasily, and once or twice I started up, fancying I was called. The moon shone in through the mosquito curtains of my bed, and just ere daybreak I was aroused by some noise in the adjoining room, and looking out, in a half dreamy state, imagined I saw General M'Dowell standing at the table, on which a candle was burning low, so distinctly that I woke up with the words, "General, is that you?" Nor did I convince myself it was a dream till I had walked into the room.

July 21*st*.—The calmness and silence of the streets of Washington this lovely morning suggested thoughts of the very different scenes which, in all probability, were taking place at a few miles' distance. One could fancy the hum and stir round the Federal bivouacs, as the troops woke up and were formed into column of march towards the enemy. I much regretted that I was not enabled to take the field with General M'Dowell's army, but my position was surrounded with such difficulties that I could not pursue the course open to the correspondents of the American newspapers. On my arrival in Washington I addressed an application to Mr. Cameron, Secretary at War, requesting him to sanction the issue of rations and forage from the Commissariat to myself, a servant, and a couple of horses, at the contract prices, or on whatever other terms he might think fit, and I had several interviews with Mr. Leslie, the obliging and indefatigable chief clerk of the War Department, in reference to the matter; but as there was a want of

precedents for such a course, which was not at all to be wondered at, seeing that no representative of an English newspaper had ever been sent to chronicle the progress of an American army in the field, no satisfactory result could be arrived at, though I had many fair words and promises.

A great outcry had arisen in the North against the course and policy of England, and the journal I represented was assailed on all sides as a Secession organ, favourable to the rebels and exceedingly hostile to the Federal government and the cause of the Union. Public men in America are alive to the inconveniences of attacks by their own press; and as it was quite impossible to grant to the swarms of correspondents from all parts of the Union the permission to draw supplies from the public stores, it would have afforded a handle to turn the screw upon the War Department, already roundly abused in the most influential papers, if Mr. Cameron acceded to me, not merely a foreigner, but the correspondent of a foreign journal which was considered the most powerful enemy of the policy of his government, privileges which he denied to American citizens, representing newspapers which were enthusiastically supporting the cause for which the armies of the North were now in the field.

To these gentlemen indeed, I must here remark, such privileges were of little consequence. In every camp they had friends who were willing to receive them in their quarters, and who earned a word of praise in the local papers for the gratification of either their vanity or their laudable ambition in their own neighbourhood, by the ready service which they afforded to the correspondents. They rode Government horses, had the use

of Government waggons, and through fear, favour, or affection, enjoyed facilities to which I had no access. I could not expect persons with whom I was unacquainted to be equally generous, least of all when by doing so they would have incurred popular obloquy and censure; though many officers in the army had expressed in very civil terms the pleasure it would give them to see me at their quarters in the field. Some days ago I had an interview with Mr. Cameron himself, who was profuse enough in promising that he would do all in his power to further my wishes; but he had, nevertheless, neglected sending me the authorisation for which I had applied. I could scarcely stand a baggage train and commissariat upon my own account, nor could I well participate in the system of plunder and appropriation which has marked the course of the Federal army so far, devastating and laying waste all the country behind it.

Hence, all I could do was to make a journey to see the army on the field, and to return to Washington to write my report of its first operation, knowing there would be plenty of time to overtake it before it could reach Richmond, when, as I hoped, Mr. Cameron would be prepared to accede to my request, or some plan had been devised by myself to obviate the difficulties which lay in my path. There was no *entente cordiale* exhibited towards me by the members of the American press; nor did they, any more than the generals, evince any disposition to help the alien correspondent of the *Times*, and my only connection with one of their body, the young designer, had not, indeed, inspired me with any great desire to extend my acquaintance. General M'Dowell, on giving

me the most hospitable invitation to his quarters, refrained from offering the assistance which, perhaps, it was not in his power to afford; and I confess, looking at the matter calmly, I could scarcely expect that he would, particularly as he said, half in jest, half seriously, "I declare I am not quite easy at the idea of having your eye on me, for you have seen so much of European armies, you will, very naturally, think little of us, generals and all."

CHAPTER XIV.

To the scene of action—The Confederate camp—Centreville—Action at Bull Run—Defeat of the Federals—Disorderly retreat to Centreville—My ride back to Washington.

PUNCTUAL to time, our carriage appeared at the door, with a spare horse, followed by the black quadruped on which the negro boy sat with difficulty, in consequence of its high spirits and excessively hard mouth. I swallowed a cup of tea and a morsel of bread, put the remainder of the tea into a bottle, got a flask of light Bordeaux, a bottle of water, a paper of sandwiches, and having replenished my small flask with brandy, stowed them all away in the bottom of the gig; but my friend, who is not accustomed to rise very early in the morning, did not make his appearance, and I was obliged to send several times to the legation to quicken his movements. Each time I was assured he would be over presently; but it was not till two hours had elapsed, and when I had just resolved to leave him behind, that he appeared in person, quite unprovided with *viaticum*, so that my slender store had now to meet the demands of two instead of one. We are off at last. The amicus and self find contracted space behind the driver. The negro boy, grinning half with pain and 'the balance" with pleasure, as the Americans say, held on his rampant charger, which made continual

efforts to leap into the gig, and thus through the deserted city we proceeded towards the Long Bridge, where a sentry examined our papers, and said with a grin, "You'll find plenty of Congressmen on before you." And then our driver whipped his horses through the embankment of Fort Runyon, and dashed off along a country road, much cut up with gun and cart wheels, towards the main turnpike.

The promise of a lovely day, given by the early dawn, was likely to be realised to the fullest, and the placid beauty of the scenery as we drove through the woods below Arlington, and beheld the white buildings shining in the early sunlight, and the Potomac, like a broad silver riband dividing the picture, breathed of peace. The silence close to the city was unbroken. From the time we passed the guard beyond the Long Bridge, for several miles we did not meet a human being, except a few soldiers in the neighbourhood of the deserted camps, and when we passed beyond the range of tents we drove for nearly two hours through a densely-wooded, undulating country; the houses, close to the road-side, shut up and deserted, window-high in the crops of Indian corn, fast ripening for the sickle; alternate field and forest, the latter generally still holding possession of the hollows, and, except when the road, deep and filled with loose stones, passed over the summit of the ridges, the eye caught on either side little but fir-trees and maize, and the deserted wooden houses, standing amidst the slave quarters.

The residences close to the lines gave signs and tokens that the Federals had recently visited them. But at the best of times the inhabitants could not be

very well off. Some of the farms were small, the houses tumbling to decay, with unpainted roofs and side walls, and windows where the want of glass was supplemented by panes of wood. As we got further into the country the traces of the debateable land between the two armies vanished, and negroes looked out from their quarters, or sickly-looking women and children were summoned forth by the rattle of the wheels to see who was hurrying to the war. Now and then a white man looked out, with an ugly scowl on his face, but the country seemed drained of the adult male population, and such of the inhabitants as we saw were neither as comfortably dressed nor as healthy looking as the shambling slaves who shuffled about the plantations. The road was so cut up by gun-wheels, ammunition and commissariat waggons, that our horses made but slow way against the continual draft upon the collar; but at last the driver, who had known the country in happier times, announced that we had entered the high road for Fairfax Court-house. Unfortunately my watch had gone down, but I guessed it was then a little before nine o'clock. In a few minutes afterwards I thought I heard, through the eternal clatter and jingle of the old gig, a sound which made me call the driver to stop. He pulled up, and we listened. In a minute or so, the well-known boom of a gun, followed by two or three in rapid succession, but at a considerable distance, reached my ear. "Did you hear that?" The driver heard nothing, nor did my companion, but the black boy on the led horse, with eyes starting out of his head, cried, "I hear them, massa; I hear them, sure enough, like de gun in de navy yard;" and as he spoke the thudding noise, like taps with a gentle hand upon a

muffled drum, were repeated, which were heard both by Mr. Warre and the driver. "They are at it! We shall be late! Drive on as fast as you can!" We rattled on still faster, and presently came up to a farm-house, where a man and woman, with some negroes beside them, were standing out by the hedge-row above us, looking up the road in the direction of a cloud of dust, which we could see rising above the tops of the trees. We halted for a moment. "How long have the guns been going, sir?" "Well, ever since early this morning," said he; "they've been having a fight. And I do really believe some of our poor Union chaps have had enough of it already. For here's some of them darned Secessionists marching down to go into Alexandry." The driver did not seem altogether content with this explanation of the dust in front of us, and presently, when a turn of the road brought to view a body of armed men, stretching to an interminable distance, with bayonets glittering in the sunlight through the clouds of dust, seemed inclined to halt or turn back again. A nearer approach satisfied me they were friends, and as soon as we came up with the head of the column I saw that they could not be engaged in the performance of any military duty. The men were marching without any resemblance of order, in twos and threes or larger troops. Some without arms, carrying great bundles on their backs; others with their coats hung from their firelocks; many foot sore. They were all talking, and in haste; many plodding along laughing, so I concluded that they could not belong to a defeated army, and imagined M'Dowell was effecting some flank movement. "Where are you going to, may I ask?"

"If this is the road to Alexandria, we are going there."

"There is an action going on in front, is there not?"

"Well, so we believe, but we have not been fighting."

Although they were in such good spirits, they were not communicative, and we resumed our journey, impeded by the straggling troops and by the country cars containing their baggage and chairs, and tables and domestic furniture, which had never belonged to a regiment in the field. Still they came pouring on. I ordered the driver to stop at a rivulet, where a number of men were seated in the shade, drinking the water and bathing their hands and feet. On getting out I asked an officer, "May I beg to know, sir, where your regiment is going to?" "Well, I reckon, sir, we are going home to Pennsylvania." "This is the 4th Pennsylvania Regiment, is it not, sir?" "It is so, sir; that's the fact." "I should think there is severe fighting going on behind you, judging from the firing" (for every moment the sound of the cannon had been growing more distinct and more heavy)? "Well, I reckon, sir, there is." I paused for a moment, not knowing what to say, and yet anxious for an explanation; and the epauletted gentleman, after a few seconds' awkward hesitation, added, "We are going home because, as you see, the men's time's up, sir. We have had three months of this sort of work, and that's quite enough of it." The men who were listening to the conversation expressed their assent to the noble and patriotic utterances of the centurion, and, making him a low bow, we resumed our journey.

It was fully three and a half miles before the last of the regiment passed, and then the road presented a more animated scene, for white-covered commissariat waggons were visible, wending towards the front, and

one or two hack carriages, laden with civilians, were hastening in the same direction. Before the doors of the wooden farm-houses the coloured people were assembled, listening with outstretched necks to the repeated reports of the guns. At one time, as we were descending the wooded road, a huge blue dome, agitated by some internal convulsion, appeared to bar our progress, and it was only after infinite persuasion of rein and whip that the horses approached the terrific object, which was an inflated balloon, attached to a waggon, and defying the efforts of the men in charge to jockey it safely through the trees.

It must have been about eleven o'clock when we came to the first traces of the Confederate camp, in front of Fairfax Court-house, where they had cut a few trenches and levelled the trees across the road, so as to form a rude abattis; but the works were of a most superficial character, and would scarcely have given cover either to the guns, for which embrasures were left at the flanks to sweep the road, or to the infantry intended to defend them.

The Confederate force stationed here must have consisted, to a considerable extent, of cavalry. The bowers of branches, which they had made to shelter their tents, camp tables, empty boxes, and packing-cases, in the *débris* one usually sees around an encampment, showed they had not been destitute of creature comforts.

Some time before noon the driver, urged continually by adjurations to get on, whipped his horses into Fairfax Court-house, a village which derives its name from a large brick building, in which the sessions of the county are held. Some thirty or forty houses, for the most part

detached, with gardens or small strips of land about them, form the main street. The inhabitants who remained had by no means an agreeable expression of countenance, and did not seem on very good terms with the Federal soldiers, who were lounging up and down the streets, or standing in the shade of the trees and doorways. I asked the sergeant of a picket in the street how long the firing had been going on. He replied that it had commenced at half-past seven or eight, and had been increasing ever since. "Some of them will lose their eyes and back teeth," he added, "before it is over." The driver, pulling up at a roadside inn in the town, here made the startling announcement, that both he and his horses must have something to eat, and although we would have been happy to join him, seeing that we had no breakfast, we could not afford the time, and were not displeased when a thin-faced, shrewish woman, in black, came out into the verandah, and said she could not let us have anything unless we liked to wait till the regular dinner hour of the house, which was at one o'clock. The horses got a bucket of water, which they needed in that broiling sun; and the cannonade, which by this time had increased into a respectable tumult that gave evidence of a well-sustained action, added vigour to the driver's arm, and in a mile or two more we dashed in to a village of burnt houses, the charred brick chimney stacks standing amidst the blackened embers being all that remained of what once was German Town. The firing of this village was severely censured by General M'Dowell, who probably does not appreciate the value of such agencies employed "by our glorious Union army to develope loyal sentiments among the people of Virginia."

The driver, passing through the town, drove straight on, but after some time I fancied the sound of the guns seemed dying away towards our left. A big negro came shambling along the roadside—the driver stopped and asked him, "is this the road to Centreville?" "Yes, sir; right on, sir; good road to Centreville, massa," and so we proceeded, till I became satisfied from the appearance of the road that we had altogether left the track of the army. At the first cottage we halted, and inquired of a Virginian, who came out to look at us, whether the road led to Centreville. "You're going to Centreville, are you?" "Yes, by the shortest road we can." "Well, then—you're going wrong—right away! Some people say there's a bend of road leading through the wood a mile further on, but those who have tried it lately have come back to German Town and don't think it leads to Centreville at all." This was very provoking, as the horses were much fatigued and we had driven several miles out of our way. The driver, who was an Englishman, said, "I think it would be best for us to go on and try the road anyhow. There's not likely to be any Seceshers about there, are there, sir?"

"What did you say, sir," inquired the Virginian, with a vacant stare upon his face.

"I merely asked whether you think we are likely to meet with any Secessionists if we go along that road?"

"Secessionists!" repeated the Virginian, slowly pronouncing each syllable as if pondering on the meaning of the word—"Secessionists! Oh no, *sir*; I don't believe there's such a thing as a Secessionist in the whole of this country."

The boldness of this assertion, in the very hearing of Beauregard's cannon, completely shook the faith

of our Jehu in any information from that source, and we retraced our steps to German Town, and were directed into the proper road by some negroes, who were engaged exchanging Confederate money at very low rates for Federal copper with a few straggling soldiers. The faithful Muley Moloch, who had been capering in our rear so long, now complained that he was very much burned, but on further inquiry it was ascertained he was merely suffering from the abrading of his skin against an English saddle.

In an hour more we had gained the high road to Centreville, on which were many buggies, commissariat carts, and waggons full of civilians, and a brisk canter brought us in sight of a rising ground, over which the road led directly through a few houses on each side, and dipped out of sight, the slopes of the hill being covered with men, carts, and horses, and the summit crested with spectators, with their backs turned towards us, and gazing on the valley beyond. "There's Centreville," says the driver, and on our poor panting horses were forced, passing directly through the Confederate bivouacs, commissariat parks, folds of oxen, and two German regiments, with a battery of artillery, halting on the rising-ground by the road-side. The heat was intense. Our driver complained of hunger and thirst, to which neither I nor my companion were insensible; and so pulling up on the top of the hill, I sent the boy down to the village which we had passed, to see if he could find shelter for the horses, and a morsel for our breakfastless selves.

It was a strange scene before us. From the hill a densely wooded country, dotted at intervals with green fields and cleared lands, spread five or six miles in front,

bounded by a line of blue and purple ridges, terminating abruptly in escarpments towards the left front, and swelling gradually towards the right into the lower spines of an offshoot from the Blue-Ridge Mountains. On our left the view was circumscribed by a forest which clothed the side of the ridge on which we stood, and covered its shoulder far down into the plain. A gap in the nearest chain of the hills in our front was pointed out by the bystanders as the Pass of Manassas, by which the railway from the West is carried into the plain, and still nearer at hand, before us, is the junction of that rail with the line from Alexandria, and with the railway leading southwards to Richmond. The intervening space was not a dead level; undulating lines of forest marked the course of the streams which intersected it, and gave, by their variety of colour and shading, an additional charm to the landscape which, enclosed in a framework of blue and purple hills, softened into violet in the extreme distance, presented one of the most agreeable displays of simple pastoral woodland scenery that could be conceived.

But the sounds which came upon the breeze, and the sights which met our eyes, were in terrible variance with the tranquil character of the landscape. The woods far and near echoed to the roar of cannon, and thin frayed lines of blue smoke marked the spots whence came the muttering sound of rolling musketry; the white puffs of smoke burst high above the tree-tops, and the gunners' rings from shell and howitzer marked the fire of the artillery.

Clouds of dust shifted and moved through the forest; and through the wavering mists of light blue smoke, and the thicker masses which rose commingling from the

feet of men and the mouths of cannon, I could see the gleam of arms and the twinkling of bayonets.

On the hill beside me there was a crowd of civilians on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, with a few of the fairer, if not gentler sex. A few officers and some soldiers, who had straggled from the regiments in reserve, moved about among the spectators, and pretended to explain the movements of the troops below, of which they were profoundly ignorant.

The cannonade and musketry had been exaggerated by the distance and by the rolling echoes of the hills; and sweeping the position narrowly with my glass from point to point, I failed to discover any traces of close encounter or very severe fighting. The spectators were all excited, and a lady with an opera-glass who was near me was quite beside herself when an unusually heavy discharge roused the current of her blood—"That is splendid. Oh, my! Is not that first-rate? I guess we will be in Richmond this time to-morrow." These, mingled with coarser exclamations, burst from the politicians who had come out to see the triumph of the Union arms. I was particularly irritated by constant applications for the loan of my glass. One broken-down looking soldier observing my flask, asked me for a drink, and took a startling pull, which left but little between the bottom and utter vacuity.

"Stranger, that's good stuff and no mistake. I have not had such a drink since I come South. I feel now as if I'd like to whip ten Seceshers."

From the line of the smoke it appeared to me that the action was in an oblique line from our left, extending farther outwards towards the right, bisected by a road from Centreville, which descended the hill

close at hand and ran right across the undulating plain, its course being marked by the white covers of the baggage and commissariat waggons as far as a turn of the road, where the trees closed in upon them. Beyond the right of the curling smoke clouds of dust appeared from time to time in the distance, as if bodies of cavalry were moving over a sandy plain.

Notwithstanding all the exultation and boastings of the people at Centreville, I was well convinced no advance of any importance or any great success had been achieved, because the ammunition and baggage waggons had never moved, nor had the reserves received any orders to follow in the line of the army.

The clouds of dust on the right were quite inexplicable. As we were looking, my philosophic companion asked me in perfect seriousness, "Are we really seeing a battle now? Are they supposed to be fighting where all that smoke is going on? This is rather interesting, you know."

Up came our black boy. "Not find a bit to eat, sir, in all the place." We had, however, my little paper of sandwiches, and descended the hill to a bye lane off the village, where, seated in the shade of the gig, Mr. Warre and myself, dividing our provision with the driver, wound up a very scanty, but much relished, repast with a bottle of tea and half the bottle of Bordeaux and water, the remainder being prudently reserved at my request for contingent remainders. Leaving orders for the saddle horse, which was eating his first meal, to be brought up the moment he was ready—I went with Mr. Warre to the hill once more and observed that the line had not sensibly altered whilst we were away.

An English gentleman, who came up flushed and

heated from the plain, told us that the Federals had been advancing steadily in spite of a stubborn resistance and had behaved most gallantly.

Loud cheers suddenly burst from the spectators, as a man dressed in the uniform of an officer, whom I had seen riding violently across the plain in an open space below, galloped along the front, waving his cap and shouting at the top of his voice. He was brought up by the press of people round his horse close to where I stood. "We've whipped them on all points," he cried. "We have taken all their batteries. They are retreating as fast as they can, and we are after them." Such cheers as rent the welkin! The Congress men shook hands with each other, and cried out, "Bully for us. Bravo, didn't I tell you so." The Germans uttered their martial cheers and the Irish hurrahed wildly. At this moment my horse was brought up the hill, and I mounted and turned towards the road to the front, whilst Mr. Warre and his companion proceeded straight down the hill.

By the time I reached the lane, already mentioned, which was in a few minutes, the string of commissariat waggons was moving onwards pretty briskly, and I was detained until my friends appeared at the road-side. I told Mr. Warre I was going forward to the front as fast as I could, but that I would come back, under any circumstances, about an hour before dusk, and would go straight to the spot where we had put up the gig by the road-side, in order to return to Washington. Then getting into the fields, I pressed my horse, which was quite recovered from his twenty-seven miles' ride and full of spirit and mettle, as fast as I could, making detours here and there to get through

the ox fences, and by the small streams which cut up the country. The firing did not increase but rather diminished in volume, though it now sounded close at hand.

I had ridden between three and a half and four miles, as well as I could judge, when I was obliged to turn for the third and fourth time into the road by a considerable stream, which was spanned by a bridge, towards which I was threading my way, when my attention was attracted by loud shouts in advance, and I perceived several waggons coming from the direction of the battle-field, the drivers of which were endeavouring to force their horses past the ammunition carts going in the contrary direction near the bridge; a thick cloud of dust rose behind them, and running by the side of the waggons, were a number of men in uniform whom I supposed to be the guard. My first impression was that the waggons were returning for fresh supplies of ammunition. But every moment the crowd increased, drivers and men cried out with the most vehement gestures, "Turn back! Turn back! We are whipped." They seized the heads of the horses and swore at the opposing drivers. Emerging from the crowd a breathless man in the uniform of an officer with an empty scabbard dangling by his side, was cut off by getting between my horse and a cart for a moment. "What is the matter, sir? What is all this about?" "Why it means we are pretty badly whipped, that's the truth," he gasped, and continued.

By this time the confusion had been communicating itself through the line of waggons towards the rear, and the drivers endeavoured to turn round their vehicles in the narrow road, which caused the usual amount of

imprecations from the men and plunging and kicking from the horses.

The crowd from the front continually increased, the heat, the uproar, and the dust were beyond description, and these were augmented when some cavalry soldiers, flourishing their sabres and preceded by an officer, who cried out, "Make way there—make way there for the General," attempted to force a covered waggon in which was seated a man with a bloody handkerchief round his head, through the press.

I had succeeded in getting across the bridge with great difficulty before the waggon came up, and I saw the crowd on the road was still gathering thicker and thicker. Again I asked an officer, who was on foot, with his sword under his arm, "What is all this for?" "We are whipped, sir. We are all in retreat. You are all to go back." "Can you tell me where I can find General M'Dowell?" "No! nor can any one else."

A few shells could be heard bursting not very far off, but there was nothing to account for such an extraordinary scene. A third officer, however, confirmed the report that the whole army was in retreat, and that the Federals were beaten on all points, but there was nothing in this disorder to indicate a general rout. All these things took place in a few seconds. I got up out of the road into a corn-field, through which men were hastily walking or running, their faces streaming with perspiration, and generally without arms, and worked my way for about half a mile or so, as well as I could judge, against an increasing stream of fugitives, the ground being strewed with coats, blankets, firelocks, cooking tins, caps, belts, bayonets—asking in vain where General M'Dowell was.

Again I was compelled by the condition of the fields to come into the road; and having passed a piece of wood and a regiment which seemed to be moving back in column of march in tolerably good order, I turned once more into an opening close to a white house, not far from the lane, beyond which there was a belt of forest. Two field-pieces unlimbered near the house, with panting horses in the rear, were pointed towards the front, and along the road beside them there swept a tolerably steady column of men mingled with field ambulances and light baggage carts, back to Centreville. I had just stretched out my hand to get a cigar-light from a German gunner, when the dropping shots which had been sounding through the woods in front of us, suddenly swelled into an animated fire. In a few seconds a crowd of men rushed out of the wood down towards the guns, and the artillerymen near me seized the trail of a piece, and were wheeling it round to fire, when an officer or sergeant called out, "Stop! stop! They are our own men;" and in two or three minutes the whole battalion came sweeping past the guns at the double, and in the utmost disorder. Some of the artillerymen dragged the horses out of the tumbrils; and for a moment the confusion was so great I could not understand what had taken place; but a soldier whom I stopped, said, "We are pursued by their cavalry; they have cut us all to pieces."

Murat himself would not have dared to move a squadron on such ground. However, it could not be doubted that something serious was taking place; and at that moment a shell burst in front of the house, scattering the soldiers near it, which was followed by

another that bounded along the road; and in a few minutes more out came another regiment from the wood, almost as broken as the first. The scene on the road had now assumed an aspect which has not a parallel in any description I have ever read. Infantry soldiers on mules and draught horses, with the harness clinging to their heels, as much frightened as their riders; negro servants on their masters' chargers; ambulances crowded with unwounded soldiers; waggons swarming with men who threw out the contents in the road to make room, grinding through a shouting, screaming mass of men on foot, who were literally yelling with rage at every halt, and shrieking out, "Here are the cavalry! Will you get on?" This portion of the force was evidently in discord.

There was nothing left for it but to go with the current one could not stem. I turned round my horse from the deserted guns, and endeavoured to find out what had occurred as I rode quietly back on the skirts of the crowd. I talked with those on all sides of me. Some uttered prodigious nonsense, describing batteries tier over tier, and ambuscades, and blood running knee deep. Others described how their boys had carried whole lines of entrenchments, but were beaten back for want of reinforcements. The names of many regiments were mentioned as being utterly destroyed. Cavalry and bayonet charges and masked batteries played prominent parts in all the narrations. Some of the officers seemed to feel the disgrace of defeat; but the strangest thing was the general indifference with which the event seemed to be regarded by those who collected their

senses as soon as they got out of fire, and who said they were just going as far as Centreville, and would have a big fight to-morrow.

By this time I was unwillingly approaching Centreville in the midst of heat, dust, confusions, imprecations inconceivable. On arriving at the place where a small rivulet crossed the road, the throng increased still more. The ground over which I had passed going out was now covered with arms, clothing of all kinds, accoutrements thrown off and left to be trampled in the dust under the hoofs of men and horses. The runaways ran alongside the waggons, striving to force themselves in among the occupants, who resisted tooth and nail. The drivers spurred, and whipped, and urged the horses to the utmost of their bent. I felt an inclination to laugh, which was overcome by disgust, and by that vague sense of something extraordinary taking place which is experienced when a man sees a number of people acting as if driven by some unknown terror. As I rode in the crowd, with men clinging to the stirrup-leathers, or holding on by anything they could lay hands on, so that I had some apprehension of being pulled off, I spoke to the men, and asked them over and over again not to be in such a hurry. "There's no enemy to pursue you. All the cavalry in the world could not get at you." But I might as well have talked to the stones.

For my own part, I wanted to get out of the ruck as fast as I could, for the heat and dust were very distressing, particularly to a half-starved man. Many of the fugitives were in the last stages of exhaustion, and some actually sank down by the fences, at the risk of being trampled to death. Above the roar of the flight,

which was like the rush of a great river, the guns burst forth from time to time.

The road at last became somewhat clearer; for I had got ahead of some of the ammunition train and waggons, and the others were dashing up the hill towards Centreville. The men's great-coats and blankets had been stowed in the trains; but the fugitives had apparently thrown them out on the road, to make room for themselves. Just beyond the stream I saw a heap of clothing tumble out of a large covered cart, and cried out after the driver, "Stop! stop! All the things are tumbling out of the cart." But my zeal was checked by a scoundrel putting his head out, and shouting with a curse, "If you try to stop the team, I'll blow your —— brains out." My brains advised me to adopt the principle of non-intervention.

It never occurred to me that this was a grand débâcle. All along I believed the mass of the army was not broken, and that all I saw around was the result of confusion created in a crude organisation by a forced retreat; and knowing the reserves were at Centreville and beyond, I said to myself, "Let us see how this will be when we get to the hill." I indulged in a quiet chuckle, too, at the idea of my philosophical friend and his stout companion finding themselves suddenly enveloped in the crowd of fugitives; but knew they could easily have regained their original position on the hill. Trotting along briskly through the fields, I arrived at the foot of the slope on which Centreville stands, and met a German regiment just deploying into line very well and steadily—the men in the rear companies laughing, smoking, singing, and jesting with the fugitives, who were filing past; but no thought of stopping

the waggons, as the orders repeated from mouth to mouth were that they were to fall back beyond Centreville.

The air of the men was good. The officers were cheerful, and one big German with a great pipe in his bearded mouth, with spectacles on nose, amused himself by pricking the horses with his sabre point, as he passed, to the sore discomfiture of the riders. Behind the regiment came a battery of brass field-pieces, and another regiment in column of march was following the guns. They were going to form line at the end of the slope, and no fairer position could well be offered for a defensive attitude, although it might be turned. But it was getting too late for the enemy wherever they were to attempt such an extensive operation. Several times I had been asked by officers and men, "Where do you think we will halt? Where are the rest of the army?" I always replied "Centreville," and I had heard hundreds of the fugitives say they were going to Centreville.

I rode up the road, turned into the little street which carries the road on the right-hand side to Fairfax Courthouse and the hill, and went straight to the place where I had left the buggy in a lane on the left of the road beside a small house and shed, expecting to find Mr. Warre ready for a start, as I had faithfully promised Lord Lyons he should be back that night in Washington. The buggy was not there. I pulled open the door of the shed in which the horses had been sheltered out of the sun. They were gone. "Oh," said I, to myself, "of course! What a stupid fellow I am. Warre has had the horses put in and taken the gig to the top of the hill, in order to see the last of it before

we go." And so I rode over to the ridge; but arriving there, could see no sign of our vehicle far or near. There were two carriages of some kind or other still remaining on the hill, and a few spectators, civilians and military, gazing on the scene below, which was softened in the golden rays of the declining sun. The smoke wreaths had ceased to curl over the green sheets of billowy forest as sea foam crisping in a gentle breeze breaks the lines of the ocean. But far and near yellow and dun-coloured piles of dust seamed the landscape, leaving behind them long trailing clouds of lighter vapours which were dotted now and then by white puff balls from the bursting of shell. On the right these clouds were very heavy and seemed to approach rapidly, and it occurred to me they might be caused by an advance of the much spoken-of and little seen cavalry; and remembering the cross road from German Town, it seemed a very fine and very feasible operation for the Confederates to cut right in on the line of retreat and communication, in which case the fate of the army and of Washington could not be dubious. There were now few civilians on the hill, and these were thinning away. Some were gesticulating and explaining to one another the causes of the retreat, looking very hot and red. The confusion among the last portion of the carriages and fugitives on the road, which I had outstripped, had been renewed again, and the crowd there presented a remarkable and ludicrous aspect through the glass; but there were two strong battalions in good order near the foot of the hill, a battery on the slope, another on the top, and a portion of a regiment in and about the houses of the village.

A farewell look at the scene presented no new features.

Still the clouds of dust moved onwards denser and higher; flashes of arms lighted them up at times; the fields were dotted by fugitives, among whom many mounted men were marked by their greater speed, and the little flocks of dust rising from the horses' feet.

I put up my glass, and turning from the hill, with difficulty forced my way through the crowd of vehicles which were making their way towards the main road in the direction of the lane, hoping that by some lucky accident I might find the gig in waiting for me. But I sought in vain; a sick soldier who was on a stretcher in front of the house near the corner of the lane, leaning on his elbow and looking at the stream of men and carriages, asked me if I could tell him what they were in such a hurry for, and I said they were merely getting back to their bivouacs. A man dressed in civilian's clothes grinned as I spoke. "I think they'll go farther than that," said he; and then added, "If you're looking for the waggon you came in, it's pretty well back to Washington by this time. I think I saw you down theere with a nigger and two men." "Yes." "They're all off, gone more than an hour and a-half ago, I think, and a stout man—I thought was you at first—along with them."

Nothing was left for it but to brace up the girths for a ride to the Capitol, for which, hungry and fagged as I was, I felt very little inclination. I was trotting quietly down the hill road beyond Centreville, when suddenly the guns on the other side, or from a battery very near, opened fire, and a fresh outburst of artillery sounded through the woods. In an instant the mass of vehicles and retreating soldiers, teamsters, and civilians, as if agonised by an electric shock,

quivered throughout the tortuous line. With dreadful shouts and cursings, the drivers lashed their maddened horses, and leaping from the carts, left them to their fate, and ran on foot. Artillerymen and foot soldiers, and negroes mounted on gun horses, with the chain traces and loose trappings trailing in the dust, spurred and flogged their steeds down the road or by the side paths. The firing continued and seemed to approach the hill, and at every report the agitated body of horsemen and waggons was seized, as it were, with a fresh convulsion.

Once more the dreaded cry, "The cavalry! cavalry are coming!" rang through the crowd, and looking back to Centreville I perceived coming down the hill, between me and the sky, a number of mounted men, who might at a hasty glance be taken for horsemen in the act of sabreing the fugitives. In reality they were soldiers and civilians, with, I regret to say, some officers among them, who were whipping and striking their horses with sticks or whatever else they could lay hands on. I called out to the men who were frantic with terror beside me, "They are not cavalry at all; they're your own men"—but they did not heed me. A fellow who was shouting out, "Run! run!" as loud as he could beside me, seemed to take delight in creating alarm; and as he was perfectly collected as far as I could judge, I said, "What on earth are you running for? What are you afraid of?" He was in the roadside below me, and at once turning on me, and exclaiming, "I'm not afraid of you," presented his piece and pulled the trigger so instantaneously, that had it gone off I could not have swerved from the ball. As the scoundrel deliberately drew up to examine the nipple, I judged it best

not to give him another chance, and spurred on through the crowd, where any man could have shot as many as he pleased without interruption. The only conclusion I came to was, that he was mad or drunken. When I was passing by the line of the bivouacs a battalion of men came tumbling down the bank from the field into the road, with fixed bayonets, and as some fell in the road and others tumbled on top of them, there must have been a few ingloriously wounded.

I galloped on for a short distance to head the ruck, for I could not tell whether this body of infantry intended moving back towards Centreville or were coming down the road; but the mounted men galloping furiously past me, with a cry of "Cavalry! cavalry!" on their lips, swept on faster than I did, augmenting the alarm and excitement. I came up with two officers who were riding more leisurely; and touching my hat, said, "I venture to suggest that these men should be stopped, sir. If not, they will alarm the whole of the post and pickets on to Washington. They will fly next, and the consequences will be most disastrous." One of the two, looking at me for a moment, nodded his head without saying a word, spurred his horse to full speed, and dashed on in front along the road. Following more leisurely I observed the fugitives in front were suddenly checked in their speed; and as I turned my horse into the wood by the road-side to get on so as to prevent the chance of another block-up, I passed several private vehicles, in one of which Mr. Raymond, of the *New York Times*, was seated with some friends, looking by no means happy. He says in his report to his paper, "About a mile this side of Centreville a stampedo took place

amongst the teamsters and others, which threw everything into the utmost confusion, and inflicted very serious injuries. Mr. Eaton, of Michigan, in trying to arrest the flight of some of these men, was shot by one of them, the ball taking effect in his hand." He asked me, in some anxiety, what I thought would happen. I replied, "No doubt M'Dowell will stand fast at Centreville to-night. These are mere runaways, and unless the enemy's cavalry succeed in getting through at this road, there is nothing to apprehend."

And I continued through the wood till I got a clear space in front on the road, along which a regiment of infantry was advancing towards me. They halted ere I came up, and with levelled firelocks arrested the men on horses and the carts and waggons galloping towards them, and blocked up the road to stop their progress. As I tried to edge by on the right of the column by the left of the road, a soldier presented his firelock at my head from the higher ground on which he stood, for the road had a deep trench cut on the side by which I was endeavouring to pass, and sung out, "Halt! Stop —or I fire!" The officers in front were waving their swords and shouting out, "Don't let a soul pass! Keep back! keep back!" Bowing to the officer who was near me, I said, "I beg to assure you, sir, I am not running away. I am a civilian and a British subject. I have done my best as I came along to stop this disgraceful rout. I am in no hurry; I merely want to get back to Washington to-night. I have been telling them all along there are no cavalry near us." The officer to whom I was speaking, young and somewhat excited kept repeating, "Keep back, sir! keep back! you must keep back." Again I said to him, "I

assure you I am not with this crowd; my pulse is as cool as your own." But as he paid no attention to what I said, I suddenly bethought me of General Scott's letter, and addressing another officer, said, "I am a civilian going to Washington; will you be kind enough to look at this pass, specially given to me by General Scott." The officer looked at it, and handed it to a mounted man, either adjutant or colonel, who, having examined it, returned it to me, saying, "Oh, yes! certainly. Pass that man!" And with a cry of "Pass that man!" along the line, I rode down the trench very leisurely, and got out on the road, which was now clear, though some fugitives had stolen through the woods on the flanks of the column and were in front of me.

A little further on there was a cart on the right hand side of the road, surrounded by a group of soldiers. I was trotting past when a respectable-looking man in a semi-military garb, coming out from the group, said, in a tone of much doubt and distress—"Can you tell me, sir, for God's sake, where the 69th New York are? These men tell me they are all cut to pieces." "And so they are," exclaimed one of the fellows, who had the number of the regiment on his cap.

"You hear what they say, sir?" exclaimed the man.

"I do, but I really cannot tell you where the 69th are."

"I'm in charge of these mails, and I'll deliver them if I die for it; but is it safe for me to go on? You are a gentleman, and I can depend on your word."

His assistant and himself were in the greatest perplexity of mind, but all I could say was, "I really can't tell you; I believe the army will halt at Centreville to-night, and I think you may go on there with the

greatest safety, if you can get through the crowd." "Faith, then, he can't," exclaimed one of the soldiers.

"Why not?" "Shure, arn't we cut to pieces. Didn't I hear the kurnel himsilf saying we was all of us to cut and run, every man on his own hook, as well as he could. Stop at Cinthreville, indeed!"

I bade the mail agent* good evening and rode on, but even in this short colloquy stragglers on foot and on horseback, who had turned the flanks of the regiment by side paths or through the woods, came pouring along the road once more.

Somewhere about this I was accosted by a stout, elderly man, with the air and appearance of a respectable mechanic, or small tavern-keeper, who introduced

* I have since met the person referred to, an Englishman living in Washington, and well known at the Legation and elsewhere. Mr. Dawson came to tell me that he had seen a letter in an American journal, which was copied extensively all over the Union, in which the writer stated he accompanied me on my return to Fairfax Court-house, and that the incident I related in my account of Bull Run did not occur, but that he was the individual referred to, and could swear with his assistant that every word I wrote was true. I did not need any such corroboration for the satisfaction of any who know me; and I was quite well aware that if one came from the dead to bear testimony in my favour before the American journals and public, the evidence would not countervail the slander of any characterless scribe who sought to gain a moment's notoriety by a flat contradiction of my narrative. I may add, that Dawson begged of me not to bring him before the public, "because I am now sutler to the ——th, over in Virginia, and they would dismiss me." "What! For certifying to the truth?" "You know, sir, it might do me harm." Whilst on this subject, let me remark that some time afterwards I was in Mr. Brady's photographic studio in Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, when the very intelligent and obliging manager introduced himself to me, and said that he wished to have an opportunity of repeating to me personally what he had frequently told persons in the place, that he could bear the fullest testimony to the complete accuracy of my account of the panic from Centreville down the road at the time I left, and that he and his assistants, who were on the spot trying to get away their photographic van and apparatus, could certify that my description fell far short of the disgraceful spectacle and of the excesses of the flight.

himself as having met me at Cairo. He poured out a flood of woes on me, how he had lost his friend and companion, nearly lost his seat several times, was unaccustomed to riding, was suffering much pain from the unusual position and exercise, did not know the road, feared he would never be able to get on, dreaded he might be captured and ill-treated if he was known, and such topics as a selfish man in a good deal of pain or fear is likely to indulge in. I calmed his apprehensions as well as I could, by saying, "I had no doubt M'Dowell would halt and show fight at Centreville, and be able to advance from it in a day or two to renew the fight again; that he couldn't miss the road; whisky and tallow were good for abrasions;" and as I was riding very slowly, he jogged along, for he was a burr, and would stick, with many "Oh dears! Oh! dear me!" for most part of the way joining me at intervals till I reached Fairfax Court House. A body of infantry were under arms in a grove near the Court House, on the right hand side of the road. The door and windows of the houses presented crowds of faces black and white; and men and women stood out upon the porch, who asked me as I passed, "Have you been at the fight?" "What are they all running for?" "Are the rest of them coming on?" to which I gave the same replies as before.

Arrived at the little inn where I had halted in the morning, I perceived the sharp-faced woman in black, standing in the verandah with an elderly man, a taller and younger one dressed in black, a little girl, and a woman who stood in the passage of the door. I asked if I could get anything to eat. "Not a morsel; there's not a bit left in the house, but you can get something,

perhaps, if you like to stay till supper time." "Would you oblige me by telling me where I can get some water for my horse?" "Oh, certainly," said the elder man, and calling to a negro he directed him to bring a bucket from the well or pump, into which the thirsty brute buried its head to the eyes. Whilst the horse was drinking the taller or younger man, leaning over the verandah, asked me quietly "What are all the people coming back for?—what's set them a running towards Alexandria?"

"Oh, it's only a fright the drivers of the commissariat waggons have had; they are afraid of the enemy's cavalry."

"Ah," said the man, and looking at me narrowly he inquired, after a pause, "are you an American?"

"No, I am not, thank God; I'm an Englishman."

"Well, then," said he, nodding his head and speaking slowly through his teeth, "There *will* be cavalry after them soon enough; there is 20,000 of the best horsemen in the world in old Virginny."

Having received full directions from the people at the inn for the road to the Long Bridge, which I was most anxious to reach instead of going to Alexandria or to Georgetown, I bade the Virginian good evening; and seeing that my stout friend, who had also watered his horse by my advice at the inn, was still clinging alongside, I excused myself by saying I must press on to Washington, and galloped on for a mile, until I got into the cover of a wood, where I dismounted to examine the horse's hoofs and shift the saddle for a moment, wipe the sweat off his back, and make him and myself as comfortable as could be for our ride into Washington, which was still seventeen or eighteen

miles before me. I passed groups of men, some on horseback, others on foot, going at a more leisurely rate towards the capital; and as I was smoking my last cigar by the side of the wood, I observed the number had rather increased, and that among the retreating stragglers were some men who appeared to be wounded.

The sun had set, but the rising moon was adding every moment to the lightness of the road as I mounted once more and set out at a long trot for the capital. Presently I was overtaken by a waggon with a small escort of cavalry and an officer riding in front. I had seen the same vehicle once or twice along the road, and observed an officer seated in it with his head bound up with a handkerchief, looking very pale and ghastly. The mounted officer leading the escort asked me if I was going into Washington and knew the road. I told him I had never been on it before, but thought I could find my way, "at any rate we'll find plenty to tell us." "That's Colonel Hunter inside the carriage, he's shot through the throat and jaw, and I want to get him to the doctor's in Washington as soon as I can. Have you been to the fight?"

"No, sir."

"A member of Congress, I suppose, sir?"

"No, sir; I'm an Englishman."

"Oh indeed, sir, then I'm glad you did not see it, so mean a fight, sir, I never saw; we whipped the cusses and drove them before us, and took their batteries and spiked their guns, and got right up in among all their dirt works and great batteries and forts, driving them before us like sheep, when up more of them would get, as if out of the ground, then our boys would drive

them again till we were fairly worn out; they had nothing to eat since last night and nothing to drink. I myself have not tasted a morsel since two o'clock last night. Well, there we were waiting for reinforcements and expecting M'Dowell and the rest of the army, when whish! they threw open a whole lot of masked batteries on us, and then came down such swarms of horsemen on black horses, all black as you never saw, and slashed our boys over finely. The colonel was hit, and I thought it best to get him off as well as I could, before it was too late. And, my God! when they did take to running they did it first-rate, I can tell you," and so, the officer, who had evidently taken enough to affect his empty stomach and head, chattering about the fight, we trotted on in the moonlight: dipping down into the valleys on the road, which seemed like inky lakes in the shadows of the black trees, then mounting up again along the white road, which shone like a river in the moonlight—the country silent as death, though once as we crossed a small water-course and the noise of the carriage wheels ceased, I called the attention of my companions to a distant sound, as of a great multitude of people mingled with a faint report of cannon. "Do you hear that?" "No, I don't. But it's our chaps, no doubt. They're coming along fine, I can promise you." At last some miles further on we came to a picket, or main guard, on the roadside, who ran forward, crying out "What's the news—anything fresh —are we whipped?—is it a fact?" "Well, gentlemen," exclaimed the Major, reining up for a moment, "we are knocked into a cocked hat—licked to h——l." "Oh, pray don't say that," I exclaimed, "It's not quite so bad, it's only a drawn battle, and the troops

will occupy Centreville to-night, and the posts they started from this morning."

A little further on we met a line of commissariat carts, and my excited and rather injudicious military friend appeared to take the greatest pleasure in replying to their anxious queries for news. "We are whipped! Whipped like h——."

At the cross-roads now and then we were perplexed, for no one knew the bearings of Washington, though the stars were bright enough; but good fortune favoured us and kept us straight, and at a deserted little village, with a solitary church on the road-side, I increased my pace, bade good-night and good speed to the officer, and having kept company with two men in a gig for some time, got at length on the guarded road leading towards the capital, and was stopped by the pickets, patrols, and grand rounds, making repeated demands for the last accounts from the field. The houses by the road-side were all closed up and in darkness, I knocked in vain at several for a drink of water, but was answered only by the angry barkings of the watch-dogs from the slave quarters. It was a peculiarity of the road that the people, and soldiers I met, at points several miles apart, always insisted that I was twelve miles from Washington. Up hills, down valleys, with the silent, grim woods for ever by my side, the white roads and the black shadows of men, still I was twelve miles from the Long Bridge, but suddenly I came upon a grand guard under arms, who had quite different ideas, and who said I was only about four miles from the river; they crowded round me. "Well, man, and how is the fight going?" I repeated my tale. "What does he say?" "Oh, begorra, he says we're not bet at all; it's all lies

they have been telling us; we're only going back to the ould lines for the greater convaniency of fighting to-morrow again; that's illigant, hooro!"

All by the sides of the old camps the men were standing, lining the road, and I was obliged to evade many a grasp at my bridle by shouting out "Don't stop me; I've important news; it's all well!" and still the good horse, refreshed by the cool night air, went clattering on, till from the top of the road beyond Arlington I caught a sight of the lights of Washington and the white buildings of the Capitol, and of the Executive Mansion, glittering like snow in the moonlight. At the entrance to the Long Bridge the sentry challenged, and asked for the countersign. "I have not got it, but I've a pass from General Scott." An officer advanced from the guard, and on reading the pass permitted me to go on without difficulty. He said, "I have been obliged to let a good many go over to-night before you, Congress men and others. I suppose you did not expect to be coming back so soon. I fear it's a bad business." "Oh, not so bad after all; I expected to have been back to-night before nine o'clock, and crossed over this morning without the countersign." "Well, I guess," said he, "we don't do such quick fighting as that in this country."

As I crossed the Long Bridge there was scarce a sound to dispute the possession of its echoes with my horse's hoofs. The poor beast had carried me nobly and well, and I made up my mind to buy him, as I had no doubt he would answer perfectly to carry me back in a day or two to M'Dowell's army by the time he had organised it for a new attack upon the enemy's position. Little did I conceive the greatness of the defeat, the magnitude of

the disasters which it had entailed upon the United States or the interval that would elapse before another army set out from the banks of the Potomac onward to Richmond. Had I sat down that night to write my letter, quite ignorant at the time of the great calamity which had befallen his army, in all probability I would have stated that M'Dowell had received a severe repulse, and had fallen back upon Centreville, that a disgraceful panic and confusion had attended the retreat of a portion of his army, but that the appearance of the reserves would probably prevent the enemy taking any advantage of the disorder; and as I would have merely been able to describe such incidents as fell under my own observation, and would have left the American journals to narrate the actual details, and the despatches of the American Generals the strategical events of the day, I should have led the world at home to believe, as, in fact, I believed myself, that M'Dowell's retrograde movement would be arrested at some point between Centreville and Fairfax Court House.

The letter that I was to write occupied my mind whilst I was crossing the Long Bridge, gazing at the lights reflected in the Potomac from the city. The night had become overcast, and heavy clouds rising up rapidly obscured the moon, forming a most phantastic mass of shapes in the sky.

At the Washington end of the bridge I was challenged again by the men of a whole regiment, who, with piled arms, were halted on the chaussée, smoking, laughing, and singing. "Stranger, have you been to the fight?" "I have been only a little beyond Centreville." But that was quite enough. Soldiers, civilians,

and women, who seemed to be out unusually late, crowded round the horse, and again I told my stereotyped story of the unsuccessful attempt to carry the Confederate position, and the retreat to Centreville to await better luck next time. The soldiers alongside me cheered, and those next them took it up till it ran through the whole line, and must have awoke the night owls.

As I passed Willard's hotel a little further on, a clock—I think the only public clock which strikes the hours in Washington—tolled out the hour; and I supposed, from what the sentry told me, though I did not count the strokes, that it was eleven o'clock. All the rooms in the hotel were a blaze of light. The pavement before the door was crowded, and some mounted men and the clattering of sabres on the pavement led me to infer that the escort of the wounded officer had arrived before me. I passed on to the livery-stables, where every one was alive and stirring.

"I'm sure," said the man, "I thought I'd never see you nor the horse back again. The gig and the other gentleman has been back a long time. How did he carry you?"

"Oh, pretty well; what's his price?"

"Well, now that I look at him, and to you, it will be 100 dollars less than I said. I'm in good heart to-night."

"Why so? A number of your horses and carriages have not come back yet, you tell me."

"Oh, well, I'll get paid for them some time or another. Oh, such news! such news!" said he, rubbing his hands. "Twenty thousand of them killed and wounded! May-be they're not having fits in the White House to-night!"

I walked to my lodgings, and just as I turned the key in the door a flash of light made me pause for a

moment, in expectation of the report of a gun; for I could not help thinking it quite possible that, somehow or another, the Confederate cavalry would try to beat up the lines, but no sound followed. It must have been lightning. I walked up-stairs, and saw a most welcome supper ready on the table—an enormous piece of cheese, a sausage of unknown components, a knuckle-bone of ham, and a bottle of a very light wine of France; but I would not have exchanged that repast and have waited half an hour for any banquet that Soyer or Careme could have prepared at their best. Then, having pulled off my boots, bathed my head, trimmed candles, and lighted a pipe, I sat down to write. I made some feeble sentences, but the pen went flying about the paper as if the spirits were playing tricks with it. When I screwed up my utmost resolution, the "y's" would still run into long streaks, and the letters combine most curiously, and my eyes closed, and my pen slipped, and just as I was aroused from a nap, and settled into a stern determination to hold my pen straight, I was interrupted by a messenger from Lord Lyons, to inquire whether I had returned, and if so, to ask me to go up to the Legation, and get something to eat. I explained, with my thanks, that I was quite safe, and had eaten supper, and learned from the servant that Mr. Warre and his companion had arrived about two hours previously. I resumed my seat once more, haunted by the memory of the Boston mail, which would be closed in a few hours, and I had much to tell, although I had not seen the battle. Again and again I woke up, but at last the greatest conqueror but death overcame me, and with my head on the blotted paper, I fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER XV.

A runaway crowd at Washington—The army of the Potomac in retreat —Mail-day—Want of order and authority—Newspaper lies—Alarm at Washington—Confederate prisoners—General M'Clellan —M. Mercier—Effects of the defeat on Mr. Seward and the President—M'Dowell—General Patteson.

July 22nd.—I awoke from a deep sleep this morning, about six o'clock. The rain was falling in torrents and beat with a dull, thudding sound on the leads outside my window; but, louder than all, came a strange sound, as if of the tread of men, a confused tramp and splashing, and a murmuring of voices. I got up and ran to the front room, the windows of which looked on the street, and there, to my intense surprise, I saw a steady stream of men covered with mud, soaked through with rain, who were pouring irregularly, without any semblance of order, up Pennsylvania Avenue towards the Capitol. A dense stream of vapour rose from the multitude; but looking closely at the men, I perceived they belonged to different regiments, New Yorkers, Michiganders, Rhode Islanders, Massachusetters, Minnesotians, mingled pellmell together. Many of them were without knapsacks, crossbelts, and firelocks. Some had neither great-coats nor shoes, others were covered with blankets. Hastily putting on my clothes, I ran down stairs and asked an "officer," who was

passing by, a pale young man, who looked exhausted to death, and who had lost his sword, for the empty sheath dangled at his side, where the men were coming from. "Where from? Well, sir, I guess we're all coming out of Verginny as far as we can, and pretty well whipped too." "What! the whole army, sir?" "That's more than I know. They may stay that like. I know I'm going home. I've had enough of fighting to last my lifetime."

The news seemed incredible. But there, before my eyes, were the jaded, dispirited, broken remnants of regiments passing onwards, where and for what I knew not, and it was evident enough that the mass of the grand army of the Potomac was placing that river between it and the enemy as rapidly as possible. "Is there any pursuit?" I asked of several men. Some were too surly to reply; others said, "They're coming as fast as they can after us." Others, "I guess they've stopped it now—the rain is too much for them." A few said they did not know, and looked as if they did not care. And here came one of these small crises in which a special correspondent would give a good deal for the least portion of duality in mind or body. A few sheets of blotted paper and writing materials lying on the table beside the burnt-out candles, reminded me that the imperious post-day was running on. "The mail for Europe, *vid* Boston, closes at one o'clock, Monday, July 22nd," stuck up in large characters, warned me I had not a moment to lose. I knew the event would be of the utmost interest in England, and that it would be important to tell the truth as far as I knew it, leaving the American papers to state their own case, that the public might form their own conclusions.

But then, I felt, how interesting it would be to ride out and watch the evacuation of the sacred soil of Virginia, to see what the enemy were doing, to examine the situation of affairs, to hear what the men said, and, above all, find out the cause of this retreat and headlong confusion, investigate the extent of the Federal losses and the condition of the wounded; in fact, to find materials for a dozen of letters. I would fain, too, have seen General Scott, and heard his opinions, and have visited the leading senators, to get a notion of the way in which they looked on this catastrophe.—"I do perceive here a divided duty."—But the more I reflected on the matter the more strongly I became convinced that it would not be advisable to postpone the letter, and that the events of the 21st ought to have precedence of those of the 22nd, and so I stuck up my usual notice on the door outside of "Mr. Russell is out," and resumed my letter.

Whilst the rain fell, the tramp of feet went steadily on. As I lifted my eyes now and then from the paper, I saw the beaten, foot-sore, spongy-looking soldiers, officers, and all the debris of the army filing through mud and rain, and forming in crowds in front of the spirit stores. Underneath my room is the magazine of Jost, negociant en vins, and he drives a roaring trade this morning, interrupted occasionally by loud disputes as to the score. When the lad came in with my breakfast he seemed a degree or two lighter in colour than usual. "What's the matter with you?" "I 'spects, massa, the Seceshers soon be in here. I'm a free nigger; I must go, sar, afore de come cotch me." It is rather pleasant to be neutral under such circumstances.

I speedily satisfied myself I could not finish my letter in time for post, and I therefore sent for my respectable Englishman to go direct to Boston by the train which leaves this at four o'clock to-morrow morning, so as to catch the mail steamer on Wednesday, and telegraphed to the agents there to inform them of my intention of doing so. Visitors came knocking at the door, and insisted on getting in—military friends who wanted to give me their versions of the battle—the *attachés* of legations and others who desired to hear the news and have a little gossip; but I turned a deaf ear doorwards, and they went off into the outer rain again.

More draggled, more muddy, and down-hearted, and foot-weary and vapid, the great army of the Potomac still straggled by. Towards evening I seized my hat and made off to the stable to inquire how the poor horse was. There he stood, nearly as fresh as ever, a little tucked up in the ribs, but eating heartily, and perfectly sound. A change had come over Mr. Wroe's dream of horseflesh. "They'll be going cheap now," thought he, and so he said aloud, "If you'd like to buy that horse, I'd let you have him a little under what I said. Dear! dear! it must a' been a sight sure-ly to see them Yankees running; you can scarce get through the Avenue with them."

And what Mr. W. says is quite true. The rain has abated a little, and the pavements are densely packed with men in uniform, some with, others without, arms, on whom the shopkeepers are looking with evident alarm. They seem to be in possession of all the spirit-houses. Now and then shots are heard down the street or in the distance, and

cries and shouting, as if a scuffle or a difficulty were occurring. Willard's is turned into a barrack for officers, and presents such a scene in the hall as could only be witnessed in a city occupied by a demoralised army. There is no provost guard, no patrol, no authority visible in the streets. General Scott is quite overwhelmed by the affair, and is unable to stir. General M'Dowell has not yet arrived. The Secretary of War knows not what to do, Mr. Lincoln is equally helpless, and Mr. Seward, who retains some calmness, is, notwithstanding his military rank and militia experience, without resource or expedient. There are a good many troops hanging on about the camps and forts on the other side of the river, it is said; but they are thoroughly disorganised, and will run away if the enemy comes in sight without a shot, and then the capital must fall at once. Why Beauregard does not come I know not, nor can I well guess. I have been expecting every hour since noon to hear his cannon. Here is a golden opportunity. If the Confederates do not grasp that which will never come again on such terms, it stamps them with mediocrity.

The morning papers are quite ignorant of the defeat, or affect to be unaware of it, and declare yesterday's battle to have been in favour of the Federals generally, the least arrogant stating that M'Dowell will resume his march from Centreville immediately. The evening papers, however, seem to be more sensible of the real nature of the crisis: it is scarcely within the reach of any amount of impertinence or audacious assertion to deny what is passing before their very eyes. The grand army of the Potomac is in the streets of Washington, instead of being on its

way to Richmond. One paper contains a statement which would make me uneasy about myself if I had any confidence in these stories, for it is asserted "that Mr. Russell was last seen in the thick of the fight, and has not yet returned. Fears are entertained for his safety."

Towards dark the rain moderated and the noise in the streets waxed louder; all kinds of rumours respecting the advance of the enemy, the annihilation of Federal regiments, the tremendous losses on both sides, charges of cavalry, stormings of great intrenchments and stupendous masked batteries, and elaborate reports of unparalleled feats of personal valour, were circulated under the genial influence of excitement, and by the quantities of alcohol necessary to keep out the influence of the external moisture. I did not hear one expression of confidence, or see one cheerful face in all that vast crowd which but a few days before constituted an army, and was now nothing better than a semi-armed mob. I could see no cannon returning, and to my inquiries after them, I got generally the answer, "I suppose the Seceshers have got hold of them."

Whilst I was at table several gentlemen who have *entrée* called on me, who confirmed my impressions respecting the magnitude of the disaster that is so rapidly developing its proportions. They agree in describing the army as disorganised. Washington is rendered almost untenable, in consequence of the conduct of the army, which was not only to have defended it, but to have captured the rival capital. Some of my visitors declared it was dangerous to move abroad in the streets. Many think the contest is now over; but the gentlemen of Washington have Southern sympathies, and I, on the contrary, am

persuaded this prick in the great Northern balloon will let out a quantity of poisonous gas, and rouse the people to a sense of the nature of the conflict on which they have entered. The inmates of the White House are in a state of the utmost trepidation, and Mr. Lincoln, who sat in the telegraph operator's room with General Scott and Mr. Seward, listening to the dispatches as they arrived from the scene of action, left it in despair when the fatal words tripped from the needle and the defeat was clearly revealed to him.

Having finally cleared my room of visitors and locked the door, I sat down once more to my desk, and continued my narrative. The night wore on, and the tumult still reigned in the city. Once, indeed, if not twice, my attention was aroused by sounds like distant cannon and outbursts of musketry, but on reflection I was satisfied the Confederate general would never be rash enough to attack the place by night, and that, after all the rain which had fallen, he in all probability would give horses and men a day's rest, marching them through the night, so as to appear before the city in the course of to-morrow. Again and again I was interrupted by soldiers clamouring for drink and for money, attracted by the light in my windows; one or two irrepressible and irresistible friends actually succeeded in making their way into my room—just as on the night when I was engaged in writing an account of the last attack on the Redan my hut was stormed by visitors, and much of my letter was penned under the apprehension of a sharp pair of spurs fixed in the heels of a jolly little adjutant, who, overcome by fatigue and rum-and-water, fell asleep in my chair, with his legs cocked up on my writing-table—but I saw the last of them

about mid-night, and so continued writing till the morning light began to steal through the casement. Then came the trusty messenger, and, at 3 A.M., when I had handed him the parcel and looked round to see all my things were in readiness, lest a rapid toilet might be necessary in the morning, with a sigh of relief I plunged into bed, and slept.

July 23rd.—The morning was far advanced when I awoke, and hearing the roll of waggons in the street, I at first imagined the Federals were actually about to abandon Washington itself; but on going to the window, I perceived it arose from an irregular train of commissariat carts, country waggons, ambulances, and sutlers' vans, in the centre of the street, the paths being crowded as before with soldiers, or rather with men in uniform, many of whom seemed as if they had been rolling in the mud. Poor General Mansfield was running back and forwards between his quarters and the War Department, and in the afternoon some efforts were made to restore order, by appointing rendezvous to which the fragment of regiments should repair, and by organising mounted patrols to clear the streets. In the middle of the day I went out through the streets, and walked down to the long bridge with the intention of crossing, but it was literally blocked up from end to end with a mass of waggons and ambulances full of wounded men, whose cries of pain echoed above the shouts of the drivers, so that I abandoned the attempt to get across, which, indeed, would not have been easy with any comfort, owing to the depth of mud in the roads. To-day the aspect of Washington is more unseemly and disgraceful, if that were possible, than yesterday afternoon.

As I returned towards my lodgings a scene of greater disorder and violence than usual attracted my attention. A body of Confederate prisoners, marching two and two, were with difficulty saved by their guard from the murderous assaults of a hooting rabble, composed of civilians and men dressed like soldiers, who hurled all kinds of missiles they could lay their hands upon over the heads of the guard at their victims, spattering them with mud and filthy language. It was very gratifying to see the way in which the dastardly mob dispersed at the appearance of a squad of mounted men, who charged them boldly, and escorted the prisoners to General Mansfield. They consisted of a picket or grand guard, which, unaware of the retreat of their regiment from Fairfax, marched into the Federal lines before the battle. Their just indignation was audible enough. One of them, afterwards, told General M'Dowell, who hurried over as soon as he was made aware of the disgraceful outrages to which they had been exposed, "I would have died a hundred deaths before I fell into these wretches' hands, if I had known this. Set me free for five minutes, and let any two, or four, of them insult me when my hands are loose."

Soon afterwards a report flew about that a crowd of soldiers were hanging a Secessionist. A senator rushed to General M'Dowell, and told him that he had seen the man swinging with his own eyes. Off went the General, *ventre à terre*, and was considerably relieved by finding that they were hanging merely a dummy or effigy of Jeff. Davis, not having succeeded in getting at the original yesterday.

Poor M'Dowell has been swiftly punished for his defeat, or rather for the unhappy termination to his

advance. As soon as the disaster was ascertained beyond doubt, the President telegraphed to General M'Clellan to come and take command of his army. It is a commentary full of instruction on the military system of the Americans, that they have not a soldier who has ever handled a brigade in the field fit for service in the North.

The new commander-in-chief is a brevet-major who has been in civil employ on a railway for several years. He went once, with two other West Point officers, commissioned by Mr. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary-of-War, to examine and report on the operations in the Crimea, who were judiciously despatched when the war was over, and I used to see him and his companions poking about the ruins of the deserted trenches and batteries, mounted on horses furnished by the courtesy of British officers, just as they lived in English quarters, when they were snubbed and refused an audience by the Duke of Malakhoff in the French camp. Major M'Clellan forgot the affront, did not even mention it, and showed his Christian spirit by praising the allies, and damning John Bull with very faint applause, seasoned with lofty censure. He was very young, however, at the time, and is so well spoken of that his appointment will be popular; but all that he has done to gain such reputation and to earn the confidence of the government, is to have had some skirmishes with bands of Confederates in Western Virginia, in which the leader, Garnett, was killed, his "forces" routed, and finally, to the number of a thousand, obliged to surrender as prisoners of war. That success, however, at such a time is quite enough to elevate any man to the highest command. M'Clellan is about thirty-six years

of age, was educated at West Point, where he was junior to M'Dowell, and a class-fellow of Beauregard.

I dined with M. Mercier, the French minister, who has a prettily situated house on the heights of Georgetown, about a mile and a-half from the city. Lord Lyons, Mr. Monson, his private secretary, M. Baroche, son of the French minister, who has been exploiting the Southern states, were the only additions to the family circle. The minister is a man in the prime of life, of more than moderate ability, with a rapid manner and quickness of apprehension. Ever since I first met M. Mercier he has expressed his conviction that the North never can succeed in conquering the South, or even restoring the Union, and that an attempt to do either by armed force must end in disaster. He is the more confirmed in his opinions by the result of Sunday's battle, but the inactivity of the Confederates gives rise to the belief that they suffered seriously in the affair. M. Baroche has arrived at the conviction, without reference to the fate of the Federals in their march to Richmond, that the Union is utterly gone—as dead as the Achaian league.

Whilst Madame Mercier and her friends are conversing on much more agreeable subjects, the men hold a tobacco council under the shade of the magnificent trees, and France, Russia, and minor powers talk politics, Lord Lyons alone not joining in the nicotian controversy. Beneath us flowed the Potomac, and on the wooded heights at the other side, the Federal flag rose over Fort Corcoran and Arlington House, from which the grand army had set forth a few days ago to crush rebellion and destroy its chiefs. There, sad,

anxious, and despairing, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward were at that very moment passing through the wreck of the army, which, silent as ruin itself, took no notice of their presence.

It had been rumoured that the Confederates were advancing, and the President and the Foreign Minister set out in a carriage to see with their own eyes the state of the troops. What they beheld filled them with despair. The plateau was covered with the men of different regiments, driven by the patrols out of the city, or arrested in their flight at the bridges. In Fort Corcoran the men were in utter disorder, threatening to murder the officer of regulars who was essaying to get them into some state of efficiency to meet the advancing enemy. He had menaced one of the officers of the 69th with death for flat disobedience to orders; the men had taken the part of their captain; and the President drove into the work just in time to witness the confusion. The soldiers with loud cries demanded that the officer should be punished, and the President asked him why he had used such violent language towards his subordinate. "I told him, Mr. President, that if he refused to obey my orders I would shoot him on the spot; and I here repeat it, sir, that if I remain in command here, and he or any other man refuses to obey my orders, I'll shoot him on the spot."

The firmness of Sherman's language and demeanour in presence of the chief of the State overawed the mutineers, and they proceeded to put the work in some kind of order to resist the enemy.

Mr. Seward was deeply impressed by the scene, and retired with the President to consult as to the best course to pursue, in some dejection, but they were

rather comforted by the telegrams from all parts of the North, which proved that, though disappointed and surprised, the people were not disheartened or ready to relinquish the contest.

The accounts of the battle in the principal journals are curiously inaccurate and absurd. The writers have now recovered themselves. At first they yielded to the pressure of facts and to the accounts of their correspondents. They admitted the repulse, the losses, the disastrous retreat, the loss of guns, in strange contrast to their prophecies and wondrous hyperboles about the hyperbolic grand army. Now they set themselves to stem the current they have made. Let any one read the New York journals for the last week, if he wishes to frame an indictment against such journalism as the people delight to honour in America.

July 24th.—I rode out before breakfast in company with Mr. Monson across the Long Bridge over to Arlington House. General M'Dowell was seated at a table under a tree in front of his tent, and got out his plans and maps to explain the scheme of battle.

Cast down from his high estate, placed as a subordinate to his junior, covered with obloquy and abuse, the American General displayed a calm self-possession and perfect amiability which could only proceed from a philosophic temperament and a consciousness that he would outlive the calumnies of his countrymen. He accused nobody; but it was not difficult to perceive he had been sacrificed to the vanity, self-seeking, and disobedience of some of his officers, and to radical vices in the composition of his army.

When M'Dowell found he could not turn the enemy's right as he intended, because the country by the Occo-

quan was unfit for the movements of artillery, or even infantry, he reconnoitred the ground towards their left, and formed the project of turning it by a movement which would bring the weight of his columns on their extreme left, and at the same time overlap it, whilst a strong demonstration was made on the ford at Bull's Run, where General Tyler brought on the serious skirmish of the 18th. In order to carry out this plan, he had to debouch his columns from a narrow point at Centreville, and march them round by various roads to points on the upper part of the Run, where it was fordable in all directions, intending to turn the enemy's batteries on the lower roads and bridges. But although he started them at an early hour, the troops moved so slowly the Confederates became aware of their design, and were enabled to concentrate considerable masses of troops on their left.

The Federals were not only slow, but disorderly. The regiments in advance stopped at streams to drink and fill their canteens, delaying the regiments in the rear. They wasted their provisions, so that many of them were without food at noon, when they were exhausted by the heat of the sun and by the stifling vapours of their own dense columns. When they at last came into action some divisions were not in their places, so that the line of battle was broken; and those which were in their proper position were exposed, without support, to the enemy's fire. A delusion of masked batteries pressed on their brain. To this was soon added a hallucination about cavalry, which might have been cured had the Federals possessed a few steady squadrons to manœuvre on their flanks and in the intervals of their line.

Nevertheless, they advanced and encountered the enemy's fire with some spirit; but the Confederates were enabled to move up fresh battalions, and to a certain extent to establish an equality between the numbers of their own troops and the assailants, whilst they had the advantages of better cover and ground. An apparition of a disorderly crowd of horsemen in front of the much-boasting Fire Zouaves of New York threw them into confusion and flight, and a battery which they ought to have protected was taken. Another battery was captured by the mistake of an officer, who allowed a Confederate regiment to approach the guns, thinking they were Federal troops, till their first volley destroyed both horses and gunners. At the critical moment, General Johnston, who had escaped from the feeble observation and untenacious grip of General Patterson and his time-expired volunteers, and had been hurrying down his troops from Winchester by train, threw his fresh battalions on the flank and rear of the Federal right. When the General ordered a retreat, rendered necessary by the failure of the attack —disorder spread, which increased—the retreat became a flight which degenerated—if a flight can degenerate—into a panic, the moment the Confederates pressed them with a few cavalry and horse artillery. The efforts of the Generals to restore order and confidence were futile. Fortunately a weak reserve was posted at Centreville, and these were formed in line on the slope of the hill, whilst M'Dowell and his officers exerted themselves with indifferent success to arrest the mass of the army, and make them draw up behind the reserve, telling the men a bold front was their sole chance of safety. At midnight it became evident the *morale* of the army

was destroyed, and nothing was left but a speedy retrograde movement, with the few regiments and guns which were in a condition approaching to efficiency, upon the defensive works of Washington.

Notwithstanding the reverse of fortune, M'Dowell did not appear willing to admit his estimate of the Southern troops was erroneous, or to say "Change armies, and I'll fight the battle over again." He still held Mississippians, Alabamians, Louisianians, very cheap, and did not see, or would not confess, the full extent of the calamity which had fallen so heavily on him personally. The fact of the evening's inactivity was conclusive in his mind that they had a dearly bought success, and he looked forward, though in a subordinate capacity, to a speedy and glorious revenge.

July 25th.—The unfortunate General Patterson, who could not keep Johnston from getting away from Winchester, is to be dismissed the service—honourably, of course—that is, he is to be punished because his men would insist on going home in face of the enemy, as soon as their three months were up, and that time happened to arrive just as it would be desirable to operate against the Confederates. The latter have lost their chance. The Senate, the House of Representatives, the Cabinet, the President, are all at their ease once more, and feel secure in Washington. Up to this moment the Confederates could have taken it with very little trouble. Maryland could have been roused to arms, and Baltimore would have declared for them. The triumph of the non-aggressionists, at the head of whom is Mr. Davis, in resisting the demands of the party which urges an actual invasion of the North as the best way of obtaining peace, may prove to be very

disastrous. Final material results must have justified the occupation of Washington.

I dined at the Legation, where were Mr. Sumner and some English visitors desirous of going South. Lord Lyons gives no encouragement to these adventurous persons.

July 26th.—Whether it is from curiosity to hear what I have to say or not, the number of my visitors is augmenting. Among them was a man in soldier's uniform, who sauntered into my room to borrow "five or ten dollars," on the ground that he was a waiter at the Clarendon Hotel when I was stopping there, and wanted to go North, as his time was up. His anecdotes were stupendous. General Meigs and Captain Macomb, of the United States Engineers, paid me a visit, and talked of the disaster very sensibly. The former is an able officer, and an accomplished man—the latter, son, I believe, of the American general of that name, distinguished in the war with Great Britain. I had a long conversation with General M'Dowell, who bears his supercession with admirable fortitude, and complains of nothing, except the failure of his officers to obey orders, and the hard fate which condemned him to lead an army of volunteers—Captain Wright, aide de camp to General Scott, Lieutenant Wise, of the Navy, and many others. The communications received from the Northern States have restored the spirits of all Union men, and not a few declare they are glad of the reverse, as the North will now be obliged to put forth all its strength.

CHAPTER XVI.

Attack of Illness—General M'Clellan—Reception at the White House—Drunkenness among the Volunteers—Visit from Mr. Olmsted—Georgetown—Intense Heat—M'Clellan and the Newspapers—Reception at Mr. Seward's—Alexandria—A Storm—Sudden Death of an English Officer—The Maryland Club—A Prayer and Fast Day—Financial Difficulties.

July 27th.—So ill to-day from heat, bad smells in the house, and fatigue, that I sent for Dr. Miller, a great, fine Virginian practitioner, who ordered me powders to be taken in "mint juleps." Now mint juleps are made of whiskey, sugar, ice, very little water, and sprigs of fresh mint, to be sucked up after the manner of sherry cobblers, if so it be pleased, with a straw.

"A powder every two hours, with a mint julep. Why, that's six a day, Doctor. Won't that be—eh?—won't that be rather intoxicating?"

"Well, sir, that depends on the constitution. You'll find they will do you no harm, even if the worst takes place."

Day after day, till the month was over and August had come, I passed in a state of powder and julep, which the Virginian doctor declared saved my life. The first time I stirred out the change which had taken place in the streets was at once apparent: no drunken

rabblement of armed men, no begging soldiers—instead of these were patrols in the streets, guards at the corners, and a rigid system of passes. The North begin to perceive their magnificent armies are mythical, but knowing they have the elements of making one, they are setting about the manufacture. Numbers of tapsters and serving men, and *canaille* from the cities, who now disgrace swords and shoulder-straps, are to be dismissed. Round the corner, with a kind of staff at his heels and an escort, comes Major General George B. M'Clellan, the young Napoleon (of Western Virginia), the conqueror of Garnet, the captor of Peagrim, the commander-in-chief, under the President, of the army of the United States. He is a very squarely-built, thick-throated, broad-chested man, under the middle height, with slightly bowed legs, and a tendency to *embonpoint*. His head, covered with a closely cut crop of dark auburn hair, is well set on his shoulders. His features are regular and prepossessing—the brow small, contracted, and furrowed; the eyes deep and anxious-looking. A short, thick, reddish moustache conceals his mouth; the rest of his face is clean shaven. He has made his father-in-law, Major Marcy, chief of his staff, and is a good deal influenced by his opinions, which are entitled to some weight, as Major Marcy is a soldier, and has seen frontier wars, and is a great traveller. The task of licking this army into shape is of Herculean magnitude. Every one, however, is willing to do as he bids: the President confides in him, and "Georges" him; the press fawn upon him, the people trust him; he is "the little corporal" of unfought fields—*omnis ignotus pro mirifico*, here. He looks like a stout little captain of dragoons, but for his

American seat and saddle. The latter is adapted to a man who cannot ride: if a squadron so mounted were to attempt a fence or ditch half of them would be ruptured or spilled. The seat is a marvel to any European. But M'Clellan is nevertheless "the man on horseback" just now, and the Americans must ride in his saddle, or in anything he likes.

In the evening of my first day's release from juleps the President held a reception or levée, and I went to the White House about nine o'clock, when the rooms were at their fullest. The company were arriving on foot, or crammed in hackney coaches, and did not affect any neatness of attire or evening dress. The doors were open: any one could walk in who chose. Private soldiers, in hodden grey and hob-nailed shoes, stood timorously chewing on the threshold of the state apartments, alarmed at the lights and gilding, or, haply, by the marabout feathers and finery of a few ladies who were in ball costume, till, assured by fellow-citizens there was nothing to fear, they plunged into the dreadful revelry. Faces familiar to me in the magazines of the town were visible in the crowd which filled the reception-rooms and the ball-room, in a small room off which a military band was stationed.

The President, in a suit of black, stood near the door of one of the rooms near the hall, and shook hands with every one of the crowd, who was then "passed" on by his secretary, if the President didn't wish to speak to him. Mr. Lincoln has recovered his spirits, and seemed in good humour. Mrs. Lincoln, who did the honours in another room, surrounded by a few ladies, did not appear to be quite

so contented. All the ministers are present except Mr. Seward, who has gone to his own state to ascertain the frame of mind of the people, and to judge for himself of the sentiments they entertain respecting the war. After walking up and down the hot and crowded rooms for an hour, and seeing and speaking to all the celebrities, I withdrew. Colonel Richardson in his official report states Colonel Miles lost the battle of Bull Run by being drunk and disorderly at a critical moment. Colonel Miles, who commanded a division of three brigades, writes to say he was not in any such state, and has demanded a court of inquiry. In a Philadelphia paper it is stated M'Dowell was helplessly drunk during the action, and sat up all the night before drinking, smoking, and playing cards. M'Dowell never drinks, and never has drunk, wine, spirits, malt, tea, or coffee, or smoked or used tobacco in any form, nor does he play cards; and that remark does not apply to many other Federal officers.

Drunkenness is only too common among the American volunteers, and General Butler has put it officially in orders, that "the use of intoxicating liquors prevails to an alarming extent among the officers of his command," and has ordered the seizure of their grog, which will only be allowed on medical certificate. He announces, too, that he will not use wine or spirits, or give any to his friends, or allow any in his own quarters in future—a quaint, vigorous creature, this Massachusetts lawyer.

The outcry against Patterson has not yet subsided, though he states that, out of twenty-three regiments composing his force, nineteen refused to stay an hour over their time, which would have been up in a week,

so that he would have been left in an enemy's country with four regiments. He wisely led his patriot band back, and let them disband themselves in their own borders. Verily, these are not the men to conquer the South.

Fresh volunteers are pouring in by tens of thousands to take their places from all parts of the Union, and in three days after the battle, 80,000 men were accepted. Strange people! The regiments which have returned to New York after disgraceful conduct at Bull Run, with the stigmata of cowardice impressed by their commanding officers on the colours and souls of their corps, are actually welcomed with the utmost enthusiasm, and receive popular ovations! It becomes obvious every day that M'Clellan does not intend to advance till he has got some semblance of an army: that will be a long time to come; but he can get a good deal of fighting out of them in a few months. Meantime the whole of the Northern states are waiting anxiously for the advance which is to take place at once, according to promises from New York. As Washington is the principal scene of interest, the South being tabooed to me, I have resolved to stay here till the army is fit to move, making little excursions to points of interest. The details in my diary are not very interesting, and I shall make but brief extracts.

August 2nd.—Mr. Olmsted visited me, in company with a young gentleman named Ritchie, son-in-law of James Wadsworth, who has been serving as honorary aide-de-camp on M'Dowell's staff, but is now called to higher functions. They dined at my lodgings, and we talked over Bull Run again. Mr. Ritchie did not leave Centreville till late in the evening, and slept at

Fairfax Court House, where he remained till 8.30 a.m. on the morning of July 22nd, Wadsworth not stirring for two hours later. He said the panic was "horrible, disgusting, sickening," and spoke in the harshest terms of the officers, to whom he applied a variety of epithets. Prince Napoleon has arrived.

August 3rd.—M'Clellan orders regular parades and drills in every regiment, and insists on all orders being given by bugle note. I had a long ride through the camps, and saw some improvement in the look of the men. Coming home by Georgetown, met the Prince driving with M. Mercier, to pay a visit to the President. I am sure that the politicians are not quite well pleased with this arrival, because they do not understand it, and cannot imagine a man would come so far without a purpose. The drunken soldiers now resort to quiet lanes and courts in the suburbs. Georgetown was full of them. It is a much more respectable and old-world looking place than its vulgar, empty, overgrown, mushroom neighbour, Washington. An officer who had fallen in his men to go on duty was walking down the line this evening when his eye rested on the neck of a bottle sticking out of a man's coat. "Thunder," quoth he, "James, what have you got there?" "Well, I guess, captain, it's a drop of real good Bourbon." "Then let us have a drink," said the captain; and thereupon proceeded to take a long pull and a strong pull, till the man cried out, "That is not fair, Captain. You won't leave me a drop"—a remonstrance which had a proper effect, and the captain marched down his company to the bridge.

It was extremely hot when I returned, late in the evening. I asked the boy for a glass of iced water.

"Dere is no ice, massa," he said. "No ice? What's the reason of that?" "De Sechessers, massa, block up de river, and touch off deir guns at de ice-boats." The Confederates on the right bank of the Potomac have now established a close blockade of the river. Lieutenant Wise, of the Navy Department, admitted the fact, but said that the United States gunboats would soon sweep the rebels from the shore.

August 4th.—I had no idea that the sun could be powerful in Washington; even in India the heat is not much more oppressive than it was here to-day. There is this extenuating circumstance, however, that after some hours of such very high temperature, thunder-storms and tornadoes cool the air. I received a message from General M'Clellan, that he was about to ride along the lines of the army across the river, and would be happy if I accompanied him; but as I had many letters to write for the next mail, I was unwillingly obliged to abandon the chance of seeing the army under such favourable circumstances. There are daily arrivals at Washington of military adventurers from all parts of the world, some of them with many extraordinary certificates and qualifications; but, as Mr. Seward says, "It is best to detain them with the hope of employment on the Northern side, lest some really good man should get among the rebels." Garibaldians, Hungarians, Poles, officers of Turkish and other contingents, the executory devises and remainders of European revolutions and wars, surround the State department, and infest unsuspecting politicians with illegible testimonials in unknown tongues.

August 5th. — The roads from the station are

crowded with troops, coming from the North as fast as the railway can carry them. It is evident, as the war fever spreads, that such politicians as Mr. Crittenden, who resist the extreme violence of the Republican party, will be stricken down. The Confiscation Bill, for the emancipation of slaves and the absorption of property belonging to rebels, has, indeed, been boldly resisted in the House of Representatives; but it passed with some trifling amendments. The journals are still busy with the affair of Bull Run, and each seems anxious to eclipse the other in the absurdity of its statements. A Philadelphia journal, for instance, states to-day that the real cause of the disaster was not a desire to retreat, but a mania to advance. In its own words, "the only drawback was the impetuous feeling to go a-head and fight." Because one officer is accused of drunkenness a great movement is on foot to prevent the army getting any drink at all.

General M'Clellan invited the newspaper correspondents in Washington to meet him to-day, and with their assent drew up a treaty of peace and amity, which is a curiosity in its way. In the first place, the editors are to abstain from printing anything which can give aid or comfort to the enemy, and their correspondents are to observe equal caution; in return for which complaisance, Government is to be asked to give the press opportunities for obtaining and transmitting intelligence suitable for publication, particularly touching engagements with the enemy. The Confederate privateer Sumter has forced the blockade at New Orleans, and has already been heard of destroying a number of Union vessels.

August 6th.—Prince Napoleon, anxious to visit the

battle-field at Bull Run, has, to Mr. Seward's discomfiture, applied for passes, and arrangements are being made to escort him as far as the Confederate lines. This is a recognition of the Confederates, as a belligerent power, which is by no means agreeable to the authorities. I drove down to the Senate, where the proceedings were very uninteresting, although Congress was on the eve of adjournment, and returning visited Mr. Seward, Mr. Bates, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Blair, and left cards for Mr. Brekinridge. The old woman who opened the door at the house where the latter lodged said, "Massa Brekinridge pack up all his boxes; I s'pose he not cum back here again."

August 7th.—In the evening I went to Mr. Seward's, who gave a reception in honour of Prince Napoleon. The Minister's rooms were crowded and intensely hot. Lord Lyons and most of the diplomatic circle were present. The Prince wore his Order of the Bath, and bore the onslaughts of politicians, male and female, with much good humour. The contrast between the uniforms of the officers of the United States army and navy and those of the French in the Prince's suit, by no means redounded to the credit of the military tailoring of the Americans. The Prince, to whom I was presented by Mr. Seward, asked me particularly about the roads from Alexandria to Fairfax Court-house, and from there to Centreville and Manassas. I told him I had not got quite as far as the latter place, at which he laughed. He inquired with much interest about General Beauregard, whether he spoke good French, if he seemed a man of capacity, or was the creation of an accident and of circumstances. He has been to Mount Vernon, and is struck

with the air of neglect around the place. Two of his horses dropped dead from the heat on the journey, and the Prince, who was perspiring profusely in the crowded room, asked me whether the climate was not as bad as midsummer in India. His manner was perfectly easy, but he gave no encouragement to bores, nor did he court popularity by unusual affability, and he moved off long before the guests were tired of looking at him. On returning to my rooms a German gentleman named Bing—who went out with the Federal army from Washington, was taken prisoner at Bull's Run, and carried to Richmond—came to visit me, but his account of what he saw in the dark and mysterious South was not lucid or interesting.

August 8th.—I had arranged to go with Mr. Olmsted and Mr. Ritchie to visit the hospitals, but the heat was so intolerable, we abandoned the idea till the afternoon, when we drove across the long bridge and proceeded to Alexandria. The town, which is now fully occupied by military, and is abandoned by the respectable inhabitants, has an air, owing to the absence of women and children, which tells the tale of a hostile occupation. In a large building, which had once been a school, the wounded of Bull Run were lying, not uncomfortably packed, nor unskilfully cared for, and the arrangements were, taken altogether, creditable to the skill and humanity of the surgeons. Close at hand was the church in which George Washington was wont in latter days to pray, when he drove over from Mount Vernon—further on, Marshal House, where Ellsworth was shot by the Virginian landlord, and was so speedily avenged. A strange strain of thought was suggested, by the rapid

grouping of incongruous ideas, arising out of the proximity of these scenes. As one of my friends said, "I wonder what Washington would do if he were here now—and how he would act if he were summoned from that church to Marshall House or to this hospital?" The man who uttered these words was not either of my companions, but wore the shoulder-straps of a Union officer. "Stranger still," said I, "would it be to speculate on the thoughts and actions of Napoleon in this crisis, if he were to wake up and see a Prince of his blood escorted by Federal soldiers to the spot where the troops of the Southern States had inflicted on them a signal defeat, in a land where the nephew who now sits on the throne of France has been an exile." It is not quite certain that many Americans understand who Prince Napoleon is, for one of the troopers belonging to the escort which took him out from Alexandria declared positively he had ridden with the Emperor. The excursion is swallowed, but not well-digested. In Washington the only news to-night is, that a small privateer from Charleston, mistaking the St. Lawrence for a merchant vessel, fired into her and was at once sent to Mr. Davy Jones by a rattling broadside. Congress having adjourned, there is but little to render Washington less uninteresting than it must be in its normal state.

The truculent and overbearing spirit which arises from the uncontroverted action of democratic majorities developes itself in the North, where they have taken to burning newspaper offices and destroying all the property belonging to the proprietors and editors. These actions are a strange commentary on Mr. Seward's declaration "that no volunteers are to be refused

because they do not speak English, inasmuch as the contest for the Union is a battle of the free men of the world for the institutions of self-government."

August 11th.—On the old Indian principle, I rode out this morning very early, and was rewarded by a breath of cold, fresh air, and by the sight of some very disorderly regiments just turning out to parade in the camps; but I was not particularly gratified by being mistaken for Prince Napoleon by some Irish recruits, who shouted out, "Bonaparte for ever," and gradually subsided into requests for "something to drink your Royal Highness's health with." As I returned I saw on the steps of General Mansfield's quarters, a tall, soldierly-looking young man, whose breast was covered with Crimean ribbons and medals, and I recognised him as one who had called upon me a few days before, renewing our slight acquaintance before Sebastopol, where his courage was conspicuous, to ask me for information respecting the mode of obtaining a commission in the Federal army.

Towards mid-day an ebony sheet of clouds swept over the city. I went out, regardless of the threatening storm, to avail myself of the coolness to make a few visits; but soon a violent wind arose bearing clouds like those of an Indian dust-storm down the streets. The black sheet overhead became agitated like the sea, and tossed about grey clouds, which careered against each other and burst into lightning; then suddenly, without other warning, down came the rain—a perfect tornado; sheets of water flooding the streets in a moment, turning the bed into watercourses and the channels into deep rivers. I waded up the centre of Pennsylvania Avenue, past the President's

house, in a current which would have made a respectable trout stream; and on getting opposite my own door, made a rush for the porch, but forgetting the deep channel at the side, stepped into a rivulet which was literally above my hips, and I was carried off my legs, till I succeeded in catching the kerbstone, and escaped into the hall as if I had just swum across the Potomac.

On returning from my ride next morning, I took up the Baltimore paper, and saw a paragraph announcing the death of an English officer at the station; it was the poor fellow whom I saw sitting at General Mansfield's steps yesterday. The consul was absent on a short tour rendered necessary by the failure of his health consequent on the discharge of his duties. Finding the Legation were anxious to see due care taken of the poor fellow's remains, I left for Baltimore at a quarter to three o'clock, and proceeded to inquire into the circumstances connected with his death. He had been struck down at the station by some cerebral attack, brought on by the heat and excitement; had been carried to the police station and placed upon a bench, from which he had fallen with his head downwards, and was found in that position, with life quite extinct, by a casual visitor. My astonishment may be conceived when I learned that not only had the Coroner's inquest sat and returned its verdict, but that the man had absolutely been buried the same morning, and so my mission was over, and I could only report what had occurred to Washington. Little value indeed has human life in this new world, to which the old gives vital power so lavishly, that it is regarded as almost worthless. I have seen more "fuss" made over an old woman killed by a cab in London

than there is over half a dozen deaths with suspicion of murder attached in New Orleans or New York.

I remained in Baltimore a few days, and had an opportunity of knowing the feelings of some of the leading men in the place. It may be described in one word—intense hatred of New England and black republicans, which has been increased to mania by the stringent measures of the military dictator of the American Warsaw, the searches of private houses, domiciliary visits, arbitrary arrests, the suppression of adverse journals, the overthrow of the corporate body—all the acts, in fact, which constitute the machinery and the grievances of a tyranny. When I spoke of the brutal indifference of the police to the poor officer previously mentioned, the Baltimoreans told me the constables appointed by the Federal general were scoundrels who led the Plug Uglies in former days—the worst characters in a city not sweet or savoury in repute—but that the old police were men of very different description. The Maryland Club, where I had spent some pleasant hours, was now like a secret tribunal or the haunt of conspirators. The police entered it a few days ago, searched every room, took up the flooring, and even turned up the coals in the kitchen and the wine in the cellar. Such indignities fired the blood of the members, who are, with one exception, opposed to the attempt to coerce the South by the sword. Not one of them but could tell of some outrage perpetrated on himself or on some members of his family by the police and Federal authority. Many a *delator amici* was suspected but not convicted. Men sat moodily reading the papers with knitted brows, or whispering in corners, taking each other apart, and glancing suspiciously at their fellows.

There is a peculiar stamp about the Baltimore men which distinguishes them from most Americans—a style of dress, frankness of manner, and a general appearance assimilating them closely to the upper classes of Englishmen. They are fond of sport and travel, exclusive and high-spirited, and the iron rule of the Yankee is the more intolerable because they dare not resent it, and are unable to shake it off.

I returned to Washington on 15th August. Nothing changed; skirmishes along the front; M'Clellan reviewing. The loss of General Lyon, who was killed in an action with the Confederates under Ben McCullough, at Wilson's Creek, Springfield, Missouri, in which the Unionists were with difficulty extricated by General Sigel from a very dangerous position, after the death of their leader, is severely felt. He was one of the very few officers who combined military skill and personal bravery with political sagacity and moral firmness. The President has issued his proclamation for a day of fast and prayer, which, say the Baltimoreans, is a sign that the Yankees are in a bad way, as they would never think of praying or fasting if their cause was prospering. The stories which have been so sedulously spread, and which never will be quite discredited, of the barbarity and cruelty of the Confederates to all the wounded, ought to be set at rest by the printed statement of the eleven Union surgeons just released, who have come back from Richmond, where they were sent after their capture on the field of Bull Run, with the most distinct testimony that the Confederates treated their prisoners with humanity. Who are the miscreants who tried to make the evil feeling, quite strong enough as it is,

perfectly fiendish, by asserting the rebels burned the wounded in hospitals, and bayoneted them as they lay helpless on the field?

The pecuniary difficulties of the Government have been alleviated by the bankers of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, who have agreed to lend them fifty millions of dollars, on condition that they receive the Treasury notes which Mr. Chase is about to issue. As we read the papers and hear the news, it is difficult to believe that the foundations of society are not melting away in the heat of this conflict. Thus, a Federal judge, named Garrison, who has issued his writ of habeas corpus for certain prisoners in Fort Lafayette, being quietly snuffed out by the commandant, Colonel Burke, desires to lead an army against the fort and have a little civil war of his own in New York. He applies to the commander of the county militia, who informs Garrison he can't get into the fort as there was no artillery strong enough to breach the walls, and that it would require 10,000 men to invest it, whereas only 1400 militiamen were available. What a farceur Judge Garrison must be! In addition to the gutting and burning of newspaper offices, and the exercitation of the editors on rails, the republican grand juries have taken to indicting the democratic journals, and Fremont's provost marshal in St. Louis has, *proprio motu*, suppressed those which he considers disaffected. A mutiny which broke out in the Scotch Regiment 79th N. Y. has been followed by another in the 2nd Maine Regiment, and a display of cannon and of cavalry was required to induce them to allow the ringleaders to be arrested. The President was greatly alarmed, but M'Clellan acted with some vigour, and the refractory volunteers are to

be sent off to a pleasant station called the "Dry Tortugas" to work on the fortifications.

Mr. Seward, with whom I dined and spent the evening on 16th August, has been much reassured and comforted by the demonstrations of readiness on the part of the people to continue the contest, and of confidence in the cause among the moneyed men of the great cities. "All we want is time to develope our strength. We have been blamed for not making greater use of our navy and extending it at once. It was our first duty to provide for the safety of our capital. Besides, a man will generally pay little attention to agencies he does not understand. None of us knew anything about a navy. I doubt if the President ever saw anything more formidable than a river steamboat, and I don't think Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the Navy, knew the stem from the stern of a ship. Of the whole Cabinet, I am the only member who ever was *fairly* at sea or crossed the Atlantic. Some of us never even saw it. No wonder we did not understand the necessity for creating a navy at once. Soon, however, our Government will be able to dispose of a respectable marine, and when our army is ready to move, co-operating with the fleet, the days of the rebellion are numbered."

"When will that be, Mr. Secretary?"

"Soon; very soon, I hope. We can, however, bear delays. The rebels will be ruined by it."

CHAPTER XVII.

Return to Baltimore—Colonel Carroll—A Priest's view of the Abolition of Slavery—Slavery in Maryland—Harper's Ferry—John Brown—Back by train to Washington—Further accounts of Bull Run — American Vanity—My own unpopularity for speaking the truth—Killing a "Nigger" no murder—Navy Department.

On the 17th August I returned to Baltimore on my way to Drohoregan Manor, the seat of Colonel Carroll, in Maryland, where I had been invited to spend a few days by his son-in-law, an English gentleman of my acquaintance. Leaving Baltimore at 5.40 P.M., in company with Mr. Tucker Carroll, I proceeded by train to Ellicott's Mills, a station fourteen miles on the Ohio and Baltimore railroad, from which our host's residence is distant more than an hour's drive. The country through which the line passes is picturesque and undulating, with hills and valleys and brawling streams, spreading in woodland and glade, ravine, and high uplands on either side, haunted by cotton factories, poisoning air and water; but it has been a formidable district for the engineers to get through, and the line abounds in those triumphs of engineering which are generally the ruin of shareholders.

All these lines are now in the hands of the military. At the Washington terminus there is a guard placed to see that no unauthorised person or

unwilling volunteer is going north; the line is watched by patrols and sentries; troops are encamped along its course. The factory chimneys are smokeless; half the pleasant villas which cover the hills or dot the openings in the forest have a deserted look and closed windows. And so these great works, the Carrolton viaduct, the Thomas viaduct, and the high embankments and great cuttings in the ravine by the river side, over which the line passes, have almost a depressing effect, as if the people for whose use they were intended had all become extinct. At Ellicott's Mills, which is a considerable manufacturing town, more soldiers and Union flags. The people are Unionists, but the neighbouring gentry and country people are Seceshers.

This is the case wherever there is a manufacturing population in Maryland, because the workmen are generally foreigners, or have come from the Northern States, and feel little sympathy with States rights' doctrines, and the tendencies of the landed gentry to a Conservative action on the slave question. There was no good-will in the eyes of the mechanicals as they stared at our vehicle; for the political bias of Colonel Carroll was well known, as well as the general sentiments of his family. It was dark when we reached the manor, which is approached by an avenue of fine trees. The house is old-fashioned, and has received additions from time to time. But for the black faces of the domestics, one might easily fancy he was in some old country house in Ireland. The family have adhered to their ancient faith. The founder of the Carrolls in Maryland came over with the Catholic colonists led by Lord Baltimore, or by his brother, Leonard Calvert, and the colonel possesses some interesting

deeds of grant and conveyance of the vast estates, which have been diminished by large sales year after year, but still spread over a considerable part of several counties in the State.

Colonel Carroll is an immediate descendant of one of the leaders in the revolution of 1776, and he pointed out to me the room in which Carroll, of Carrolton, and George Washington, were wont to meet when they were concocting their splendid treason. One of his connections married the late Marquis Wellesley, and the colonel takes pleasure in setting forth how the daughter of the Irish recusant, who fled from his native country all but an outlaw, sat on the throne of the Queen of Ireland, or, in other words, held court in Dublin Castle as wife of the Viceroy. Drohoregan is supposed to mean "Hall of the Kings," and is called after an old place belonging, some time or other, to the family, the early history of which, as set forth in the Celtic authorities and Irish antiquarian works, possesses great attractions for the kindly, genial old man—kindly and genial to all but the Abolitionists and black republicans; nor is he indifferent to the reputation of the State in the Revolutionary War, where the "Maryland line" seems to have differed from many of the contingents of the other States in not running away so often at critical moments in the serious actions. Colonel Carroll has sound arguments to prove the sovereign independence and right of every State in the Union, derived from family teaching and the lessons of those who founded the Constitution itself.

On the day after my arrival the rain fell in torrents. The weather is as uncertain as that of our own isle. The

torrid heats at Washington, the other day, were succeeded by bitter cold days; now there is a dense mist, chilly and cheerless, seeming as a sort of strainer for the even down pour that falls through it continuously. The family after breakfast slipped round to the little chapel which forms the extremity of one wing of the house. The coloured people on the estate were already trooping across the lawn and up the avenue from the slave quarters, decently dressed for the most part, having due allowance for the extraordinary choice of colours in their gowns, bonnets, and ribbons, and for the unhappy imitations, on the part of the men, of the attire of their masters. They walked demurely and quietly past the house, and presently the priest, dressed like a French curé, trotted up, and service began. The negro houses were of a much better and more substantial character than those one sees in the south, though not remarkable for cleanliness and good order. Truth to say, they were palaces compared to the huts of Irish labourers, such as might be found, perhaps, on the estates of the colonel's kinsmen at home. The negroes are far more independent than they are in the south. They are less civil, less obliging, and, although they do not come cringing to shake hands as the field hands on a Louisianian plantation, less servile. They inhabit a small village of brick and wood houses, across the road at the end of the avenue, and in sight of the house. The usual swarms of little children, poultry, pigs, enlivened by goats, embarrassed the steps of the visitor, and the old people, or those who were not finely dressed enough for mass, peered out at the strangers from the glassless windows.

When chapel was over, the boys and girls came up for catechism, and passed in review before the ladies of the house, with whom they were on very good terms. The priest joined us in the verandah when his labours were over, and talked with intelligence of the terrible war which has burst over the land. He has just returned from a tour in the Northern States, and it is his belief the native Americans there will not enlist, but that they will get foreigners to fight their battles. He admitted that slavery was in itself an evil, nay, more, that it was not profitable in Maryland. But what are the landed proprietors to do? The slaves have been bequeathed to them as property by their fathers, with certain obligations to be respected, and duties to be fulfilled. It is impossible to free them, because, at the moment of emancipation, nothing short of the confiscation of all the labour and property of the whites would be required to maintain the negroes, who would certainly refuse to work unless they had their masters' land as their own. Where is white labour to be found? Its introduction must be the work of years, and meantime many thousands of slaves, who have a right to protection, would canker the land.

In Maryland they do not breed slaves for the purpose of selling them as they do in Virginia, and yet Colonel Carroll and other gentlemen who regarded the slaves they inherited almost as members of their families, have been stigmatised by abolition orators as slave-breeders and slave-dealers. It was these insults which stung the gentlemen of Maryland and of the other Slave States to the quick, and made them resolve never to yield to the domination of a party which had never ceased to wage war against their institutions and their reputation and honour.

A little knot of friends and relations joined Colonel Carroll at dinner. There are few families in this part of Maryland which have not representatives in the other army across the Potomac; and if Beauregard could but make his appearance, the women alone would give him welcome such as no conqueror ever received in liberated city.

Next day the rain fell incessantly. The mail was brought in by a little negro boy on horseback, and I was warned by my letters that an immediate advance of M'Clellan's troops was probable. This is an old story. "Battle expected to-morrow" has been a heading in the papers for the last fortnight. In the afternoon I was driven over a part of the estate in a close carriage, through the windows of which, however, I caught glimpses of a beautiful country, wooded gloriously, and soft, sylvan, and well-cultivated as the best parts of Hampshire and Gloucestershire, the rolling lands of which latter county, indeed, it much resembled in its large fields, heavy with crops of tobacco and corn. The weather was too unfavourable to admit of a close inspection of the fields; but I visited one or two tobacco houses, where the fragrant Maryland was lying in masses on the ground, or hanging from the rafters, or filled the heavy hogsheads with compressed smoke.

Next day I took the train, at Ellicott's Mills, and went to Harper's Ferry. There is no one spot, in the history of this extraordinary war, which can be well more conspicuous. Had it nothing more to recommend it than the scenery, it might well command a visit from the tourist; but as the scene of old John Brown's raid upon the Federal arsenal, of that first passage of arms between the

abolitionists and the slave conservatives, which has developed this great contest; above all, as the spot where important military demonstrations have been made on both sides, and will necessarily occur hereafter, this place, which probably derives its name from some wretched old boatman, will be renowned for ever in the annals of the civil war of 1861. The Patapsco, by the bank of which the rail is carried for some miles, has all the character of a mountain torrent, rushing through gorges or carving out its way at the base of granite hills, or boldly cutting a path for itself through the softer slate. Bridges, viaducts, remarkable archways, and great spans of timber trestle work leaping from hill to hill, enable the rail to creep onwards and upwards by the mountain side to the Potomac at Point of Rocks, whence it winds its way over undulating ground, by stations with eccentric names to the river's bank once more. We were carried on to the station next to Harper's Ferry on a ledge of the precipitous mountain range which almost overhangs the stream. But few civilians were in the train. The greater number of passengers consisted of soldiers and sutlers, proceeding to their encampments along the river. A strict watch was kept over the passengers, whose passes were examined by officers at the various stations. At one place an officer who really looked like a soldier entered the train, and on seeing my pass told me in broken English that he had served in the Crimea, and was acquainted with me and many of my friends. The gentleman who accompanied me observed, "I do not know whether he was in the Crimea or not, but I do know that till very lately your friend the Major was a dancing master in New York." A person of a very

different type made his offers of service, Colonel Gordon of the 2nd Massachusetts Regiment, who caused the train to run on as far as Harper's Ferry, in order to give me a sight of the place, although in consequence of the evil habit of firing on the carriages in which the Confederates across the river have been indulging, the locomotive generally halts at some distance below the bend of the river.

Harper's Ferry lies in a gorge formed by a rush of the Potomac through the mountain ridges, which it cuts at right angles to its course at its junction with the river Shenandoah. So trenchant and abrupt is the division that little land is on the divided ridge to build upon. The precipitous hills on both sides are covered with forest, which has been cleared in patches here and there on the Maryland shore, to permit of the erection of batteries. On the Virginian side there lies a mass of blackened and ruined buildings, from which a street lined with good houses stretches up the hill. Just above the junction of the Shenandoah with the Potomac, an elevated bridge or viaduct 300 yards long leaps from hill side to hill side. The arches had been broken—the rails which ran along the top torn up, and there is now a deep gulf fixed between the shores of Maryland and Virginia. The rail to Winchester from this point has been destroyed, and the line along the Potomac has also been ruined.

But for the batteries which cover the shoal water at the junction of the two rivers below the bridge, there would be no difficulty in crossing to the Maryland shore, and from that side the whole of the ground around Harper's Ferry is completely commanded. The gorge is almost as deep as the pass of

Killiecranckie, which it resembles in most respects except in breadth and the size of the river between, and if ever a railroad finds its way to Blair Athol, the passengers will find something to look at very like the scenery on the route to Harper's Ferry. The vigilance required to guard the pass of the river above and below this point is incessant, but the Federals possess the advantage on their side of a deep canal parallel to the railway and running above the level of the river, which would be a more formidable obstacle than the Potomac to infantry or guns. There is reason to believe that the Secessionists in Maryland cross backwards and forwards whenever they please, and the Virginians coming down at their leisure to the opposite shore, inflict serious annoyance on the Federal troops by constant rifle practice.

Looking up and down the river the scenery is picturesque, though it is by no means entitled to the extraordinary praises which American tourists lavish upon it. Probably old John Brown cared little for the wild magic of streamlet or rill, or for the blended charm of vale and woodland. When he made his attack on the arsenal now in ruins, he probably thought a valley was as high as a hill, and that there was no necessity for water running downwards—assuredly he saw as little of the actual heights and depths around him when he ran across the Potomac to revolutionize Virginia. He has left behind him millions either as clear-sighted or as blind as himself. In New England parlours a statuette of John Brown may be found as a pendant to the likeness of our Saviour. In Virginia his name is the synonym of all that is base, bloody, and cruel.

Harper's Ferry at present, for all practical purposes, may be considered as Confederate property. The few Union inhabitants remain in their houses, but many of the Government workmen and most of the inhabitants have gone off South. For strategical purposes its possession would be most important to a force desiring to operate on Maryland from Virginia. The Blue Ridge range running up to the Shenandoah divides the country so as to permit a force debouching from Harper's Ferry to advance down the valley of the Shenandoah on the right, or to move to the left between the Blue Ridge and the Katoctin mountains towards the Manassas railway at its discretion. After a false alarm that some Secesh cavalry were coming down to renew the skirmishing of the day before, I returned, and travelling to Relay House just saved the train to Washington, where I arrived after sunset. A large number of Federal troops are employed along these lines, which they occupy as if they were in a hostile country. An imperfectly formed regiment broken up into these detachments and placed in isolated posts, under ignorant officers, may be regarded as almost worthless for military operations. Hence the constant night alarms—the mistakes—the skirmishes and instances of misbehaviour which arise along these extended lines.

On the journey from Harper's Ferry, the concentration of masses of troops along the road, and the march of heavy artillery trains, caused me to think a renewal of the offensive movement against Richmond was immediate, but at Washington I heard that all M'Clellan wanted or hoped for at present, was to make Maryland safe and to gain time for the formation of his army.

The Confederates appear to be moving towards their left, and M'Clellan is very uneasy lest they should make a vigorous attack before he is prepared to receive them.

In the evening the New York papers came in with the extracts from the London papers containing my account of the battle of Bull's Run. Utterly forgetting their own versions of the engagement, the New York editors now find it convenient to divert attention from the bitter truth that was in them, to the letter of the foreign newspaper correspondent, who, because he is a British subject, will prove not only useful as a conductor to carry off the popular wrath from the American journalists themselves, but as a means by induction of charging the vials afresh against the British people, inasmuch as they have not condoled with the North on the defeat of armies which they were assured would, if successful, be immediately led to effect the disruption of the British empire. At the outset I had foreseen this would be the case, and deliberately accepted the issue; but when I found the Northern journals far exceeding in severity anything I could have said, and indulging in general invective against whole classes of American soldiery, officers, and statesmen, I was foolish enough to expect a little justice, not to say a word of the smallest generosity.

August 21*st*.—The echoes of Bull Run are coming back with a vengeance. This day month the miserable fragments of a beaten, washed out, demoralised army, were flooding in disorder and dismay the streets of the capital from which they had issued forth to repel the tide of invasion. This day month and all the editors and journalists in the States, weeping, wailing, and

gnashing their teeth, infused extra gall into their ink, and poured out invective, abuse, and obloquy on their defeated general and their broken hosts. The President and his ministers, stunned by the tremendous calamity, sat listening in fear and trembling for the sound of the enemy's cannon. The veteran soldier, on whom the boasted hopes of the nation rested, heart-sick and beaten down, had neither counsel to give nor action to offer. At any moment the Confederate columns might be expected in Pennsylvania Avenue to receive the welcome of their friends and the submission of their helpless and disheartened enemies.

All this is forgotten—and much more, which need not now be repeated. Saved from a great peril, even the bitterness of death, they forget the danger that has passed, deny that they uttered cries of distress and appeals for help, and swagger in all the insolence of recovered strength. Not only that, but they turn and rend those whose writing has been dug up after thirty days, and comes back as a rebuke to their pride.

Conscious that they have insulted and irritated their own army, that they have earned the bitter hostility of men in power, and have for once inflicted a wound on the vanity to which they have given such offensive dimensions, if not life itself, they now seek to run a drag scent between the public nose and their own unpopularity, and to create such an amount of indignation and to cast so much odium upon one who has had greater facilities to know, and is more willing to tell the truth, than any of their organs, that he will be unable henceforth to perform his duties in a country where unpopularity means simply a political and moral atrophy or death. In the telegraphic summary some

days ago a few phrases were picked out of my letters, which were but very faint paraphrases of some of the sentences which might be culled from Northern newspapers, but the storm has been gathering ever since, and I am no doubt to experience the truth of De Tocqueville's remark, "that a stranger who injures American vanity, no matter how justly, may make up his mind to be a martyr."

August 22nd.—

> "The little dogs and all,
> Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart,
> See they bark at me."

The North have recovered their wind, and their pipers are blowing with might and main. The time given them to breathe after Bull Run has certainly been accompanied with a greater development of lung and power of blowing than could have been expected. The volunteer army which dispersed and returned home to receive the *Io Pæans* of the North, has been replaced by better and more numerous levies, which have the strong finger and thumb of General M'Clellan on their windpipe, and find it is not quite so easy as it was to do as they pleased. The North, besides, has received supplies of money, and is using its great resources, by land and sea, to some purpose, and as they wax fat they kick.

A general officer said to me, "Of course you will never remain, when once all the press are down upon you. I would not take a million dollars and be in your place." "But is what I've written untrue?" "God bless you! do you know in this country if you can get enough of people to start a lie about any man, he would be ruined, if the Evan-

gelists came forward to swear the story was false. There are thousands of people who this moment believe that M'Dowell, who never tasted anything stronger than a water melon in all his life, was helplessly drunk at Bull's Run. Mind what I say; they'll run you into a mud hole as sure as you live." I was not much impressed with the danger of my position further than that I knew there would be a certain amount of risk from the rowdyism and vanity of what even the Americans admit to be the lower orders, for which I had been prepared from the moment I had despatched my letter; but I confess I was not by any means disposed to think that the leaders of public opinion would seek the small gratification of revenge, and the petty popularity of pandering to the passions of the mob, by creating a popular cry against me. I am not aware that any foreigner ever visited the United States who was injudicious enough to write one single word derogatory to their claims to be the first of created beings, who was not assailed with the most viperous malignity and rancour. The man who says he has detected a single spot on the face of their sun should prepare his winding sheet.

The *New York Times*, I find, states "that the terrible epistle has been read with quite as much avidity as an average President's message. We scarcely exaggerate the fact when we say, the first and foremost thought on the minds of a very large portion of our people after the repulse at Bull's Run was, what will Russell say?" and then they repeat some of the absurd sayings attributed to me, who declared openly from the very first that I had not seen the battle at all, to the effect "that I had never seen such fighting in all my life,

and that nothing at Alma or Inkerman was equal to it." An analysis of the letter follows, in which it is admitted that "with perfect candour I purported to give an account of what I saw, and not of the action which I did not see," and the writer, who is, if I mistake not, the Hon. Mr. Raymond, of the *New York Times*, like myself a witness of the facts I describe, quotes a passage in which I say, "There was no flight of troops, no retreat of an army, no reason for all this precipitation," and then declares "that my letter gives a very spirited and perfectly just description of the panic which impelled and accompanied the troops from Centreville to Washington. He does not, for he cannot, in the least exaggerate its horrible disorder, or the disgraceful behaviour of the incompetent officers by whom it was aided, instead of being checked. He saw nothing whatever of the fighting, and therefore says nothing whatever of its quality. He gives a clear, fair, perfectly just and accurate, as it is a spirited and graphic account of the extraordinary scenes which passed under his observation. Discreditable as those scenes were to our army, we have nothing in connection with them whereof to accuse the reporter; he has done justice alike to himself, his subject, and the country."

Ne nobis blandiar, I may add, that at least I desired to do so, and I can prove from Northern papers that if their accounts were true, I certainly much "extenuated and nought set down in malice"—nevertheless, Philip drunk is very different from Philip sober, frightened, and running away, and the man who attempts to justify his version to the inebriated polycephalous monarch is sure to meet such treatment as inebriated despots generally award to their censors.

August 23rd.—The torrent is swollen to-day by anonymous letters threatening me with bowie knife and revolver, or simply abusive, frantic with hate, and full of obscure warnings. Some bear the Washington post-mark, others came from New York, the greater number—for I have had nine—are from Philadelphia. Perhaps they may come from the members of that "gallant" 4th Pennsylvania Regiment.

August 24th.—My servant came in this morning, to announce a trifling accident—he was exercising my horse, and at the corner of one of those charming street crossings, the animal fell and broke its leg. A "vet" was sent for. I was sure that such a portent had never been born in those Daunian woods. A man about twenty-seven or twenty-eight stone weight, middle-aged and active, with a fine professional feeling for distressed horse-flesh; and I was right in my conjectures that he was a Briton, though the vet had become Americanised, and was full of enthusiasm about "our war for the Union," which was yielding him a fine harvest. He complained there were a good many bad characters about Washington. The matter is proved beyond doubt by what we see, hear, and read. To-day there is an account in the papers of a brute shooting a negro boy dead, because he asked him for a chew of tobacco. Will he be hanged? Not the smallest chance of it. The idea of hanging a white man for killing a nigger! It is more preposterous here than it is in India, where our authorities have actually executed whites for the murder of natives.

Before dinner I walked down to the Washington navy yard. Captain Dahlgren was sorely perplexed with an intoxicated Senator, whose name it is not neces-

sary to mention, and who seemed to think he paid me a great compliment by expressing his repeated desire "to have a good look at" me. "I guess you're quite notorious now. You'll excuse me because I've dined, now—and so you are the Mr. &c., &c., &c." The Senator informed me that he was "none of your d——d blackfaced republicans. He didn't care a d—— about niggers—his business was to do good to his fellow white men, to hold our glorious Union together, and let the niggers take care of themselves."

I was glad when a diversion was effected by the arrival of Mr. Fox, Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. Blair, Postmaster-General, to consult with the Captain, who is greatly looked up to by all the members of the Cabinet—in fact he is rather inconvenienced by the perpetual visits of the President, who is animated by a most extraordinary curiosity about naval matters and machinery, and is attracted by the novelty of the whole department, so that he is continually running down "to have a talk with Dahlgren" when he is not engaged in "a chat with George." The Senator opened such a smart fire on the Minister that the latter retired, and I mounted and rode back to town. In the evening Major Clarence Brown, Lieutenant Wise, a lively, pleasant, and amusing little sailor, well-known in the States as the author of "Los Gringos," who is now employed in the Navy Department, and a few of the gentlemen connected with the Foreign Legations came in, and we had a great international reunion and discussion till a late hour. There is a good deal of agreeable banter reserved for myself, as to the exact form of death which I am most likely to meet. I was seriously advised by a friend not

to stir out unarmed. The great use of a revolver is that it will prevent the indignity of tarring and feathering, now pretty rife, by provoking greater violence. I also received a letter from London, advising me to apply to Lord Lyons for protection, but that could only be extended to me within the walls of the Legation.

August 25th.—I visited the Navy Department, which is a small red-brick building two storeys high, very plain and even humble. The subordinate departments are conducted in rooms below stairs. The executive are lodged in the rooms which line both sides of the corridor above. The walls of the passage are lined with paintings in oil and water colours, engravings and paintings in the worst style of art. To the latter considerable interest attaches, as they are authentic likenesses of naval officers who gained celebrity in the wars with Great Britain—men like Perry, M'Donough, Decatur, and Hull, who, as the Americans boast, was "the first man who compelled a British frigate of greater force than his own to strike her colours in fair fight." Paul Jones was not to be seen, but a drawing is proudly pointed to of the attack of the American fleet on Algiers as a proof of hatred to piracy, and of the prominent part taken by the young States in putting an end to it in Europe. In one room are several swords, surrendered by English officers in the single frigate engagements, and the duplicates of medals, in gold and silver, voted by Congress to the victors. In Lieutenant Wise's room, there are models of the projectiles, and a series of shot and shell used in the navy, or deposited by inventors. Among other relics was the flag of Captain Ward's boat just brought in which was completely riddled by the bullet marks

received in the ambuscade in which that officer was killed, with nearly all of his boat's crew, as they incautiously approached the shore of the Potomac, to take off a small craft placed there to decoy them by the Confederates. My business was to pave the way for a passage on board a steamer, in case of any naval expedition starting before the army was ready to move, but all difficulties were at once removed by the promptitude and courtesy of Mr. Fox, the Assistant-Secretary, who promised to give me an order for a passage whenever I required it. The extreme civility and readiness to oblige of all American officials, high and low, from the gate-keepers and door porters up to the heads of departments, cannot be too highly praised, and it is ungenerous to accept the explanation offered by an English officer to whom I remarked the circumstance, that it is due to the fact that each man is liable to be turned out at the end of four years, and therefore makes all the friends he can.

In the afternoon I rode out with Captain Johnson, through some charming woodland scenery on the outskirts of Washington, by a brawling stream, in a shady little ravine, that put me in mind of the Dargle. Our ride led us into the camps, formed on the west of Georgetown, to cover the city from the attacks of an enemy advancing along the left bank of the Potomac, and in support of several strong forts and earthworks placed on the heights. One regiment consists altogether of Frenchmen—another is of Germans—in a third I saw an officer with a Crimean and Indian medal on his breast, and several privates with similar decorations. Some of the regiments were on parade, and crowds of civilians from Washington were enjoying the novel

scene, and partaking of the hospitality of their friends. One old lady, whom I have always seen about the camps, and who is a sort of ancient heroine of Saragossa, had an opportunity of being useful. The 15th Massachusetts, a fine-looking body of men, had broken up camp, and were marching off to the sound of their own voices chanting "Old John Brown," when one of the enormous trains of baggage waggons attached to them was carried off by the frightened mules, which probably had belonged to Virginian farmers, and one of the soldiers, in trying to stop it, was dashed to the ground and severely injured. The old lady was by his side in a moment, and out came her flask of strong waters, bandages, and medical comforts and apparatus. "It's well I'm here for this poor Union soldier; I'm sure I always have something to do in these camps." On my return late, there was a letter on my table requesting me to visit General M'Clellan, but it was then too far advanced to avail myself of the invitation, which was only delivered after I left my lodgings.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A tour of inspection round the camp—A troublesome horse—M'Dowell and the President—My description of Bull's Run endorsed by American officers—Influence of the Press—Newspaper correspondents—Dr. Bray—My letters—Capt. Meagher—Military adventurers—Probable duration of the war—Lord A. Vane Tempest—The American journalist—Threats of assassination.

August 26th.—General Van Vliet called from General M'Clellan to say that the Commander-in-Chief would be happy to go round the camps with me when he next made an inspection, and would send round an orderly and charger in time to get ready before he started. These little excursions are not the most agreeable affairs in the world; for M'Clellan delights in working down staff and escort, dashing from the Chain Bridge to Alexandria, and visiting all the posts, riding as hard as he can, and not returning till past midnight, so that if one has a regard for his cuticle, or his mail days, he will not rashly venture on such excursions. To-day he is to inspect M'Dowell's division.

I set out accordingly with Captain Johnson over the Long Bridge, which is now very strictly guarded. On exhibiting my pass to the sentry at the entrance, he called across to the sergeant and spoke to him aside, showing him the pass at the same time. "Are you Russell, of the London *Times*?" said the sergeant. I replied, "If you look at the pass, you will see who I

am." He turned it over, examined it most narrowly, and at last, with an expression of infinite dissatisfaction and anger upon his face, handed it back, saying to the sentry, "I suppose you must let him go."

Meantime Captain Johnson was witching the world with feats of noble horsemanship, for I had lent him my celebrated horse Walker, so called because no earthly equestrian can induce him to do anything but trot violently, gallop at full speed, or stand on his hind legs. Captain Johnson laid the whole fault of the animal's conduct to my mismanagement, affirming that all it required was a light hand and gentleness, and so, as he could display both, I promised to let him have a trial to-day. Walker on starting, however, insisted on having a dance to himself, which my friend attributed to the excitement produced by the presence of the other horse, and I rode quietly along whilst the captain proceeded to establish an acquaintance with his steed in some quiet bye-street. As I was crossing the Long Bridge, the forbidden clatter of a horse's hoofs on the planks caused me to look round, and on, in a cloud of dust, through the midst of shouting sentries, came my friend of the gentle hand and unruffled temper, with his hat thumped down on the back of his head, his eyes gleaming, his teeth clenched, his fine features slightly flushed, to say the least of it, sawing violently at Walker's head, and exclaiming, "You brute, I'll teach you to walk," till he brought up by the barrier midway on the bridge. The guard, *en masse*, called the captain's attention to the order, "all horses to walk over the bridge." "Why, that's what I want him to do. I'll give any man among you one hundred dollars who can make him

walk along this bridge or anywhere else." The redoubtable steed, being permitted to proceed upon its way, dashed swiftly through the *tête de pont*, or stood on his hind legs when imperatively arrested by a barrier or *abattis*, and on these occasions my excellent friend, as he displayed his pass in one hand and restrained Bucephalus with the other, reminded me of nothing so much as the statue of Peter the Great, in the square on the banks of the Neva, or the noble equestrian monument of General Jackson, which decorates the city of Washington. The troops of M'Dowell's division were already drawn up on a rugged plain, close to the river's margin, in happier days the scene of the city races. A pestilential odour rose from the slaughter-houses close at hand, but regardless of odour or marsh, Walker continued his violent exercise, evidently under the idea that he was assisting at a retreat of the grand army as before.

Presently General M'Dowell and one of his aides cantered over, and whilst waiting for General M'Clellan, he talked of the fierce outburst directed against me in the press. "I must confess," he said laughingly, "I am much rejoiced to find you are as much abused as I have been. I hope you mind it as little as I did. Bull's Run was an unfortunate affair for both of us, for had I won it, you would have had to describe the pursuit of the flying enemy, and then you would have been the most popular writer in America, and I would have been lauded as the greatest of generals. See what measure has been meted to us now. I'm accused of drunkenness and gambling, and you Mr. Russell—well!—I really do hope you are not so black as you are painted." Presently a cloud of dust on the road

announced the arrival of the President, who came upon the ground in an open carriage, with Mr. Seward by his side, accompanied by General M'Clellan and his staff in undress uniform, and an escort of the very dirtiest and most unsoldierly dragoons, with filthy accoutrements and ungroomed horses, I ever saw. The troops dressed into line and presented arms, whilst the band struck up the "Star-spangled Banner," as the Americans have got no air which corresponds with our National Anthem, or is in any way complimentary to the quadrennial despot who fills the President's chair.

General M'Dowell seems on most excellent terms with the present Commander-in-Chief, as he is with the President. Immediately after Bull's Run, when the President first saw M'Dowell, he said to him, "I have not lost a particle of confidence in you," to which the General replied, "I don't see why you should, Mr. President." But there was a curious commentary, either on the sincerity of Mr. Lincoln, or in his utter subserviency to mob opinion, in the fact that he who can overrule Congress and act pretty much as he pleases in time of war, had, without opportunity for explanation or demand for it, at once displaced the man in whom he stlll retained the fullest confidence, degraded him to command of a division of the army of which he had been General-in-Chief, and placed a junior officer over his head.

After some ordinary movements, the march past took place, which satisfied me that the new levies were very superior to the three months' men, though far, indeed, from being soldiers. Finer material could not be found in physique. With the exception of an assemblage

of miserable scarecrows in rags and tatters, swept up in New York and commanded by a Mr. Kerrigan, no division of the ordinary line, in any army, could show a greater number of tall, robust men in the prime of life. A soldier standing near me, pointing out Kerrigan's corps, said, "The boy who commands that pretty lot recruited them first for the Seceshes in New York, but finding he could not get them away he handed them over to Uncle Sam." The men were silent as they marched past, and did not cheer for President or Union.

I returned from the field to Arlington House, having been invited with my friend to share the general's camp dinner. On our way along the road, I asked Major Brown why he rode over to us before the review commenced. "Well," said he, "my attention was called to you by one of our staff saying 'there are two Englishmen,' and the general sent me over to invite them, and followed when he saw who it was." "But how could you tell we were English?" "I don't know," said he, "there were other civilians about, but there was something about the look of you two which marked you immediately as John Bull."

At the general's tent we found General Sherman, General Keyes, Wadsworth, and some others. Dinner was spread on a table covered by the flap of the tent, and consisted of good plain fare, and a dessert of prodigious water-melons. I was exceedingly gratified to hear every officer present declare in the presence of the general who had commanded the army, and who himself said no words could exaggerate the disorder of the route, that my narrative of Bull's Run was not only true but moderate.

General Sherman, whom I met for the first time, said, "Mr. Russell, I can indorse every word that you wrote; your statements about the battle, which you say you did not witness, are equally correct. All the stories about charging batteries and attacks with the bayonet are simply falsehoods, so far as my command is concerned, though some of the troops did fight well. As to cavalry charges, I wish we had had a few cavalry to have tried one; those Black Horse fellows seemed as if their horses ran away with them." General Keyes said, "I don't think you made it half bad enough. I could not get the men to stand after they had received the first severe check. The enemy swept the open with a tremendous musketry fire. Some of our men and portions of regiments behaved admirably—we drove them easily at first; the cavalry did very little indeed; but when they did come on I could not get the infantry to stand, and after a harmless volley they broke." These officers were brigadiers of Tyler's division.

The conversation turned upon the influence of the press in America, and I observed that every soldier at table spoke with the utmost dislike and antipathy of the New York journals, to which they gave a metropolitan position, although each man had some favourite paper of his own which he excepted from the charge made against the whole body. The principal accusations made against the press were that the conductors are not gentlemen, that they are calumnious and corrupt, regardless of truth, honour, anything but circulation and advertisements. "It is the first time we have had a chance of dealing with these fellows, and we shall not lose it."

I returned to Washington at dusk over the aqueduct

bridge. A gentleman, who introduced himself to me as correspondent of one of the cheap London papers, sent out specially on account of his great experience to write from the States, under the auspices of the leaders of the advanced liberal party, came to ask if I had seen an article in the *Chicago Tribune*, purporting to be written by a gentleman who says he was in my company during the retreat, contradicting what I report. I was advised by several officers—whose opinion I took—that it would be derogatory to me if I noticed the writer. I read it over carefully, and must say I am surprised—if anything could surprise me in American journalism—at the impudence and mendacity of the man. Having first stated that he rode along with me from point to point at a certain portion of the road, he states that he did not hear or see certain things which I say that I saw and heard, or deliberately falsifies what passed, for the sake of a little ephemeral applause, quotations in the papers, increased importance to himself, and some more abuse of the English correspondent.

This statement made me recall the circumstance alluded to more particularly. I remembered well the flurried, plethoric, elderly man, mounted on a broken-down horse, who rode up to me in great trepidation, with sweat streaming over his face, and asked me if I was going into Washington. "You may not recollect me, sir; I was introduced to you at Cay-roe, in the hall of the hotel. I'm Dr. Bray, of the *Chicago Tribune*." I certainly did not remember him, but I did recollect that a dispatch from Cairo appeared in the paper, announcing my arrival from the South, and stating I complained on landing that my letters had

been opened in the States, which was quite untrue and which I felt called on to deny, and supposing Dr. Bray to be the author I was not at all inclined to cement our acquaintance, and continued my course with a bow.

But the Doctor whipped his steed up alongside mine, and went on to tell me that he was in the most terrible bodily pain and mental anxiety. The first on account of desuetude of equestrian exercise; the other on account of the defeat of the Federals and the probable pursuit of the Confederates. "Oh! it's dreadful to think of! They know me well, and would show me no mercy. Every step the horse takes I'm in agony. I'll never get to Washington. Could you stay with me, sir? as you know the road." I was moved to internal chuckling, at any rate, by the very prostrate condition —for he bent well over the saddle—of poor Dr. Bray, and so I said to him, "Don't be uneasy, sir. There is no fear of your being taken. The army is not defeated, in spite of what you see; for there will be always runaways and skulkers when a retreat is ordered. I have not the least doubt M'Dowell will stand fast at Centreville, and rally his troops to-night on the reserve, so as to be in a good position to resist the enemy to-morrow. I'll have to push on to Washington, as I must write my letters, and I fear they will stop me on the bridge without the countersign, particularly if these runaways should outstrip us. As to your skin, pour a little whiskey on some melted tallow and rub it well in, and you'll be all right to-morrow or next day as far as that is concerned."

I actually, out of compassion to his sufferings—for he uttered cries now and then as though Lucina were in request—reined up, and walked my horse, though most

anxious to get out of the dust and confusion of the runaways, and comforted him about a friend whom he missed, and for whose fate he was as uneasy as the concern he felt for his own woes permitted him to be; suggested various modes to him of easing the jolt and of quickening the pace of his steed, and at last really bored excessively by an uninteresting and self-absorbed companion, who was besides detaining me needlessly on the road, I turned on some pretence into a wood by the side and continued my way as well as I could, till I got off the track, and being guided to the road by the dust and shouting, I came out on it somewhere near Fairfax Court, and there, to my surprise, dropped on the Doctor, who, animated by some agency more powerful than the pangs of an abraded cuticle and taking advantage of the road, had got thus far a-head. We entered the place together, halted at the same inn to water our horses, and then seeing that it was getting on towards dusk and that the wave of the retreat was rolling onward in increased volume, I pushed on and saw no more of him. Ungrateful Bray! Perfidious Bray! Some day, when I have time, I must tell the people of Chicago how Bray got into Washington, and how he left his horse and what he did with it, and how Bray behaved on the road. I dare say they who know him can guess.

The most significant article I have seen for some time as a test of the taste, tone, and temper of the New York public, judging by their most widely read journal, is contained in it to-night. It appears that a gentleman named Muir, who is described as a relative of Mr. Mure the consul at New Orleans, was seized on the point of starting for Europe, and that among his

papers, many of which were of a "disloyal character," which is not astonishing seeing that he came from Charlestown, was a letter written by a foreign resident in that city, in which he stated he had seen a letter from me to Mr. Bunch describing the flight at Bull's Run, and adding that Lord Lyons remarked, when he heard of it, he would ask Mr. Seward whether he would not now admit the Confederates were a belligerent power, whereupon Maudit calls on Mr. Seward to demand explanations from Lord Lyons and to turn me out of the country, because in my letter to the "Times" I made the remark that the United States would probably now admit the South were a belligerent power.

Such an original observation could never have occurred to two people—genius concerting with genius could alone have hammered it out. But Maudit is not satisfied with the humiliation of Lord Lyons and the expulsion of myself—he absolutely insists upon a miracle, and his moral vision being as perverted as his physical, he declares that I must have sent to the British Consul at Charleston a duplicate copy of the letter which I furnished with so much labour and difficulty just in time to catch the mail by special messenger from Boston. 'These be thy Gods, O Israel!'

My attention was also directed to a letter from certain officers of the disbanded 69th Regiment, who had permitted their Colonel to be dragged away a prisoner from the field of Bull's Run. Without having read my letter, these gentlemen assumed that I had stigmatised Captain T. F. Meagher as one who had misconducted himself during the battle, whereas all I had said on the evidence of eye-witnesses was "that in the rout he appeared at Centreville running across country and

uttering exclamations in the hearing of my informant, which indicated that he at least was perfectly satisfied that the Confederates had established their claims to be considered a belligerent power." These officers state that Captain Meagher behaved extremely well up to a certain point in the engagement when they lost sight of him, and from which period they could say nothing about him. It was subsequent to that very time he appeared at Centreville, and long before my letter returned to America giving credit to Captain Meagher for natural gallantry in the field. I remarked that he would no doubt feel as much pained as any of his friends, at the ridicule cast upon him by the statement that he, the Captain of a company, "Went into action mounted on a magnificent charger and waving a green silk flag embroidered with a golden harp in the face of the enemy."

A young man wearing the Indian war medal with two clasps, who said his name was Mac Ivor Hilstock, came in to inquire after some unknown friend of his. He told me he had been in Tomb's troop of Artillery during the Indian mutiny, and had afterwards served with the French volunteers during the siege of Caprera. The news of the Civil War has produced such an immigration of military adventurers from Europe that the streets of Washington are quite filled with medals and ribands. The regular officers of the American Army regard them with considerable dislike, the greater inasmuch as Mr. Seward and the politicians encourage them. In alluding to the circumstance to General M'Dowell, who came in to see me at a late dinner, I said, "A great many Garibaldians are in Washington just now." "Oh," said he in his quiet way, "it

will be quite enough for a man to prove that he once saw Garibaldi to satisfy us in Washington that he is quite fit for the command of a regiment. I have recommended a man because he sailed in the ship which Garibaldi came in over here, and I'm sure it will be attended to."

August 27th.—Fever and ague, which Gen. M'Dowell attributes to water-melons, of which he, however, had eaten three times as much as I had. Swallowed many grains of quinine, and lay panting in the heat in-doors. Two English visitors, Mr. Lamy and a Captain of the 17th, called on me; and, afterwards, I had a conversation with M. Mercier and M. Stoeckl on the aspect of affairs. They are inclined to look forward to a more speedy solution than I think the North is weak enough to accept. I believe that peace is possible in two years or so, but only by the concession to the South of a qualified independence. The naval operations of the Federals will test the Southern mettle to the utmost. Having a sincere regard and liking for many of the Southerners whom I have met, I cannot say their cause, or its origin, or its aim, recommends itself to my sympathies; and yet I am accused of aiding it by every means in my power, because I do not re-echo the arrogant and empty boasting and insolent outbursts of the people in the North, who threaten, as the first-fruits of their success, to invade the territories subject to the British crown, and to outrage and humiliate our flag.

It is melancholy enough to see this great republic tumbling to pieces; one would regret it all the more but for the fact that it re-echoed the voices of the obscene and filthy creatures which have been driven

before the lash of the lictor from all the cities of Europe. Assuredly it was a great work, but all its greatness and the idea of its life was of man, not of God. The principle of veneration, of obedience, of subordination, and self-control did not exist within. Washington-worship could not save it. The elements of destruction lay equally sized, smooth, and black at its foundations, and a spark suffices to blow the structure into the air.

August 28th.—Raining. Sundry officers turned in, to inquire of me, who was quietly in bed at Washington, concerning certain skirmishes reported to have taken place last night. Sold one horse and bought another; that is, I paid ready money in the latter transaction, and in the former, received an order from an officer on the paymaster of his regiment, on a certain day not yet arrived.

To-day, Lord A. V. Tempest is added to the number of English arrivals; he amused me by narrating his reception at Willard's on the night of his arrival. When he came in with the usual ruck of passengers, he took his turn at the book, and wrote down Lord Adolphus Vane Tempest, with possibly M.P. after it. The clerk, who was busily engaged in showing that he was perfectly indifferent to the claims of the crowd who were waiting at the counter for their rooms, when the book was finished, commenced looking over the names of the various persons, such as Leonidas Buggs, Rome, N. Y.; Doctor Onesiphorous Bowells, D.D., Syracuse; Olynthus Craggs, Palmyra, Mo.; Washington Whilkes, Indianopolis, writing down the numbers of the rooms, and handing over the keys to the waiters at the same time. When he came to the name

of the English nobleman, he said, "Vane Tempest, No. 125." "But stop," cried Lord Adolphus. "Lycurgus Siccles," continued the clerk, "No. 23." "I insist upon it, sir,"—broke in Lord Adolphus,—"you really must hear me. I protest against being put in 125. I can't go up so high." "Why," said the clerk, with infinite contempt, "I can put you at twice as high—I'll give you No. 250 if I like." This was rather too much, and Lord Adolphus put his things into a cab, and drove about Washington until he got to earth in the two-pair back of a dentist's, for which no doubt, *tout vu*, he paid as much as for an apartment at the Hotel Bristol.

A gathering of American officers and others, amongst whom was Mr. Olmsted, enabled him to form some idea of the young men's society of Washington, which is a strange mixture of politics and fighting, gossip, gaiety, and a certain apprehension of a wrath to come for their dear republic. Here is Olmsted prepared to lay down his life for free speech over a united republic, in one part of which his freedom of speech would lead to irretrievable confusion and ruin; whilst Wise, on the other hand, seeks only to establish a union which shall have a large fleet, be powerful at sea, and be able to smash up abolitionists, newspaper people, and political agitators at home.

August 29th.—It is hard to bear such a fate as befalls an unpopular man in the United States, because in no other country, as De Tocqueville † remarks, is the press so powerful when it is unanimous. And yet he says, too, "The journalist of the United States is usually placed in a very humble position,

† P. 200, Spencer's American edition, New York, 1858.

with a scanty education and a vulgar turn of mind. His characteristics consist of an open and coarse appeal to the passions of the populace, and he habitually abandons the principles of political science to assail the characters of individuals, to track them into private life, and disclose all their weaknesses and errors. The individuals who are already in possession of a high station in the esteem of their fellow-citizens are afraid to write in the newspapers, and they are thus deprived of the most powerful instrument which they can use to excite the passions of the multitude to their advantage. The personal opinions of the editors have no kind of weight in the eyes of the public. The only use of a journal is, that it imparts the knowledge of certain facts ; and it is only by altering and distorting those facts that a journalist can contribute to the support of his own views." When the whole of the press, without any exception in so far as I am aware, sets deliberately to work, in order to calumniate, vilify, insult, and abuse a man who is at once a stranger, a rival, and an Englishman, he may expect but one result, according to De Tocqueville.

The teeming anonymous letters I receive are filled with threats of assassination, tarring, feathering, and the like; and one of the most conspicuous of literary sbirri is in perfect rapture at the notion of a new "sensation" heading, for which he is working as hard as he can. I have no intention to add to the number of his castigations.

In the afternoon I drove to the waste grounds beyond the Capitol, in company with Mr. Olmsted and Captain Haworth, to see the 18th Massachusetts Regiment, who had just marched in, and were pitching their tents very

probably for the first time. They arrived from their state with camp equipments, waggons, horses, harness, commissariat stores complete, and were clad in the blue uniform of the United States; for the volunteer fancies in greys and greens are dying out. The men were uncommonly stout young fellows, with an odd, slouching, lounging air about some of them, however, which I could not quite understand till I heard one sing out, "Hallo, sergeant, where am I to sling my hammock in this tent?" Many of them, in fact, are fishermen and sailors from Cape Cod, New Haven, and similar maritime places.

CHAPTER XIX.

Personal unpopularity—American naval officers—A gun levelled at me in fun—Increase of odium against me—Success of the Hatteras expedition—General Scott and M'Clellan—M'Clellan on his camp-bed—General Scott's pass refused—Prospect of an attack on Washington—Skirmishing—Anonymous letters—General Halleck—General M'Clellan and the Sabbath—Rumoured death of Jefferson Davis—Spread of my unpopularity—An offer for my horse—Dinner at the Legation—Discussion on Slavery.

August 31*st*.—A month during which I have been exposed to more calumny, falsehood, not to speak of danger, than I ever passed through, has been brought to a close. I have all the pains and penalties attached to the *digito monstrari et dicier hic est*, in the most hostile sense. On going into Willard's the other day, I said to the clerk behind the bar, "Why I heard, Mr. So-and-so, you were gone?" "Well, sir, I'm not. If I was, you would have lost the last man who is ready to say a word for you in this house, I can tell you." Scowling faces on every side—women turning up their pretty little noses—people turning round in the streets, or stopping to stare in front of me—the proprietors of the shops where I am known pointing me out to others; the words uttered, in various tones, "So, that's Bull-Run Russell!"—for, oddly enough, the Americans seem to think that a disgrace to their arms becomes diminished by fixing the name of the scene as a

sobriquet on one who described it—these, with caricatures, endless falsehoods, rumours of duels, and the like, form some of the little *désagrémens* of one who was so unfortunate as to assist at the retreat, the first he had ever seen, of an army which it would in all respects have suited him much better to have seen victorious.

I dined with Lieutenant Wise, and met Captain Dahlgren, Captain Davis, U.S.N., Captain Foote, U.N.S., and Colonel Fletcher Webster*, son of the great American statesman, now commanding a regiment of volunteers. The latter has a fine head and face; a full, deep eye; is quaint and dry in his conversation, and a poet, I should think, in heart and soul, if outward and visible signs may be relied on. The naval captains were excellent specimens of the accomplished and able men who belong to the United States Navy. Foote, who is designated to the command of the flotilla which is to clear the Mississippi downwards, will, I am certain, do good service—a calm, energetic, skilful officer. Dahlgren, who, like all men with a system, very properly watches everything which bears upon it, took occasion to call for Captain Foote's testimony to the fact, that he battered down a six-foot granite wall in China with Dahlgren shells. It will run hard against the Confederates when they get such men at work on the rivers and coasts, for they seem to understand their business thoroughly, and all they are not quite sure of is the readiness of the land forces to co-operate with their expeditionary movements. Incidentally I learned from the conversation—and it is a curious illustration of the power of the President—that it was he who ordered the attack on Charleston harbour, or, to speak

* Since killed in action.

with more accuracy, the movement of the armed squadron to relieve Sumter by force, if necessary; and that he came to the conclusion it was feasible principally from reading the account of the attack on Kinburn by the allied fleets. There was certainly an immense disproportion between the relative means of attack and defence in the two cases; but, at all events, the action of the Confederates prevented the attempt.

September 1st.—Took a ride early this morning over the Long Bridge. As I was passing out of the earthwork called a fort on the hill, a dirty German soldier called out from the parapet, "Pull-Run Russell! you shall never write Pulls' Runs again," and at the same time cocked his piece, and levelled it at me. I immediately rode round into the fort, the fellow still presenting his firelock, and asked him what he meant, at the same time calling for the sergeant of the guard, who came at once, and, at my request, arrested the man, who recovered arms, and said, "It was a choake —I vant to freeken Pull-Run Russell." However, as his rifle was capped and loaded, and on full cock, with his finger on the trigger, I did not quite see the fun of it, and I accordingly had the man marched to the tent of the officer, who promised to investigate the case, and make a formal report of it to the brigadier, on my return to lay the circumstances before him. On reflection I resolved that it was best to let the matter drop; the joke might spread, and it was quite unpleasant enough as it was to bear the insolent looks and scowling faces of the guards at the posts, to whom I was obliged to exhibit my pass whenever I went out to ride.

On my return I heard of the complete success of

the Hatteras expedition, which shelled out and destroyed some sand batteries guarding the entrance to the great inland sea and navigation called Pamlico Sound, in North Carolina, furnishing access to coasters for many miles into the Confederate States, and most useful to them in forwarding supplies and keeping up communications throughout. The force was commanded by General Butler, who has come to Washington with the news, and has already made his speech to the mob outside Willard's. I called down to see him, but he had gone over to call on the President. The people were jubilant, and one might have supposed Hatteras was the key to Richmond or Charleston, from the way they spoke of this unparalleled exploit.

There is a little French gentleman here against whom the fates bear heavily. I have given him employment as an amanuensis and secretary for some time back, and he tells me many things concerning the talk in the city which I do not hear myself, from which it would seem that there is an increase of ill feeling towards me every day, and that I am a convenient channel for concentrating all the abuse and hatred so long cherished against England. I was a little tickled by an account he gave me of a distinguished lady, who sent for him to give French lessons, in order that she might become equal to her high position in mastering the difficulties of the courtly tongue. I may mention the fact, as it was radiated by the press through all the land, that Mrs. M. N., having once on a time "been proficient in the language, has forgotten it in the lapse of years, but has resolved to renew her studies, that she may better discharge the duties of her elevated station." The master went to the house and stated his terms to a

lady whom he saw there; but as she marchandéd a good deal over small matters of cents, he never supposed he was dealing with the great lady, and therefore made a small reduction in his terms, which encouraged the enemy to renew the assault till he stood firmly on three shillings a lesson, at which point the lady left him, with the intimation that she would consider the matter and let him know. And now, the licentiate tells me, it has become known he is my private secretary, he is not considered eligible to do *avoir* and *etre* for the satisfaction of the good lady, who really is far better than her friends describe her to be.

September 2nd.—It would seem as if the North were perfectly destitute of common sense. Here they are as rampant because they have succeeded with an overwhelming fleet in shelling out the defenders of some poor unfinished earthworks, on a spit of sand on the coast of North Carolina, as if they had already crushed the Southern rebellion. They affect to consider this achievement a counterpoise to Bull Run.

Surely the press cannot represent the feelings of the staid and thinking masses of the Northern States! The success is unquestionably useful to the Federalists, but it no more adds to their chances of crushing the Confederacy, than shooting off the end of an elephant's tail contributes to the hunter's capture of the animal.

An officious little person, who was buzzing about here as correspondent of a London newspaper, made himself agreeable by coming with a caricature of my humble self at the battle of Bull Run, in a laborious and most unsuccessful imitation of *Punch*, in which I am represented with rather a flattering face and figure, seated before a huge telescope, surrounded by bottles of

London stout, and looking at the fight. This is supposed to be very humorous and amusing, and my good-natured friend was rather astonished when I cut it out and inserted it carefully in a scrap-book, opposite a sketch from fancy of the New York Fire Zouaves charging a battery and routing a regiment of cavalry, which appeared last week in a much more imaginative and amusing periodical, which aspires to describe with pen and pencil the actual current events of the war.

Going out for my usual ride to-day, I saw General Scott, between two aides-de-camp, slowly pacing homewards from the War Office. He is still Commander-in-Chief of the army, and affects to direct movements and to control the disposition of the troops, but a power greater than his increases steadily at General M'Clellan's head-quarters. For my own part I confess that General M'Clellan does not appear to me a man of action, or, at least, a man who intends to act as speedily as the crisis demands. He should be out with his army across the Potomac, living among his generals, studying the composition of his army, investigating its defects, and, above all, showing himself to the men as soon afterwards as possible, if he cannot be with them at the time, in the small affairs which constantly occur along the front, and never permitting them to receive a blow without taking care that they give at least two in return. General Scott, *jam fracta membra labore,* would do all the work of departments and superintendence admirably well; but, as Montesquieu taught long ago, faction and intrigue are the cancers which peculiarly eat into the body politic of republics, and M'Clellan fears, no doubt, that his absence from the capital, even though he went but across the river, would animate his enemies to undermine and supplant him.

I have heard several people say lately, "I wish old Scott would go away," by which they mean that they would be happy to strike him down when his back was turned, but feared his personal influence with the President and his Cabinet. Two months ago and his was the most honoured name in the States: one was sickened by the constant repetition of elaborate plans, in which the General was represented playing the part of an Indian juggler, and holding an enormous boa constrictor of a Federal army in his hands, which he was preparing to let go as soon as he had coiled it completely round the frightened Secessionist rabbit; "now none so poor to do him reverence." Hard is the fate of those who serve republics. The officers who met the old man in the street to-day passed him by without a salute or mark of recognition, although he wore his uniform coat, with yellow lapels and yellow sash; and one of a group which came out of a *restaurant* close to the General's house, exclaimed, almost in his hearing, "Old fuss-and-feathers don't look first-rate to-day."

In the evening I went with a Scotch gentleman, who was formerly acquainted with General M'Clellan when he was superintendent of the Central Illinois Railway, to his head-quarters, which are in the house of Captain Wilkes at the corner of President Square, near Mr. Seward's, and not far from the spot where General Sickles shot down the unhappy man who had temporarily disturbed the peace of his domestic relations. The parlours were full of officers smoking, reading the papers, and writing, and after a short conversation with General Marcy, Chief of the Staff, Van Vliet, aide-de-camp of the Commander-in-Chief, led the way up-stairs to the top of the house, where we

found General M'Clellan, just returned from a long ride, and seated in his shirt sleeves on the side of his camp-bed. He looked better than I have yet seen him, for his dress showed to advantage the powerful, compact formation of his figure, massive throat, well-set head, and muscular energy of his frame. Nothing could be more agreeable or easy than his manner. In his clear, dark-blue eye was no trace of uneasiness or hidden purpose; but his mouth, covered by a short, thick moustache, rarely joins in the smile that overspreads his face when he is animated by telling or hearing some matter of interest. Telegraph wires ran all about the house, and as we sat round the General's table, despatches were repeatedly brought in from the Generals in the front. Sometimes M'Clellan laid down his cigar and went off to study a large map of the position, which was fixed to the wall close to the head of his bed; but more frequently the contents of the despatches caused him to smile or to utter some exclamation, which gave one an idea that he did not attach much importance to the news, and had not great faith in the reports received from his subordinate officers, who are always under the impression that the enemy are coming on in force.

It is plain the General has got no high opinion of volunteer officers and soldiers. In addition to unsteadiness in action, which arises from want of confidence in the officers as much as from any other cause, the men labour under the great defect of exceeding rashness, a contempt for the most ordinary precautions, and a liability to unaccountable alarms and credulousness of false report; but, admitting all these circumstances, M'Clellan has a soldier's faith in *gros bataillons*

and sees no doubt of ultimate success in a military point of view, provided the politicians keep quiet, and, charming men as they are, cease to meddle with things they don't understand. Although some very good officers have deserted the United States army and are now with the Confederates, a very considerable majority of West Point officers have adhered to the Federals. I am satisfied, by an actual inspection of the lists, that the Northerners retain the same preponderance in officers who have received a military education, as they possess in wealth and other means, and resources for carrying on the war.

The General consumes tobacco largely, and not only smokes cigars, but indulges in the more naked beauties of a quid. From tobacco we wandered to the Crimea, and thence went half round the world, till we halted before the Virginian watch-fires, which these good volunteers will insist on lighting under the very noses of the enemy's pickets; nor was it till late we retired, leaving the General to his well-earned repose.

General M'Clellan took the situation of affairs in a very easy and philosophical spirit. According to his own map and showing, the enemy not only overlapped his lines from the batteries by which they blockaded the Potomac on the right, to their extreme left on the river above Washington, but have established themselves in a kind of salient angle on his front, at a place called Munson's Hill, where their flag waved from entrenchments within sight of the Capitol. However, from an observation he made, I imagined that the General would make an effort to recover his lost ground; at any rate, beat up the enemy's quarters, in order to see what they were doing; and he promised to

send an orderly round and let me know; so, before I retired, I gave orders to my groom to have "Walker" in readiness.

September 3rd.—Notwithstanding the extreme heat, I went out early this morning to the Chain Bridge, from which the reconnaissance hinted at last night would necessarily start. This bridge is about four and a half or five miles above Washington, and crosses the river at a picturesque spot almost deserving the name of a gorge, with high banks on both sides. It is a light aërial structure, and spans the river by broad arches, from which the view reminds one of Highland or Tyrolean scenery. The road from the city passes through a squalid settlement of European squatters, who in habitation, dress, appearance, and possibly civilisation, are quite as bad as any negroes on any Southern plantation I have visited. The camps of a division lie just beyond, and a gawky sentry from New England, with whom I had some conversation, amused me by saying that the Colonel "was a darned deal more affeerd of the Irish squatters taking off his poultry at night than he was of the Secessioners; anyways, he puts out more sentries to guard them than he has to look after the others."

From the Chain Bridge I went some distance towards Falls Church, until I was stopped by a picket, the officer of which refused to recognise General Scott's pass. "I guess the General's a dead man, sir." "Is he not Commander-in-Chief of the United States army?" "Well, I believe that's a fact, sir; but you had better argue that point with M'Clellan. He is our boy, and I do believe he'd like to let the London *Times* know how we Green Mountain boys can fight, if they

don't know already. But all passes are stopped anyhow, and I had to turn back a Congress-man this very morning, and lucky for him it was, because the Sechessers are just half a mile in front of us." On my way back by the upper road I passed a farmer's house, which was occupied by some Federal officers, and there, seated in the verandah, with his legs cocked over the railings, was Mr. Lincoln, in a felt hat, and a loose grey shooting coat and long vest, "letting off," as the papers say, one of his jokes, to judge by his attitude and the laughter of the officers around him, utterly indifferent to the Confederate flag floating from Munson's Hill.

Just before midnight a considerable movement of troops took place through the streets, and I was about starting off to ascertain the cause, when I received information that General M'Clellan was only sending off two brigades and four batteries to the Chain Bridge to strengthen his right, which was menaced by the enemy. I retired to bed, in order to be ready for any battle which might take place to-morrow, but was roused up by voices beneath my window, and going out on the verandah, could not help chuckling at the appearance of three foreign ministers and a banker, in the street below, who had come round to inquire, in some perturbation, the cause of the nocturnal movement of men and guns, and seemed little inclined to credit my assurances that nothing more serious than a reconnaissance was contemplated. The ministers were in high spirits at the prospect of an attack on Washington. Such agreeable people are the governing party of the United States at present, that there is only one representative of a foreign power here

who would not like to see them flying before Southern bayonets. The banker, perhaps, would have liked a little time to set his affairs in order. "When will the sacking begin?" cried the ministers. "We must hoist our flags." "The Confederates respect private property, I suppose?" As to flags, be it remarked that Lord Lyons has none to display, having lent his to Mr. Seward, who required it for some festive demonstration.

September 4th.—I rode over to the Chain Bridge again with Captain Haworth this morning at seven o'clock, on the chance of there being a big fight, as the Americans say; but there was only some slight skirmishing going on; dropping shots now and then. Walker, excited by the reminiscences of Bull Run noises, performed most remarkable feats, one of the most frequent of which was turning right round when at full trot or canter and then kicking violently. He also galloped in a most lively way down a road which in winter is the bed of a torrent, and jumped along among the boulders and stones in an agile, cat-like manner, to the great delectation of my companion.

The morning was intensely hot, so I was by no means indisposed to get back to cover again. Nothing would persuade people there was not serious fighting somewhere or other. I went down to the Long Bridge, and was stopped by the sentry, so I produced General Scott's pass, which I kept always as a *dernier ressort*, but the officer on duty here also refused it, as passes were suspended. I returned and referred the matter to Colonel Cullum, who consulted General Scott, and informed me that the pass must be considered as perfectly valid, not having been revoked by the General, who, as Lieutenant-General commanding

the United States army, was senior to every other officer, and could only have his pass revoked by the President himself. Now it was quite plain that it would do me no good to have an altercation with the sentries at every post in order to have the satisfaction of reporting the matter to General Scott. I, therefore, procured a letter from Colonel Cullum stating, in writing, what he said in words, and with that and the pass went to General M'Clellan's head-quarters, where I was told by his aides the General was engaged in a kind of council of war. I sent up my papers, and Major Hudson, of his staff, came down after a short time and said, that "General M'Clellan thought it would be much better if General Scott had given me a new special pass, but as General Scott had thought fit to take the present course on his own responsibility, General M'Clellan could not interfere in the matter," whence it may be inferred there is no very pleasant feeling between head-quarters of the army of the Potomac and head-quarters of the army of the United States.

I went on to the Navy yard, where a look-out man, who can command the whole of the country to Munson's Hill, is stationed, and I heard from Captain Dahlgren that there was no fighting whatever. There were columns of smoke visible from Capitol Hill, which the excited spectators declared were caused by artillery and musketry, but my glass resolved them into emanations from a vast extent of hanging wood and brush which the Federals were burning in order to clear their front. However, people were so positive as to hearing cannonades and volleys of musketry that we went out to the reservoir hill at Georgetown, and gazing over the

debatable land of Virginia—which, by the way, is very beautiful these summer sunsets—became thoroughly satisfied of the delusion. Met Van Vliet as I was returning, who had just seen the reports at head-quarters, and averred there was no fighting whatever. My landlord had a very different story. His friend, an hospital steward, "had seen ninety wounded men carried into one ward from over the river, and believed the Federals had lost 1000 killed and wounded and twenty-five guns."

Sept. 5th.—Raining all day. M'Clellan abandoned his intention of inspecting the lines, and I remained in, writing. The anonymous letters still continue. Received one from an unmistakable Thug to-day, with the death's-head, cross-bones, and coffin, in the most orthodox style of national-school drawing.

The event of the day was the appearance of the President in the Avenue in a suit of black, and a parcel in his hand, walking umbrella-less in the rain. Mrs. Lincoln has returned, and the worthy "Executive" will no longer be obliged to go "browsing round," as he says, among his friends at dinner-time. He is working away at money matters with energy, but has been much disturbed in his course of studies by General Fremont's sudden outburst in the West, which proclaims emancipation, and draws out the arrow which the President intended to discharge from his own bow.

Sept. 6th.—At 3.30 p.m. General M'Clellan sent over an orderly to say he was going across the river, and would be glad of my company; but I was just finishing my letters for England, and had to excuse myself for the moment; and when I was ready, the General and staff had gone *ventre à terre* into Virginia. After post, paid

my respects to General Scott, who is about to retire from the command on his full-pay of about £3500 per annum, which is awarded to him on account of his long services.

A new Major-General—Halleck—has been picked up in California, and is highly praised by General Scott and by Colonel Cullum, with whom I had a long talk about the generals on both sides. Halleck is a West Point officer, and has published some works on military science which are highly esteemed in the States. Before California became a State, he was secretary to the governor or officer commanding the territory, and eventually left the service and became a lawyer in the district, where he has amassed a large fortune. He is a man of great ability, very calm, practical, earnest, and cold, devoted to the Union —a soldier, and something more. Lee is considered the ablest man on the Federal side, but he is slow and timid. "Joe" Johnson is their best strategist. Beauregard is nobody and nothing—so think they at head-quarters. All of them together are not equal to Halleck, who is to be employed in the West.

I dined at the Legation, where were the Russian Minister, the Secretary of the French Legation, the representative of New Granada, and others. As I was anxious to explain to General M'Clellan the reason of my inability to go out with him, I called at his quarters about eleven o'clock, and found he had just returned from his ride. He received me in his shirt, in his bed-room at the top of the house, introduced me to General Burnside—a soldierly, intelligent-looking man, with a very lofty forehead, and uncommonly bright dark eyes; and we had some con-

versation about matters of ordinary interest for some time, till General M'Clellan called me into an antechamber, where an officer was writing a despatch, which he handed to the General. "I wish to ask your opinion as to the wording of this order. It is a matter of importance. I see that the men of this army, Mr. Russell, disregard the Sabbath, and neglect the worship of God; and I am resolved to put an end to such neglect, as far as I can. I have, therefore, directed the following order to be drawn up, which will be promulgated to-morrow." The General spoke with much earnestness, and with an air which satisfied me of his sincerity. The officer in waiting read the order, in which, at the General's request, I suggested a few alterations. The General told me he had received "sure information that Beauregard has packed up all his baggage, struck his tents, and is evidently preparing for a movement, so you may be wanted at a moment's notice." General Burnside returned to my rooms, in company with Mr. Lamy, and we sat up, discoursing of Bull's Run, in which his brigade was the first engaged in front. He spoke like a man of sense and a soldier of the action, and stood up for the conduct of some regiments, though he could not palliate the final disorder. The papers circulate rumours of "Jeff. Davis's death;" nay, accounts of his burial. The public does not believe, but buys all the same.

Sept. 7th.—Yes; "Jeff. Davis must be dead." There are some touching lamentations in the obituary notices over his fate in the other world. Meanwhile, however, his spirit seems quite alive; for there is an absolute certainty that the Confederates are coming to attack

the Capitol. Lieut. Wise and Lord A. Vane Tempest argued the question whether the assault would be made by a flank movement above or direct in front; and Wise maintained the latter thesis with vigour not disproportioned to the energy with which his opponent demonstrated that the Confederates could not be such madmen as to march up to the Federal batteries. There is actually "a battle" raging (in the front of the Philadelphia newspaper offices) this instant—*Populus vult decipi—decipiatur.*

Sept. 8th.—Rode over to Arlington House. Went round by Aqueduct Bridge, Georgetown, and out across Chain Bridge to Brigadier Smith's head-quarters, which are established in a comfortable house belonging to a Secessionist farmer. The General belongs to the regular army, and, if one can judge from externals, is a good officer. A libation of Bourbon and water was poured out to friendship, and we rode out with Captain Poe, of the Topographical Engineers, a hard-working, eager fellow, to examine the trench which the men were engaged in throwing up to defend the position they have just occupied on some high knolls, now cleared of wood, and overlooking ravines which stretch towards Falls Church and Vienna. Everything about the camp looked like fighting: Napoleon guns planted on the road; Griffin's battery in a field near at hand; mountain howitzers unlimbered; strong pickets and main-guards; the five thousand men all kept close to their camps, and two regiments, in spite of M'Clellan's order, engaged on the trenches, which were already mounted with field-guns. General Smith, like most officers, is a Democrat and strong anti-Abolitionist, and it is not too much to suppose he would fight any rather than Virginians. As

we were riding about, it got out among the men that I was present, and I was regarded with no small curiosity, staring, and some angry looks. The men do not know what to make of it when they see their officers in the company of one whom they are reading about in the papers as the most &c., &c., the world ever saw. And, indeed, I know well enough, so great is their passion and so easily are they misled, that without such safeguard the men would in all probability carry out the suggestions of one of their particular guides, who has undergone so many cuffings that he rather likes them. Am I not the cause of the disaster at Bull's Run?

Going home, I met Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln in their new open carriage. The President was not so good-humoured, nor Mrs. Lincoln so affable, in their return to my salutation as usual. My unpopularity is certainly spreading upwards and downwards at the same time, and all because I could not turn the battle of Bull's Run into a Federal victory, because I would not pander to the vanity of the people, and, least of all, because I will not bow my knee to the degraded creatures who have made the very name of a free press odious to honourable men. Many of the most foul-mouthed and rabid of the men who revile me because I have said the Union as it was never can be restored, are as fully satisfied of the truth of that statement as I am. They have written far severer things of their army than I have ever done. They have slandered their soldiers and their officers as I have never done. They have fed the worst passions of a morbid democracy, till it can neither see nor hear; but they shall never have the satisfaction of either driving me from my post or inducing

me to deviate a hair's-breadth from the course I have resolved to pursue, as I have done before in other cases —greater and graver, as far as I was concerned, than this.

Sept. 9th.—This morning, as I was making the most of my toilet after a ride, a gentleman in the uniform of a United States officer came up-stairs, and marched into my sitting-room, saying he wished to see me on business. I thought it was one of my numerous friends coming with a message from some one who was going to avenge Bull's Run on me. So, going out as speedily as I could, I bowed to the officer, and asked his business. "I've come here because I'd like to trade with you about that chestnut horse of yours." I replied that I could only state what price I had given for him, and say that I would take the same, and no less. "What may you have given for him?" I discovered that my friend had been already to the stable and ascertained the price from the groom, who considered himself bound in duty to name a few dollars beyond the actual sum I had given, for when I mentioned the price, the countenance of the man of war relaxed into a grim smile. "Well, I reckon that help of yours is a pretty smart chap, though he does come from your side of the world." When the preliminaries had been arranged, the officer announced that he had come on behalf of another officer to offer me an order on his paymaster, payable at some future date, for the animal, which he desired, however, to take away upon the spot. The transaction was rather amusing, but I consented to let the horse go, much to the indignation and uneasiness of the Scotch servant, who regarded it as contrary to all the principles of morality in horse-flesh.

Lord A. V. Tempest and another British subject, who applied to Mr. Seward to-day for leave to go South, were curtly refused. The Foreign Secretary is not very well pleased with us all just now, and there has been some little uneasiness between him and Lord Lyons, in consequence of representations respecting an improper excess in the United States marine on the lakes, contrary to treaty. The real cause, perhaps, of Mr. Seward's annoyance is to be found in the exaggerated statements of the American papers respecting British reinforcements for Canada, which, in truth, are the ordinary reliefs. These small questions in the present condition of affairs cause irritation; but if the United States were not distracted by civil war, they would be seized eagerly as pretexts to excite the popular mind against Great Britain.

The great difficulty of all, which must be settled some day, relates to San Juan; and every American I have met is persuaded Great Britain is in the wrong, and must consent to a compromise or incur the risk of war. The few English in Washington, I think, were all present at dinner at the Legation to-day.

September 10*th.*—A party of American officers passed the evening where I dined—all, of course, Federals, but holding very different views. A Massachusetts Colonel, named Gordon, asserted that slavery was at the root of every evil which afflicted the Republic; that it was not necessary in the South or anywhere else, and that the South maintained the institution for political as well as private ends. A Virginian Captain, on the contrary, declared that slavery was in itself good; that it could not be dangerous, as it was essentially conservative, and desired nothing better than to be left alone;

but that the Northern fanatics, jealous of the superior political influence and ability of Southern statesmen, and sordid Protectionists who wished to bind the South to take their goods exclusively, perpetrated all the mischief. An officer of the district of Columbia assigned all the misfortunes of the country to universal suffrage, to foreign immigration, and to these alone. Mob-law revolts well-educated men, and people who pride themselves because their fathers lived in the country before them, will not be content to see a foreigner who has been but a short time on the soil exercising as great influence over the fate of the country as himself. A contest will, therefore, always be going on between those representing the oligarchical principle and the pollarchy; and the result must be disruption, sooner or later, because there is no power in a republic to restrain the struggling factions which the weight of the crown compresses in monarchical countries.

I dined with a namesake—a major in the United States Marines—with whom I had become accidentally acquainted, in consequence of our letters frequently changing hands, and spent an agreeable evening in company with naval and military officers; not the less so because our host had some marvellous Madeira, dating back from the Conquest—I mean of Washington. Several of the officers spoke in the highest terms of General Banks, whom they call a most remarkable man; but so jealous are the politicians that he will never be permitted, they think, to get a fair chance of distinguishing himself.

CHAPTER XX.

A Crimean acquaintance—Personal abuse of myself—Close firing—A reconnaissance—Major-General Bell—The Prince de Joinville and his nephews—American estimate of Louis Napoleon—Arrest of members of the Maryland Legislature—Life at Washington—War cries—News from the Far West—Journey to the Western States—Along the Susquehannah and Juniata—Chicago—Sport in the prairie—Arrested for shooting on Sunday—The town of Dwight—Return to Washington—Mr. Seward and myself.

September 11*th.*—A soft-voiced, round-faced, rather good-looking young man, with downy moustache, came to my room, and introduced himself this morning as Mr. H. H. Scott, formerly of Her Majesty's 57th Regiment. "Don't you remember me? I often met you at Cathcart's Hill. I had a big dog, if you remember, which used to be about the store belonging to our camp." And so he rattled on, talking of old Street and young Jones with immense volubility, and telling me how he had gone out to India with his regiment, had married, lost his wife, and was now travelling for the benefit of his health and to see the country. All the time I was trying to remember his face, but in vain. At last came the purport of his visit. He had been taken ill at Baltimore, and was obliged to stop at an hotel, which had cost him more than he had anticipated; he had just received a letter from his father, which required his immediate return, and he had tele-

graphed to New York to secure his place in the next steamer. Meantime, he was out of money, and required a small loan to enable him to go back and prepare for his journey, and of course he would send me the money the moment he arrived in New York. I wrote a cheque for the amount he named, with which Lieutenant or Captain Scott departed; and my suspicions were rather aroused by seeing him beckon a remarkably ill-favoured person at the other side of the way, who crossed over and inspected the little slip of paper held out for his approbation, and then, taking his friend under the arm, walked off rapidly towards the bank.

The papers still continue to abuse me *faute de mieux;* there are essays written about me; I am threatened with several farces; I have been lectured upon at Willard's by a professor of rhetoric; and I am a stock subject with the leaden penny funny journals, for articles and caricatures. Yesterday I was abused on the ground that I spoke badly of those who treated me hospitably. The man who wrote the words knew they were false, because I have been most careful in my correspondence to avoid anything of the kind. A favourite accusation, indeed, which Americans make against foreigners is, "that they have abused our hospitality," which oftentimes consists in permitting them to live in the country at all at their own expense, paying their way at hotels and elsewhere, without the smallest suspicion that they were receiving any hospitality whatever.

To-day, for instance, there comes a lively corporal of artillery, John Robinson, who quotes Sismondi, Guizot, and others, to prove that I am the worst man in the world; but his fiercest invectives are directed against

me on the ground that I speak well of those people who give me dinners; the fact being, since I came to America, that I have given at least as many dinners to Americans as I have received from them.

Just as I was sitting down to my desk for the remainder of the day, a sound caught my ear which, repeated again and again, could not be mistaken by accustomed organs, and placing my face close to the windows, I perceived the glass vibrate to the distant discharge of cannon, which, evidently, did not proceed from a review or a salute. Unhappy man that I am! here is Walker lame, and my other horse carried off by the West-country captain. However, the sounds were so close that in a few moments I was driving off towards the Chain Bridge, taking the upper road, as that by the canal has become a sea of mud filled with deep holes.

In the windows, on the house-tops, even to the ridges partially overlooking Virginia, people were standing in high excitement, watching the faint puffs of smoke which rose at intervals above the tree-tops, and at every report a murmur—exclamations of "There, do you hear that?"—ran through the crowd. The driver, as excited as any one else, urged his horses at full speed, and we arrived at the Chain Bridge just as General M'Call—a white haired, rather military-looking old man—appeared at the head of his column, hurrying down to the Chain Bridge from the Maryland side, to reinforce Smith, who was said to be heavily engaged with the enemy. But by this time the firing had ceased, and just as the artillery of the General's column commenced defiling through the mud, into which the guns sank to the naves of the wheels, the head of another column appeared, entering

the bridge from the Virginia side with loud cheers, which were taken up again and again. The carriage was halted to allow the 2nd Wisconsin to pass; and a more broken-down, white-faced, sick, and weakly set of poor wretches I never beheld. The heavy rains had washed the very life out of them; their clothing was in rags, their shoes were broken, and multitudes were foot-sore. They cheered, nevertheless, or whooped, and there was a tremendous clatter of tongues in the ranks concerning their victory; but, as the men's faces and hands were not blackened by powder, they could have seen little of the engagement. Captain Poe came along with dispatches for General M'Clellan, and gave me a correct account of the affair.

All this noise and firing and excitement, I found, simply arose out of a reconnaissance made towards Lewinsville, by Smith and a part of his brigade, to beat up the enemy's position, and enable the topographical engineers to procure some information respecting the country. The Confederates worked down upon their left flank with artillery, which they got into position at an easy range without being observed, intending, no doubt, to cut off their retreat and capture or destroy the whole force; but, fortunately for the reconnoitring party, the impatience of their enemies led them to open fire too soon. The Federals got their guns into position also, and covered their retreat, whilst reinforcements poured out of camp to their assistance, "and I doubt not," said Poe, "but that they will have an encounter of a tremendous scalping match in all the papers to-morrow, although we have only six or seven men killed, and twelve wounded." As we approached Washington the citizens,

as they are called, were waving Federal banners out of the windows and rejoicing in a great victory; at least, the inhabitants of the inferior sort of houses. Respectability in Washington means Secession.

Mr. Monson told me that my distressed young British subject, Captain Scott, had called on him at the Legation early this morning for the little pecuniary help which had been, I fear, wisely refused there, and which was granted by me. The States have become, indeed, more than ever the *cloacina gentium*, and Great Britain contributes its full quota to the stream.

Thus time passes away in expectation of some onward movement, or desperate attack, or important strategical movements; and night comes to reassemble a few friends, Americans and English, at my rooms or elsewhere, to talk over the disappointed hopes of the day, to speculate on the future, to chide each dull delay, and to part with a hope that to-morrow would be more lively than to-day. Major-General Bell, who commanded the Royals in the Crimea, and who has passed some half century in active service, turned up in Washington, and has been courteously received by the American authorities. He joined to-night one of our small reunions, and was infinitely puzzled to detect the lines which separated one man's country and opinions from those of the other.

September 11*th*.—Captain Johnson, Queen's messenger, started with despatches for England from the Legation to-day, to the regret of our little party. I observe by the papers certain wiseacres in Philadelphia have got up a petition against me to Mr. Seward, on the ground that I have been guilty of

treasonable practices and misrepresentations in my letter dated August 10th. There is also to be a lecture on the 17th at Willard's, by the Professor of Rhetoric, to a volunteer regiment, which the President is invited to attend—the subject being myself.

There is an absolute nullity of events, out of which the New York papers endeavour, in vain, to extract a *caput mortuum* of sensation headings. The Prince of Joinville and his two nephews, the Count of Paris and the Duke of Chartres, have been here for some days, and have been received with marked attention by the President, Cabinet, politicians and military. The Prince has come with the intention of placing his son at the United States Naval Academy, and his nephews with the head-quarters of the Federal army. The *empressement* exhibited at the White House towards the French princes is attributed by ill-natured rumours and persons to a little pique on the part of Mrs. Lincoln, because the Princess Clothilde did not receive her at New York, but considerable doubts are entertained of the Emperor's "loyalty" towards the Union. Under the wild extravagance of professions of attachment to France are hidden suspicions that Louis Napoleon may be capable of treasonable practices and misrepresentations, which, in time, may lead the Philadelphians to get up a petition against M. Mercier.

The news that twenty-two members of the Maryland Legislature have been seized by the Federal authorities has not produced the smallest effect here: so easily do men in the midst of political troubles bend to arbitrary power, and so rapidly do all guarantees disappear in a revolution. I was speaking to one of General M'Clellan's aides-de-camp this evening respecting these

things, when he said—" If I thought he would use his power a day longer than was necessary, I would resign this moment. I believe him incapable of any selfish or unconstitutional views, or unlawful ambition, and you will see that he will not disappoint our expectations."

It is now quite plain M'Clellan has no intention of making a general defensive movement against Richmond. He is aware his army is not equal to the task —commissariat deficient, artillery wanting, no cavalry; above all, ill-officered, incoherent battalions. He hopes, no doubt, by constant reviewing and inspection, and by weeding out the preposterous fellows who render epaulettes ridiculous, to create an infantry which shall be able for a short campaign in the fine autumn weather; but I am quite satisfied he does not intend to move now, and possibly will not do so till next year. I have arranged therefore to pay a short visit to the West, penetrating as far as I can, without leaving telegraphs and railways behind, so that if an advance takes place, I shall be back in time at Washington to assist at the earliest battle. These Federal armies do not move like the corps of the French republic, or Crawford's Light Division.

In truth, Washington life is becoming exceedingly monotonous and uninteresting. The pleasant little evening parties or tertulias which once relieved the dulness of this dullest of capitals, take place no longer. Very wrong indeed would it be that rejoicings and festivities should occur in the capital of a country menaced with destruction, where many anxious hearts are grieving over the lost, or tortured with fears for the living.

But for the hospitality of Lord Lyons to the English

residents, the place would be nearly insufferable, for at his house one met other friendly ministers who extended the circle of invitations, and two or three American families completed the list which one could reckon on his fingers. Then at night, there were assemblages of the same men, who uttered the same opinions, told the same stories, sang the same songs, varied seldom by strange faces or novel accomplishments, but always friendly and social enough — not conducive perhaps to very early rising, but innocent of gambling, or other excess. A flask of Bordeaux, a wicker-covered demi-john of Bourbon, a jug of iced water and a bundle of cigars, with the latest arrival of newspapers, furnished the *matériel* of these small symposiums, in which Americans and Englishmen and a few of the members of foreign Legations, mingled in a friendly cosmopolitan manner. Now and then a star of greater magnitude came down upon us: a senator or an "earnest man," or a "live man," or a constitutional lawyer, or a remarkable statesman, coruscated, and rushing off into the outer world left us befogged, with our glimmering lights half extinguished with tobacco-smoke.

Out of doors excessive heat alternating with thunderstorms and tropical showers—dust beaten into mud, or mud sublimated into dust—eternal reviews, each like the other — visits to camp, where we saw the same men and heard the same stories of perpetual abortive skirmishes—rides confined to the same roads and paths by lines of sentries, offered no greater attraction than the city, where one's bones were racked with fever and ague, and where every evening the pestilential vapours of the Potomac rose higher and spread

further. No wonder that I was glad to get away to the Far West, particularly as I entertained hopes of witnessing some of the operations down the Mississippi, before I was summoned back to Washington, by the news that the grand army had actually broken up camp, and was about once more to march against Richmond.

September 12th.—The day passed quietly, in spite of rumours of another battle; the band played in the President's garden, and citizens and citizenesses strolled about the grounds as if Secession had been annihilated. The President made a fitful appearance, in a grey shooting suit, with a number of despatches in his hand, and walked off towards the State Department quite unnoticed by the crowd. I am sure not half a dozen persons saluted him—not one of the men I saw even touched his hat. General Bell went round the works with M'Clellan, and expressed his opinion that it would be impossible to fight a great battle in the country which lay between the two armies—in fact, as he said, "a general could no more handle his troops among the woods, than he could regulate the movements of rabbits in a cover. You ought just to make a proposition to Beauregard to come out on some plain and fight the battle fairly out where you can see each other."

September 16th.—It is most agreeable to be removed from all the circumstance without any of the pomp and glory of war. Although there is a tendency in the North, and, for aught I know, in the South, to consider the contest in the same light as one with a foreign enemy, the very battle-cries on both sides indicate a civil war. "The Union for ever"—"States' rights"—and "Down with the Abolitionists," cannot be con-

sidered national. M'Clellan takes no note of time even by its loss, which is all the more strange because he sets great store upon it in his report on the conduct of the war in the Crimea. However, he knows an army cannot be made in two months, and that the larger it is, the more time there is required to harmonize its components. The news from the Far West indicated a probability of some important operations taking place, although my first love—the army of the Potomac—must be returned to. Any way there was the great Western Prairie to be seen, and the people who have been pouring from their plains so many thousands upon the Southern States to assert the liberties of those coloured races whom they will not permit to cross their borders as freemen. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Blair, and other Abolitionists, are actuated by similar sentiments, and seek to emancipate the slave, and remove from him the protection of his master, in order that they may drive him from the continent altogether, or force him to seek refuge in emigration.

On the 18th of September, I left Baltimore in company with Major-General Bell, C.B., and Mr. Lamy, who was well acquainted with the Western States: stopping one night at Altoona, in order that we might cross by daylight the fine passes of the Alleganies, which are traversed by bold gradients, and remarkable cuttings, second only in difficulty and extent to those of the railroad across the Sömmering.

So far as my observation extends, no route in the United States can give a stranger a better notion of the variety of scenery and of resources, the vast extent of territory, the difference in races, the prosperity of the

present, and the probable greatness of the future, than the line from Baltimore by Harrisburg and Pittsburg to Chicago, traversing the great States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. Plain and mountain, hill and valley, river and meadow, forest and rock, wild tracts through which the Indian roamed but a few years ago, lands covered with the richest crops; rugged passes, which Salvator would have peopled with shadowy groups of bandits; gentle sylvan glades, such as Gainsborough would have covered with waving corn; the hum of mills, the silence of the desert and waste, sea-like lakes whitened by innumerable sails, mighty rivers carving their way through continents, sparkling rivulets that lose their lives amongst giant wheels: seams and lodes of coal, iron, and mineral wealth, cropping out of desolate mountain sides; busy, restless manufacturers and traders alternating with stolid rustics, hedges clustering with grapes, mountains whitening with snow; and beyond, the great Prairie stretching away to the backbone of inhospitable rock, which, rising from the foundations of the world, bar the access of the white man and civilisation to the bleak inhospitable regions beyond, which both are fain as yet to leave to the savage and wild beast.

Travelling along the banks of the Susquehannah, the visitor, however, is neither permitted to admire the works of nature in silence, or to express his admiration of the energy of man in his own way. The tyranny of public opinion is upon him. He must admit that he never saw anything so wonderful in his life; that there is nothing so beautiful anywhere else; no fields so green, no rivers so wide and deep, no bridges so lofty and long; and at last he is inclined to shut himself up,

either in absolute grumpy negation, or to indulge in hopeless controversy. An American gentleman is as little likely as any other well-bred man to force the opinions or interrupt the reveries of a stranger; but if third-class Esquimaux are allowed to travel in first-class carriages, the hospitable creatures will be quite likely to insist on your swallowing train oil, eating blubber, or admiring snow drifts, as the finest things in the world. It is infinitely to the credit of the American people that actual offence is so seldom given and is still more rarely intended—always save and except in the one particular, of chewing tobacco. Having seen most things that can irritate one's stomach, and being in company with an old soldier, I little expected that any excess of the sort could produce disagreeable effects; but on returning from this excursion, Mr. Lamy and myself were fairly driven out of a carriage, on the Pittsburg line, in utter loathing and disgust, by the condition of the floor. The conductor, passing through, said, "You must not stand out there, it is against the rules; you can go in and smoke," pointing to the carriage. "In there!" exclaimed my friend, "why, it is too filthy to put a wild beast into." The conductor looked in for a moment, nodded his head, and said, "Well, I concede it is right bad; the citizens *are* going it pretty strong," and so left us.

The scenery along the Juniata is still more picturesque than that of the valley of the Susquehannah. The borders of the route across the Alleganies have been described by many a writer; but notwithstanding the good fortune which favoured us, and swept away the dense veil of vapours on the lower ranges of the hills, the landscape scarcely produced the effect of

scenery on a less extended scale, just as the scenery of the Himalayas is not so striking as that of the Alps, because it is on too vast a scale to be readily grasped.

Pittsburg, where we halted next night, on the Ohio, is certainly, with the exception of Birmingham, the most intensely sooty, busy, squalid, foul-housed, and vile-suburbed city I have ever seen. Under its perpetual canopy of smoke, pierced by a forest of blackened chimneys, the ill-paved streets swarm with a streaky population whose white faces are smutched with soot streaks—the noise of vans and drays which shake the houses as they pass, the turbulent life in the thoroughfares, the wretched brick tenements,—built in waste places on squalid mounds, surrounded by heaps of slag and broken brick—all these gave the stranger the idea of some vast manufacturing city of the Inferno; and yet a few miles beyond, the country is studded with beautiful villas, and the great river, bearing innumerable barges and steamers on its broad bosom, rolls its turbid waters between banks rich with cultivated crops.

The policeman at Pittsburg station—a burly Englishman—told me that the war had been of the greatest service to the city. He spoke not only from a policeman's point of view, when he said that all the rowdies, Irish, Germans, and others had gone off to the war, but from the manufacturing stand-point, as he added that wages were high, and that the orders from contractors were keeping all the manufacturers going. "It is wonderful," said he, "what a number of the citizens come back from the South, by rail, in these new metallic coffins."

A long, long day, traversing the State of Indiana by

the Fort Wayne route, followed by a longer night, just sufficed to carry us to Chicago. The railway passes through a most uninteresting country, which in part is scarcely rescued from a state of nature by the hand of man; but it is wonderful to see so much done, when one hears that the Miami Indians and other tribes were driven out, or, as the phrase is, "removed," only twenty years ago—"conveyed, the wise called it"—to the reserves.

From Chicago, where we descended at a hotel which fairly deserves to be styled magnificent, for comfort and completeness, Mr. Lamy and myself proceeded to Racine, on the shores of Lake Michigan, and thence took the rail for Freeport, where I remained for some days, going out in the surrounding prairie to shoot in the morning, and returning at nightfall. The prairie chickens were rather wild. The delight of these days, notwithstanding bad sport, cannot be described, nor was it the least ingredient in it to mix with the fresh and vigorous race who are raising up cities on these fertile wastes. Fortunately for the patience of my readers, perhaps, I did not fill my diary with the records of each day's events, or of the contents of our bags; and the note-book in which I jotted down some little matters which struck me to be of interest has been mislaid; but in my letters to England I gave a description of the general aspect of the country, and of the feelings of the people, and arrived at the conclusion that the tax-gatherer will have little chance of returning with full note-books from his tour in these districts. The dogs which were lent to us were generally abominable; but every evening we returned in company with great leather-greaved and jerkined-men,

hung round with belts and hooks, from which were suspended strings of defunct prairie chickens. The farmers were hospitable, but were suffering from a morbid longing for a failure of crops in Europe, in order to give some value to their corn and wheat, which literally cumbered the earth.

Freeport! Who ever heard of it? And yet it has its newspapers, more than I dare mention, and its big hotel lighted with gas, its billiard-rooms and saloons, magazines, railway stations, and all the proper paraphernalia of local self-government, with all their fierce intrigues and giddy factions.

From Freeport our party returned to Chicago, taking leave of our excellent friend and companion Mr. George Thompson, of Racine. The authorities of the Central Illinois Railway, to whose courtesy and consideration I was infinitely indebted, placed at our disposal a magnificent sleeping carriage; and on the morning after our arrival, having laid in a good stock of supplies, and engaged an excellent sporting guide and dogs, we started, attached to the regular train from Chicago, until the train stopped at a shunting place near the station of Dwight, in the very centre of the prairie. We reached our halting-place, were detached, and were shot up a siding in the solitude, with no habitation in view, except the wood shanty, in which lived the family of the Irish overseer of this portion of the road—a man happy in the possession of a piece of gold which he received from the Prince of Wales, and for which, he declared, he would not take the amount of the National Debt.

The sleeping carriage proved most comfortable quarters. After breakfast in the morning, Mr. Lamy, Col.

Foster, Mr. ——, of the Central Illinois rail, the keeper, and myself, descending the steps of our moveable house, walked in a few strides to the shooting grounds, which abounded with quail, but were not so well peopled by the chickens. The quail were weak on the wing, owing to the lateness of the season, and my companions grumbled at their hard luck, though I was well content with fresh air, my small share of birds, and a few American hares. Night and morning the train rushed by, and when darkness settled down upon the prairie, our lamps were lighted, dinner was served in the carriage, set forth with inimitable potatoes cooked by the old Irishwoman. From the dinner-table it was but a step to go to bed. When storm or rain rushed over the sea-like plain, I remained in the carriage writing, and after a long spell of work, it was inexpressibly pleasant to take a ramble through the flowering grass and the sweet-scented broom, and to go beating through the stunted under-cover, careless of rattle-snakes, whose tiny prattling music I heard often enough without a sight of the tails that made it.

One rainy morning, the 29th September, I think, as the sun began to break through drifting rain clouds, I saw my companions preparing their guns, the sporting chaperon Walker filling the shot flasks, and making all the usual arrangements for a day's shooting. "You don't mean to say you are going out shooting on a Sunday!" I said. "What, on the prairies!" exclaimed Colonel Foster. "Why, of course we are; there's nothing wrong in it here. What nobler temple can we find to worship in than lies around us? It is the custom of the people hereabouts to shoot on Sundays, and it is a work of necessity with us, for our larder is very low."

And so, after breakfast, we set out, but the rain came down so densely that we were driven to the house of a farmer, and finally we returned to our sleeping carriage for the day. I never fired a shot nor put a gun to my shoulder, nor am I sure that any of my companions killed a bird.

The rain fell with violence all day, and at night the gusts of wind shook the carriage like a ship at sea. We were sitting at table after dinner, when the door at the end of the carriage opened, and a man, in a mackintosh dripping wet, advanced with unsteady steps along the centre of the carriage, between the beds, and taking off his hat, in the top of which he searched diligently, stood staring with lack-lustre eyes from one to the other of the party, till Colonel Foster exclaimed, "Well, sir, what do you want?"

"What do I want," he replied, with a slight thickness of speech, "which of you is the Honourable Lord William Russell, correspondent of the London *Times?* That's what I want."

I certified to my identity; whereupon, drawing a piece of paper out of his hat, he continued, "Then I arrest you, Honourable Lord William Russell, in the name of the people of the Commonwealth of Illinois," and thereupon handed me a document, declaring that one, Morgan, of Dwight, having come before him that day and sworn that I, with a company of men and dogs, had unlawfully assembled, and by firing shots, and by barking and noise, had disturbed the peace of the State of Illinois, he, the subscriber or justice of the peace, as named and described, commanded the constable Podgers, or what-

ever his name was, to bring my body before him to answer to the charge.

Now this town of Dwight was a good many miles away, the road was declared by those who knew it to be very bad, the night was pitch dark, the rain falling in torrents, and as the constable, drawing out of his hat paper after paper with the names of impossible persons upon them, served subpœnas on all the rest of the party to appear next morning, the anger of Colonel Foster could scarcely be restrained, by kicks under the table and nods and becks and wreathed smiles from the rest of the party. "This is infamous! It is a political persecution!" he exclaimed, whilst the keeper joined in chorus, declaring he never heard of such a proceeding before in all his long experience of the prairie, and never knew there was such an act in existence. The Irishmen in the hut added that the informer himself generally went out shooting every Sunday. However, I could not but regret I had given the fellow an opportunity of striking at me, and though I was the only one of the party who raised an objection to our going out at all, I was deservedly suffering for the impropriety—to call it here by no harsher name.

The constable, a man of a liquid eye and a cheerful countenance, paid particular attention meantime to a large bottle upon the table, and as I professed my readiness to go the moment he had some refreshment that very wet night, the stern severity becoming a minister of justice, which marked his first utterances, was sensibly mollified; and when Mr. —— proposed that he should drive back with him and see the prosecutor, he was good enough to accept my written acknowledgment of the service of the writ, and promise

to appear the following morning, as an adequate discharge of his duty—combined with the absorption of some Bourbon whisky—and so retired.

Mr. —— returned late at night, and very angry. It appears that the prosecutor—who is not a man of very good reputation, and whom his neighbours were as much astonished to find the champion of religious observances as they would have been if he was to come forward to insist on the respect due to the seventh commandment—with the insatiable passion for notoriety, which is one of the worst results of American institutions, thought he would gain himself some little reputation by causing annoyance to a man so unpopular as myself. He and a companion having come from Dwight for the purpose, and hiding in the neighbourhood, had, therefore, devoted their day to lying in wait and watching our party; and as they were aware in the railway carriage I was with Colonel Foster, they had no difficulty in finding out the names of the rest of the party. The magistrate being his relative, granted the warrant at once; and the prosecutor, who was in waiting for the constable, was exceedingly disappointed when he found that I had not been dragged through the rain.

Next morning, a special engine which had been ordered up by telegraph appeared alongside the car; and a short run through a beautiful country brought us to the prairie town of Dwight. The citizens were astir—it was a great day—and as I walked with Colonel Foster, all the good people seemed to be enjoying an unexampled treat in gazing at the stupendous criminal. The court-house, or magistrate's office, was suitable to the republican simplicity of the people of Dwight; for the chamber of justice was on the

first floor of a house over a store, and access was obtained to it by a ladder from the street to a platform, at the top of which I was ushered into the presence of the court—a plain white-washed room. I am not sure there was even an engraving of George Washington on the walls. The magistrate in a full suit of black, with his hat on, was seated at a small table; behind him a few books, on plain deal shelves, provided his fund of legal learning. The constable, with a severer visage than that of last night, stood upon the right hand; three sides of the room were surrounded by a wall of stout honest Dwightians, among whom I produced a profound sensation, by the simple ceremony of taking off my hat, which they no doubt considered a token of the degraded nature of the Britisher, but which moved the magistrate to take off his head-covering; whereupon some of the nearest removed theirs, some putting them on again, and some remaining uncovered; and then the informations were read, and on being asked what I had to say, I merely bowed, and said I had no remarks to offer. But my friend, Colonel Foster, who had been churning up his wrath and forensic lore for some time, putting one hand under his coat tail, and elevating the other in the air, with modulated cadences, poured out a fine oratorical flow which completely astonished me, and whipped the audience morally off their legs completely. In touching terms he described the mission of an illustrious stranger, who had wandered over thousands of miles of land and sea to gaze upon the beauties of those prairies which the Great Maker of the Universe had expanded as the banqueting tables for the famishing millions of pauperised and despotic Europe. As the representative of an influence which

the people of the great State of Illinois should wish to see developed, instead of contracted, honoured instead of being insulted, he had come among them to admire the grandeur of nature, and to behold with wonder the magnificent progress of human happiness and free institutions. (Some thumping of sticks, and cries of "Bravo, that's so," which warmed the Colonel into still higher flights). I began to feel if he was as great in invective as he was in eulogy, it was well he had not lived to throw a smooth pebble from his sling at Warren Hastings. As great indeed! Why, when the Colonel had drawn a beautiful picture of me examining coal deposits — investigating strata — breathing autumnal airs, and culling flowers in unsuspecting innocence, and then suddenly denounced the serpent who had dogged my steps, in order to strike me down with a justice's warrant, I protest it is doubtful, if he did not reach to the most elevated stage of vituperative oratory, the progression of which was marked by increasing thumps of sticks, and louder murmurs of applause, to the discomfiture of the wretched prosecutor. But the magistrate was not a man of imagination; he felt he was but elective after all; and so, with his eye fixed upon his book, he pronounced his decision, which was that I be amerced in something more than half the maximum fine fixed by the statute, some five-and-twenty shillings or so, the greater part to be spent in the education of the people, by transfer to the school fund of the State.

As I was handing the notes to the magistrate, several respectable men coming forward exclaimed, "Pray oblige us, Mr. Russell, by letting us pay the amount for you; this is a shameful proceeding." But thanking them heartily for their proffered kindness, I completed

the little pecuniary transaction and wished the magistrate good morning, with the remark that I hoped the people of the State of Illinois would always find such worthy defenders of the statutes as the prosecutor, and never have offenders against their peace and morals more culpable than myself. Having undergone a severe scolding from an old woman at the top of the ladder, I walked to the train, followed by a number of the audience, who repeatedly expressed their extreme regret at the little persecution to which I had been subjected. The prosecutor had already made arrangements to send the news over the whole breadth of the Union, which was his only reward; as I must do the American papers the justice to say that, with a few natural exceptions, those which noticed the occurrence unequivocally condemned his conduct.

That evening, as we were planning an extension of our sporting tour, the mail rattling by deposited our letters and papers, and we saw at the top of many columns the startling words, "Grand Advance Of The Union Army." "M'Clellan Marching On Richmond." "Capture Of Munson's Hill." "Retreat of the Enemy—30,000 men Seize Their Fortifications." Not a moment was to be lost; if I was too late, I never would forgive myself. Our carriage was hooked on to the return train, and at 8 o'clock p.m. I started on my return to Washington, by way of Cleveland.

At half-past 3 on the 1st October the train reached Pittsburg, just too late to catch the train for Baltimore; but I continued my journey at night, arriving at Baltimore after noon, and reaching Washington at 6 p.m. on the 2nd of October.

October 3rd.—In Washington once more—all the

world laughing at the pump and the wooden guns at Munson's Hill, but angry withal because M'Clellan should be so befooled as they considered it, by the Confederates. The fact is M'Clellan was not prepared to move, and therefore not disposed to hazard a general engagement, which he might have brought on had the enemy been in force; perhaps he knew they were not, but found it convenient nevertheless to act as though he believed they had established themselves strongly in his front, as half the world will give him credit for knowing more than the civilian strategists who have already got into disgrace for urging M'Dowell on to Richmond. The Federal armies are not handled easily. They are luxurious in the matter of baggage, and canteens, and private stores; and this is just the sort of war in which the general who moves lightly and rapidly, striking blows unexpectedly and deranging communications, will obtain great results.

Although Beauregard's name is constantly mentioned, I fancy that, crafty and reticent as he is, the operations in front of us have been directed by an officer of larger capacity. As yet M'Clellan has certainly done nothing in the field to show he is like Napoleon. The value of his labours in camp has yet to be tested. I dined at the Legation, and afterwards there was a meeting at my rooms, where I heard of all that had passed during my absence.

October 4th.—The new expedition, of which I have been hearing for some time past, is about to sail to Port Royal, under the command of General Burnside, in order to reduce the works erected at the entrance of the Sound, to secure a base of operations against Charleston, and to cut in upon the com-

munication between that place and Savannah. Alas, for poor Trescot! his plantations, his secluded home! What will the good lady think of the Yankee invasion, which surely must succeed, as the naval force will be overwhelming? I visited the division of General Egbert Viele, encamped near the Navy-yard, which is bound to Annapolis, as a part of General Burnside's expedition. When first I saw him, the general was an emeritus captain, attached to the 7th New York Militia; now he is a Brigadier-General, if not something more, commanding a corps of nearly 5000 men, with pay and allowances to match. His good lady wife, who accompanied him in the Mexican campaign, —whereof came a book, lively and light, as a lady's should be,—was about to accompany her husband in his assault on the Carolinians, and prepared for action, by opening a small broadside on my unhappy self, whom she regarded as an enemy of our glorious Union; and therefore an ally of the Evil Powers on both sides of the grave. The women, North and South, are equally pitiless to their enemies; and it was but the other day, a man with whom I am on very good terms in Washington, made an apology for not asking me to his house, because his wife was a strong Union woman.

A gentleman who had been dining with Mr. Seward to-night told me the Minister had complained that I had not been near him for nearly two months; the fact was, however, that I had called twice immediately after the appearance in America of my letter dated July 22nd, and had met Mr. Seward afterwards, when his manner was, or appeared to me to be, cold and distant, and I had therefore abstained from intruding myself upon his notice; nor did his

answer to the Philadelphian petition—in which Mr. Seward appeared to admit the allegations made against me were true, and to consider I had violated the hospitality accorded me—induce me to think that he did not entertain the opinion which these journals which set themselves up to be his organs had so repeatedly expressed.

CHAPTER XXI.

Another Crimean acquaintance—Summary dismissal of a newspaper correspondent — Dinner at Lord Lyons' — Review of artillery— "Habeas Corpus"—The President's duties—M'Clellan's policy—The Union Army—Soldiers and the patrol—Public men in America —Mr. Seward and Lord Lyons—A Judge placed under arrest—Death and funeral of Senator Baker—Disorderly troops and officers —Official fibs—Duck-shooting at Baltimore.

October 5th.—A day of heat extreme. Tumbled in upon me an old familiar face and voice, once Forster of a hospitable Crimean hut behind Mother Seacole's, commanding a battalion of Land Transport Corps, to which he had descended or sublimated from his position as ex-Austrian dragoon and *beau sabreur* under old Radetzsky in Italian wars; now a colonel of distant volunteers, and a member of the Parliament of British Columbia. He was on his way home to Europe, and had travelled thus far out of his way to see his friend.

After him came in a gentleman, heated, wild-eyed, and excited, who had been in the South, where he was acting as correspondent to a London newspaper, and on his return to Washington had obtained a pass from General Scott. According to his own story, he had been indulging in a habit which free-born Englishmen may occasionally find to be inconvenient in foreign countries in times of high excitement,

and had been expressing his opinion pretty freely in favour of the Southern cause in the bar-rooms of Pennsylvania Avenue. Imagine a Frenchman going about the taverns of Dublin during an Irish rebellion, expressing his sympathy with the rebels, and you may suppose he would meet with treatment at least as peremptory as that which the Federal authorities gave Mr. D——. In fine, that morning early, he had been waited upon by an officer, who requested his attendance at the Provost Marshal's office; arrived there, a functionary, after a few queries, asked him to give up General Scott's pass, and when Mr. D—— refused to do so, proceeded to execute a terrible sort of proces verbal on a large sheet of foolscap, the initiatory flourishes and prolegomena of which so intimidated Mr. D——, that he gave up his pass and was permitted to depart, in order that he might start for England by the next steamer.

A wonderful Frenchman, who lives up a back street, prepared a curious banquet, at which Mr. Irvine, Mr. Warre, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Lamy, and Colonel Foster assisted; and in the evening Mr. Lincoln's private secretary, a witty, shrewd, and pleasant young fellow, who looks little more than eighteen years of age, came in with a friend, whose name I forget; and by degrees the circle expanded, till the walls seemed to have become elastic, so great was the concourse of guests.

October 6th.—A day of wandering around, and visiting, and listening to rumours all unfounded. I have applied for permission to accompany the Burnside expedition, but I am advised not to leave Washington, as M'Clellan will certainly advance as soon as the diversion has been made down South.

October 7th.—The heat to-day was literally intolerable, and wound up at last in a tremendous thunderstorm with violent gusts of rain. At the Legation, where Lord Lyons entertained the English visitors at dinner, the rooms were shaken by thunder claps, and the blinding lightning seemed at times to turn the well-illuminated rooms into caves of darkness.

October 8th.—A review of the artillery at this side of the river took place to-day, which has been described in very inflated language by the American papers, the writers on which—never having seen a decently-equipped force of the kind—pronounce the sight to have been of unequalled splendour; whereas the appearance of horses and men was very far from respectable in all matters relating to grooming, cleanliness, and neatness. General Barry has done wonders in simplifying the force and reducing the number of calibres, which varied according to the fancy of each State, or men of each officer who raised a battery; but there are still field-guns of three inches and of three inches and a-half, Napoleon guns, rifled 10 lb. Parrots, ordinary 9-pounders, a variety of howitzers, 20-lb. Parrot rifled guns, and a variety of different projectiles in the caissons. As the men rode past, the eye was distressed by discrepancies in dress. Many wore red or white worsted comforters round their necks, few had straps to their trousers; some had new coats, others old; some wore boots, others shoes; not one had clean spurs, bits, curb-chains, or buttons. The officers cannot get the men to do what the latter regard as works of supererogation.

There were 72 guns in all; and if the horses were not so light, there would be quite enough to do for

the Confederates to reduce their fire, as the pieces are easily handled, and the men like artillery and take to it naturally, being in that respect something like the natives of India.

Whilst I was standing in the crowd, I heard a woman say, "I doubt if that Russell is riding about here. I should just like to see him to give him a piece of my mind. They say he's honest, but I call him a poor pre-jewdiced Britisher. This sight 'll give him fits." I was quite delighted at my incognito. If the caricatures were at all like me, I should have what the Americans call a bad time of it.

On the return of the batteries a shell exploded in a caisson just in front of the President's house, and, miraculous to state, did not fire the other projectiles. Had it done so, the destruction of life in the crowded street—blocked up with artillery, men, and horses, and crowds of men, women, and children—would have been truly frightful. Such accidents are not uncommon—a waggon blew up the other day "out West," and killed and wounded several people; and though the accidents in camp from firearms are not so numerous as they were, there are still enough to present a heavy casualty list.

Whilst the artillery were delighting the citizens, a much more important matter was taking place in an obscure little court house—much more destructive to their freedom, happiness, and greatness than all the Confederate guns which can ever be ranged against them. A brave, upright, and honest judge, as in duty bound, issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, sued out by the friends of a minor, who, contrary to the laws of the United States, had been enlisted by an American general, and

was detained by him in the ranks of his regiment. The officer refused to obey the writ, whereupon the judge issued an attachment against him, and the Federal brigadier came into court and pleaded that he took that course by order of the President. The court adjourned, to consider the steps it should take.

I have just seen a paragraph in the local paper, copied from a west country journal, headed "Good for Russell," which may explain the unusually favourable impression expressed by the women this morning. It is an account of the interview I had with the officer who came "to trade" for my horse, written by the latter to a Green Bay newspaper, in which, having duly censured my "John Bullism" in not receiving with the utmost courtesy a stranger, who walked into his room before breakfast on business unknown, he relates as a proof of honesty (in such a rare field as trading in horseflesh) that, though my groom had sought to put ten dollars in my pocket by a mild exaggeration of the amount paid for the animal, which was the price I said I would take, I would not have it.

October 9th.—A cold, gloomy day. I am laid up with the fever and ague, which visit the banks of the Potomac in autumn. It annoyed me the more because General M'Clellan is making a reconnaissance to-day towards Lewinsville, with 10,000 men. A gentleman from the War Department visited me to-day, and gave me scanty hopes of procuring any assistance from the authorities in taking the field. Civility costs nothing, and certainly if it did United States officials would require high salaries, but they often content themselves with fair words.

There are some things about our neighbours which

we may never hope to understand. To-day, for instance, a respectable person, high in office, having been good enough to invite me to his house, added, "You shall see Mrs. A., sir. She is a very pretty and agreeable young lady, and will prove nice society for you," meaning his wife.

Mr. N. P. Willis was good enough to call on me, and in the course of conversation said, "I hear M'Clellan tells you everything. When you went away West I was very near going after you, as I suspected you heard something." Mr. Willis could have had no grounds for this remark, for very certainly it has no foundation in fact. Truth to tell, General M'Clellan seemed, the last time I saw him, a little alarmed by a paragraph in a New York paper, from the Washington correspondent, in which it was invidiously stated, "General M'Clellan, attended by Mr. Russell, correspondent of the London *Times*, visited the camps to-day. All passes to civilians and others were revoked." There was not the smallest ground for the statement on the day in question, but I am resolved not to contradict anything which is said about me, but the General could not well do so; and one of the favourite devices of the Washington correspondent to fill up his columns, is to write something about me, to state I have been refused passes, or have got them, or whatever else he likes to say.

Calling on the General the other night at his usual time of return, I was told by the orderly, who was closing the door, "The General's gone to bed tired, and can see no one. He sent the same message to the President, who came inquiring after him ten minutes ago."

This poor President! He is to be pitied; surrounded by such scenes, and trying with all his might to understand strategy, naval warfare, big guns, the movements of troops, military maps, reconnaissances, occupations, interior and exterior lines, and all the technical details of the art of slaying. He runs from one house to another, armed with plans, papers, reports, recommendations, sometimes good humoured, never angry, occasionally dejected, and always a little fussy. The other night, as I was sitting in the parlour at headquarters, with an English friend who had come to see his old acquaintance the General, walked in a tall man with a navvy's cap, and an ill-made shooting suit, from the pockets of which protruded paper and bundles. "Well," said he to Brigadier Van Vliet, who rose to receive him, "is George in?"

"Yes, sir. He's come back, but is lying down, very much fatigued. I'll send up, sir, and inform him you wish to see him."

"Oh, no; I can wait. I think I'll take supper with him. Well, and what are you now,—I forget your name—are you a major, or a colonel, or a general?"
"Whatever you like to make me, sir."

Seeing that General M'Clellan would be occupied, I walked out with my friend, who asked me when I got into the street why I stood up when that tall fellow came into the room. "Because it was the President."
"The President of what?" "Of the United States."
"Oh! come, now you're humbugging me. Let me have another look at him." He came back more incredulous than ever, but when I assured him I was quite serious, he exclaimed, "I give up the United States after this."

But for all that, there have been many more courtly presidents who, in a similar crisis, would have displayed less capacity, honesty, and plain dealing than Abraham Lincoln.

October 10*th.*—I got hold of M'Clellan's report on the Crimean war, and made a few candid remarks on the performance, which does not evince any capacity beyond the reports of our itinerant artillery officers who are sent from Woolwich abroad for their country's good. I like the man, but I do not think he is equal to his occasion or his place. There is one little piece of policy which shows he is looking ahead—either to gain the good will of the army, or for some larger object. All his present purpose is to make himself known to the men personally, to familiarize them with his appearance, to gain the acquaintance of the officers; and with this object he spends nearly every day in the camps, riding out at nine o'clock, and not returning till long after nightfall, examining the various regiments as he goes along, and having incessant inspections and reviews. He is the first Republican general who could attempt to do all this without incurring censure and suspicion. Unfortunate M'Dowell could not inspect his small army without receiving a hint that he must not assume such airs, as they were more becoming a military despot than a simple lieutenant of the great democracy.

October 11*th.*—Mr. Mure, who has arrived here in wretched health from New Orleans, after a protracted and very unpleasant journey through country swarming with troops mixed with guerillas, tells me that I am more detested in New Orleans than I am in New York. This is ever the fate of the neutral, if the belligerents

can get him between them. The Girondins and men of the *juste milieu* are ever fated to be ground to powder. The charges against me were disposed of by Mr. Mure, who says that what I wrote of in New Orleans was true, and has shown it to be so in his correspondence with the Governor, but, over and beyond that, I am disliked, because I do not praise the peculiar institution. He amused me by adding that the mayor of Jackson, with whom I sojourned, had published "a card," denying point blank that he had ever breathed a word to indicate that the good citizens around him were not famous for the love of law, order, and life, and a scrupulous regard to personal liberty. I can easily fancy Jackson is not a place where a mayor suspected by the citizens would be exempted from difficulties now and then; and if this disclaimer does my friend any good, he is very heartily welcome to it and more. I have received several letters lately from the parents of minors, asking me to assist them in getting back their sons, who have enlisted illegally in the Federal army. My writ does not run any further than a Federal judge's.

October 12th.—The good people of New York and of the other Northern cities, excited by the constant reports in the papers of magnificent reviews and unsurpassed military spectacles, begin to flock towards Washington in hundreds, where formerly they came in tens. The woman-kind are particularly anxious to feast their eyes on our glorious Union army. It is natural enough that Americans should feel pride and take pleasure in the spectacle; but the love of economy, the hatred of military despotism, and the frugal virtues of republican government, long since placed aside by

the exigencies of the Administration, promise to vanish for ever.

The feeling is well expressed in the remark of a gentleman to whom I was lamenting the civil war: "Well, for my part, I am glad of it. Why should you in Europe have all the fighting to yourself? Why should we not have our bloody battles, and our big generals, and all the rest of it? This will stir up the spirits of our people, do us all a power of good, and end by proving to all of you in Europe, that we are just as good and first-rate in fighting as we are in ships, manufactures, and commerce."

But the wealthy classes are beginning to feel rather anxious about the disposal of their money: they are paying a large insurance on the Union, and they do not see that anything has been done to stop the leak or to prevent it foundering. Mr. Duncan has arrived; to-day I drove with him to Alexandria, and I think he has been made happy by what he saw, and has no doubt "the Union is all right." Nothing looks so irresistible as your bayonet till another is seen opposed to it.

October 13*th*.—Mr. Duncan, attended by myself and other Britishers, made an extensive excursion through the camps on horseback, and I led him from Arlington to Upton's House, up by Munson's Hill, to General Wadsworth's quarters, where we lunched on camp fare and, from the observatory erected at the rear of the house in which he lives, had a fine view this bright, cold, clear autumn day, of the wonderful expanse of undulating forest lands, streaked by rows of tents, which at last concentrated into vast white patches in the distance, towards Alexandria. The country is

desolate, but the camps are flourishing, and that is enough to satisfy most patriots bent upon the subjugation of their enemies.

October 14*th.*—I was somewhat distraught, like a small Hercules twixt Vice and Virtue, or Garrick between Comedy and Tragedy, by my desire to tell Duncan the truth, and at the same time respect the feelings of a friend. There was a rabbledom of drunken men in uniforms under our windows, who resisted the patrol clearing the streets, and one fellow drew his bayonet, and, with the support of some of the citizens, said that he would not allow any regular to put a finger on him. D— said he had witnessed scenes just as bad, and talked of lanes in garrison towns in England, and street rows between soldiers and civilians; and I did not venture to tell him the scene we witnessed was the sign of a radical vice in the system of the American army, which is, I believe, incurable in these large masses. Few soldiers would venture to draw their bayonets on a patrol. If they did, their punishment would be tolerably sure and swift, but for all I knew this man would be permitted to go on his way rejoicing. There is news of two Federal reverses to-day. A descent was made on Santa Rosa Island, and Mr. Billy Wilson's Zouaves were driven under the guns of Pickens, losing in the scurry of the night attack—as prisoner only I am glad to say —poor Major Vogdes, of inquiring memory. Rosecrans, who utterly ignores the advantages of Shaksperian spelling, has been defeated in the West; but D— is quite happy, and goes off to New York consented.

October 15*th.*—Sir James Ferguson and Mr. R.

Bourke, who have been travelling in the South and have seen something of the Confederate government and armies, visited us this evening after dinner. They do not seem at all desirous of testing by comparison the relative efficiency of the two armies, which Sir James, at all events, is competent to do. They are impressed by the energy and animosity of the South, which no doubt will have their effect on England also; but it will be difficult to popularize a Slave Republic as a new allied power in England. Two of General M'Clellan's aides dropped in, and the meeting abstained from general politics.

October 16*th*.—Day follows day and resembles its predecessor. M'Clellan is still reviewing, and the North are still waiting for victories and paying money, and the orators are still wrangling over the best way of cooking the hares which they have not yet caught. I visited General M'Dowell to-day at his tent in Arlington, and found him in a state of divine calm with his wife and *parvus Iulus*. A public man in the United States is very much like a great firework—he commences with some small scintillations which attract the eye of the public, and then he blazes up and flares out in blue, purple, and orange fires, to the intense admiration of the multitude, and dying out suddenly is thought of no more, his place being taken by a fresh roman candle or catherine wheel which is thought to be far finer than those which have just dazzled the eyes of the fickle spectators. Human nature is thus severely taxed. The Cabinet of State is like the museum of some cruel naturalist, who seizes his specimens whilst they are alive, bottles them up, forbids them to make as much as a contortion, labelling them "My last President," "My latest

Commander-in-chief," or "My defeated General," regarding the smallest signs of life very much as did the French *petit maître* who rebuked the contortions and screams of the poor wretch who was broken on the wheel, as contrary to *bienséance*. I am glad that Sir James Ferguson and Mr. Bourke did not leave without making a tour of inspection through the Federal camp, which they did to-day.

October 17*th*.—*Dies non*.

October 18*th*.—To-day Lord Lyons drove out with Mr. Seward to inspect the Federal camps, which are now in such order as to be worthy of a visit. It is reported in all the papers that I am going to England, but I have not the smallest intention of giving my enemies here such a treat at present. As Monsieur de Beaumont of the French Legation said, "I presume you are going to remain in Washington for the rest of your life, because I see it stated in the New York journals that you are leaving us in a day or two."

October 19*th*.—Lord Lyons and Mr. Seward were driving and dining together yesterday *en ami*. To-day, Mr. Seward is engaged demolishing Lord Lyons, or at all events the British Government, in a despatch, wherein he vindicates the proceedings of the United States Government in certain arrests of British subjects which had been complained of, and repudiates the doctrine that the United States Government can be bound by the opinion of the law officers of the Crown respecting the spirit and letter of the American constitution. This is published as a set-off to Mr. Seward's circular on the seacoast defences which created so much depression and alarm in the Northern States, where it was at the time considered as a warning that a foreign

war was imminent, and which has since been generally condemned as feeble and injudicious.

October 20th.—I saw General M'Clellan to-day, who gave me to understand that some small movement might take place on the right. I rode up to the Chain Bridge and across it for some miles into Virginia, but all was quiet. The sergeant at the post on the south side of the bridge had some doubts of the genuineness of my pass, or rather of its bearer.

"I heard you were gone back to London, where I am coming to see you some fine day with the boys here."

"No, sergeant, I am not gone yet, but when will your visit take place?"

"Oh, as soon as we have finished with the gentlemen across there."

"Have you any notion when that will be?"

"Just as soon as they tell us to go on and prevent the blackguard Germans running away."

"But the Germans did not run away at Bull Run?"

"Faith, because they did not get a chance—sure they put them in the rear, away out of the fighting."

"And why do you not go on now?"

"Well, that's the question we are asking every day."

"And can any-one answer it?"

"Not one of us can tell; but my belief is if we had one of the old 50th among us at the head of affairs we would soon be at them. I belonged to the old regiment once, but I got off and took up with shoe-making again, and faith if I sted in it I might have been sergeant-major by this time, only they hated the poor Roman Catholics."

"And do you think, sergeant, you would get many of your countrymen who had served in the old army to fight the old familiar red jackets?" "Well, sir, I tell you I hope my arm would rot before I would pull a trigger against the old 50th; but we would wear the red jacket too—we have as good a right to it as the others, and then it would be man against man, you know; but if I saw any of them cursed Germans interfering I'd soon let daylight into them." The hazy dreams of this poor man's mind would form an excellent article for a New York newspaper, which on matters relating to England are rarely so lucid and logical. Next day was devoted to writing and heavy rain, through both of which, notwithstanding, I was assailed by many visitors and some scurrilous letters, and in the evening there was a Washington gathering of Englishry, Irishry, Scotchry, Yankees, and Canadians.

October 22nd.—Rain falling in torrents. As I write, in come reports of a battle last night, some forty miles up the river, which by signs and tokens I am led to believe was unfavourable to the Federals. They crossed the river intending to move upon Leesburg—were attacked by overwhelming forces and repulsed, but maintained themselves on the right bank till General Banks reinforced them and enabled them to hold their own. M'Clellan has gone or is going at once to the scene of action. It was three o'clock before I heard the news, the road and country were alike unknown, nor had I friend or acquaintance in the army of the Upper Potomac. My horse was brought round however, and in company with Mr. Anderson, I rode out of Washington along the river till the falling evening warned us to retrace our steps, and we returned in pelting

rain as we set out, and in pitchy darkness, without meeting any messenger or person with news from the battle-field. Late at night the White House was placed in deep grief by the intelligence that in addition to other losses, Brigadier and Senator Baker of California was killed. The President was inconsolable, and walked up and down his room for hours lamenting the loss of his friend. Mrs. Lincoln's grief was equally poignant. Before bed-time I told the German landlord to tell my servant I wanted my horse round at seven o'clock.

October 23rd.—Up at six, waiting for horse and man. At eight walked down to stables. No one there. At nine became very angry—sent messengers in all directions. At ten was nearly furious, when, at the last stroke of the clock, James, with his inexpressive countenance, perfectly calm nevertheless, and betraying no symptom of solicitude, appeared at the door leading my charger. "And may I ask you where you have been till this time?" "Wasn't I dressing the horse, taking him out to water, and exercising him." "Good heavens! did I not tell you to be here at seven o'clock?" "No, sir; Carl told me you wanted me at ten o'clock, and here I am." "Carl, did I not tell you to ask James to be round here at seven o'clock." "Not zeven clock, sere, but zehn clock. I tell him, you come at zehn clock." Thus at one blow was I stricken down by Gaul and Teuton, each of whom retired with the air of a man who had baffled an intended indignity, and had achieved a triumph over a wrong-doer.

The roads were in a frightful state outside Washington—literally nothing but canals, in which earth and

water were mixed together for depths varying from six inches to three feet above the surface; but late as it was I pushed on, and had got as far as the turn of the road to Rockville, near the great falls, some twelve miles beyond Washington, when I met an officer with a couple of orderlies, hurrying back from General Banks's head-quarters, who told me the whole affair was over, and that I could not possibly get to the scene of action on one horse till next morning, even supposing that I pressed on all through the night, the roads being utterly villanous, and the country at night as black as ink; and so I returned to Washington, and was stopped by citizens, who, seeing the streaming horse and splashed rider, imagined he was reeking from the fray. "As you were not there," says one, "I'll tell you what I know to be the case. Stone and Baker are killed; Banks and all the other generals are prisoners; the Rhode Island and two other batteries are taken, and 5000 Yankees have been sent to H—— to help old John Brown to roast niggers."

October 24th.—The heaviest blow which has yet been inflicted on the administration of justice in the United States, and that is saying a good deal at present, has been given to it in Washington. The judge of whom I wrote a few days ago in the *habeas corpus* case, has been placed under military arrest and surveillance by the Provost-Marshal of the city, a very fit man for such work, one Colonel Andrew Porter. The Provost-Marshal imprisoned the attorney who served the writ, and then sent a guard to Mr. Merrick's house, who thereupon sent a minute to his brother judges the day before yesterday stating the circumstances, in order to show why he did not appear in his place

on the bench. The Chief Judge Dunlop and Judge Morsell thereupon issued their writ to Andrew Porter greeting, to show cause why an attachment for contempt should not be issued against him for his treatment of Judge Merrick. As the sharp tongues of women are very troublesome, the United States officers have quite little harems of captives, and Mrs. Merrick has just been added to the number. She is a Wickliffe of Kentucky, and has a right to martyrdom. The inconsistencies of the Northern people multiply *ad infinitum* as they go on. Thus at Hatteras they enter into terms of capitulation with officers signing themselves of the Confederate States Army and Confederate States Navy; elsewhere they exchange prisoners; at New York they are going through the farce of trying the crew of a C. S. privateer, as pirates engaged in robbing on the high seas, on "the authority of a pretended letter of marque from one Jefferson Davis." One Jeff Davis is certainly quite enough for them at present.

Colonel and Senator Baker was honoured by a ceremonial which was intended to be a public funeral, rather out of compliment to Mr. Lincoln's feelings, perhaps, than to any great attachment for the man himself, who fell gallantly fighting near Leesburg. There is need for a republic to contain some elements of an aristocracy if it would make that display of pomp and ceremony which a public funeral should have to produce effect. At all events there should be some principle of reverence in the heads and hearts of the people, to make up for other deficiencies in it as a show, or a ceremony. The procession down Pennsylvania Avenue was a tawdry, shabby string of hack

carriages, men in light coats and white hats following the hearse, and three regiments of foot soldiers, of which one was simply an uncleanly, unwholesome-looking rabble. The President, in his carriage, and many of the ministers and senators, attended also, and passed through unsympathetic lines of people on the kerbstones, not one of whom raised his hat to the bier as it passed, or to the President, except a couple of Englishmen and myself who stood in the crowd, and that proceeding on our part gave rise to a variety of remarks among the bystanders. But as the band turned into Pennsylvania Avenue, playing something like the *minuet de la cour* in Don Giovanni, two officers in uniform came riding up in the contrary direction; they were smoking cigars; one of them let his fall on the ground, the other smoked lustily as the hearse passed, and reining up his horse, continued to puff his weed under the nose of President, ministers, and senators, with the air of a man who was doing a very soldierly correct sort of thing.

Whether the President is angry as well as grieved at the loss of his favourite or not, I cannot affirm, but he is assuredly doing that terrible thing which is called putting his foot down on the judges; and he has instructed Andrew Porter not to mind the writ issued yesterday, and has further instructed the United States Marshal, who has the writ in his hands to serve on the said Andrew, to return it to the court with the information that Abraham Lincoln had suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* in cases relating to the military.

October 26th.—More reviews. To-day rather a pretty sight—12 regiments, 16 guns, and a few squads of men with swords and pistols on horseback, called

cavalry, comprising Fitz-John Porter's division. M'Clellan seemed to my eyes crest-fallen and moody to-day. Bright eyes looked on him; he is getting up something like a staff, among which are the young French princes, under the tutelage of their uncle, the Prince of Joinville. Whilst M'Clellan is reviewing, our Romans in Washington are shivering; for the blockade of the Potomac by the Confederate batteries stops the fuel boats. Little care these enthusiastic young American patriots in crinoline, who have come to see M'Clellan and the soldiers, what a cord of wood costs. The lower orders are very angry about it however. The nuisance and disorder arising from soldiers, drunk and sober, riding full gallop down the streets, and as fast as they can round the corners, has been stopped, by placing mounted sentries at the principal points in all the thoroughfares. The "officers" were worse than the men; the papers this week contain the account of two accidents, in one of which a colonel, in another a major, was killed by falls from horseback, in furious riding in the city.

Forgetting all about this fact, and spurring home pretty fast along an unfrequented road, leading from the ferry at Georgetown into the city, I was nearly spitted by a "dragoon," who rode at me from under cover of a house, and shouted "stop" just as his sabre was within a foot of my head. Fortunately his horse, being aware that if it ran against mine it might be injured, shied, and over went dragoon, sabre and all, and off went his horse, but as the trooper was able to run after it, I presume he was not the worse; and I went on my way rejoicing.

M'Clellan has fallen very much in my opinion since

the Leesburg disaster. He went to the spot, and with a little—nay, the least—promptitude and ability could have turned the check into a successful advance, in the blaze of which the earlier repulse would have been forgotten. It is whispered that General Stone, who ordered the movement, is guilty of treason—a common crime of unlucky generals—at all events he is to be displaced, and will be put under surveillance. The orders he gave are certainly very strange.

The official right to fib, I presume, is very much the same all over the world, but still there is more dash about it in the States, I think, than elsewhere. "Blockade of the Potomac!" exclaims an official of the Navy Department. "What are you talking of? The Department has just heard that a few Confederates have been practising with a few light field-pieces from the banks, and has issued orders to prevent it in future." "Defeat at Leesburg!" cries little K——, of M'Clellan's staff, "nothing of the kind. We drove the Confederates at all points, retained our position on the right bank, and only left it when we pleased, having whipped the enemy so severely they never showed since." "Any news, Mr. Cash, in the Treasury to-day?" "Nothing, sir, except that Mr. Chase is highly pleased with everything; he's only afraid of having too much money, and being troubled with his balances." "The State Department all right, Mr. Protocol?" "My dear sir! delightful! with everybody, best terms. Mr. Seward and the Count are managing delightfully; most friendly assurances; Guatemala particularly; yes, and France too. Yes, I may say France too; not the smallest difficulty at Honduras; altogether, with the assurances of support

we are getting, the Minister thinks the whole affair will be settled in thirty days; no joking, I assure you; thirty days this time positively. Say for exactness on or about December 5th." The canvas-backs are coming in, and I am off for a day or two to escape reviews and abuse, and to see something of the famous wild-fowl shooting on the Chesapeake.

October 27th.—After church, I took a long walk round by the commissariat waggons, where there is, I think, as much dirt, bad language, cruelty to animals, and waste of public money, as can be conceived. Let me at once declare my opinion that the Americans, generally, are exceedingly kind to their cattle; but there is a hybrid race of ruffianly waggoners here, subject to no law or discipline, and the barbarous treatment inflicted on the transport animals is too bad even for the most unruly of mules. I mentioned the circumstance to General M'Dowell, who told me that by the laws of the United States there was no power to enlist a man for commissariat or transport duty.

October 28th.—Telegraphed to my friend at Baltimore that I was ready for the ducks. The Legation going to Mr. Kortwright's marriage at Philadelphia. Started with Lamy at 6 o'clock for Baltimore; to Gilmore House; thence to club. Every person present said that in my letter on Maryland I had understated the question, as far as Southern sentiments were concerned. In the club, for example, there are not six Union men at the outside. General Dix has fortified Federal Hill very efficiently, and the heights over Fort McHenry are bristling with cannons, and display formidable earthworks; it seems to be admitted that, but for the action of the Washington Government the Legislature would

pass an ordinance of Secession. Gilmore House—old-fashioned, good bed-rooms. Scarcely had I arrived in the passage, than a man ran off with a paragraph to the papers that Dr. Russell had come for the purpose of duck-shooting; and, hearing that I was going with Taylor, put in that I was going to Taylor's Ducking Shore. It appears that there are considerable numbers of these duck clubs in the neighbourhood of Baltimore. The canvas-back ducks have come in, but they will not be in perfection until the 10th of November; their peculiar flavour is derived from a water-plant called wild celery. This lies at the depth of several feet, sometimes nine or ten, and the birds dive for it.

October 29th.—At ten started for the shooting ground, Carroll's Island; my companion, Mr. Pennington, drove me in a light trap, and Mr. Taylor and Lamy came with Mr. Tucker Carroll*, along with guns, &c. Passed out towards the sea, a long height commanding a fine view of the river; near this was fought the battle with the English, at which the "Baltimore defenders" admit they ran away. Mr. Pennington's father says he can answer for the speed of himself and his companions, but still the battle was thought to be glorious. Along the posting road to Philadelphia, passed the Blue Ball Tavern; on all sides except the left, great wooded lagoons visible, swarming with ducks; boats are forbidden to fire upon the birds, which are allured by wooden decoys. Crossed the Philadelphia Railway three times; land poor, covered with undergrowths and small trees, given up to Dutch and Irish and free niggers. Reached the duck-club-house in two hours and a half; substantial farm-house, with out-

* Since killed in action fighting for the South at Antietam.

offices, on a strip of land surrounded by water; Gunpowder River, Saltpetre River, facing Chesapeake; on either side lakes and tidal water; the owner, Slater, an Irishman, reputed very rich, self-made. Dinner at one o'clock; any number of canvas-back ducks, plentiful joints; drink whisky; company, Swan, Howard, Duval, Morris, and others, also extraordinary specimen named Smith, believed never to wash except in rain or by accidental sousing in the river. Went out for afternoon shooting; birds wide and high; killed seventeen; back to supper at dusk. M'Donald and a guitar came over; had a negro dance; and so to bed about twelve. Lamy got single bed; I turned in with Taylor, as single beds are not permitted when the house is full.

October 30th.—A light, a grim man, and a voice in the room at 4 a.m. awaken me; I am up first; breakfast; more duck, eggs, meat, mighty cakes, milk; to the gun-house, already hung with ducks, and then tramp to the "blinds" with Smith, who talked of the Ingines and wild sports in far Minnesota. As morning breaks, very red and lovely, dark visions and long streaky clouds appear, skimming along from bay or river. The men in the blinds, which are square enclosures of reeds about 4½ feet high, call out "Bay," "River," according to the direction from which the ducks are coming. Down we go in blinds; they come; puffs of smoke, a bang, a volley; one bird falls with flop; another by degrees drops, and at last smites the sea; there are five down; in go the dogs. "Who shot that?" "I did." "Who killed this?" "That's Tucker's!" "A good shot." "I don't know how I missed mine." Same thing again. The ducks fly prodigious heights—out of all range one would think. It is exciting when the cloud does rise

at first. Day voted very bad. Thence I move homeward; talk with Mr. Slater till the trap is ready; and at twelve or so, drive over to Mr. M'Donald; find Lamy and Swan there; miserable shed of two-roomed shanty in a marsh; rough deal presses; white-washed walls; fiddler in attendance; dinner of ducks and steak; whisky, and thence proceed to a blind or marsh, amid wooden decoys; but there is no use; no birds; high tide flooding everything; examined M'Donald's stud; knocked to pieces trotting on hard ground. Rowed back to house with Mr. Pennington, and returned to the mansion; all the party had but poor sport; but every one had killed something. Drew lots for bed, and won this time; Lamy, however, would not sleep double, and reposed on a hard sofa in the parlour; indications favourable for ducks. It was curious, in the early morning, to hear the incessant booming of duck-guns, along all the creeks and coves of the indented bays and salt-water marshes; and one could tell when they were fired at decoys, or were directed against birds in the air; heard a salute fired at Baltimore very distinctly. Lamy and Mr. M'Donald met in their voyage up the Nile, to kill *ennui* and spend money.

October 31*st*.—No, no, Mr. Smith; it an't of no use. At four a.m. we were invited, as usual, to rise, but Taylor and I reasoned from under our respective quilts, that it would be quite as good shooting if we got up at six, and I acted in accordance with that view. Breakfasted as the sun was shining above the tree-tops, and to my blind—found there was no shooting at all—got one shot only, and killed a splendid canvas-back—on returning to home, found nearly all the party on the move—140 ducks hanging round the house, the reward

of our toils, and of these I received egregrious share. Drove back with Pennington, very sleepy, followed by Mr. Taylor and Lamy. I would have stayed longer if sport were better. Birds don't fly when the wind is in certain points, but lie out in great "ricks," as they are called, blackening the waters, drifting in the wind, or with wings covering their heads—poor defenceless things! The red-head waits alongside the canvas-back till he comes up from the depths with mouth or bill full of parsley and wild celery, when he makes at him and forces him to disgorge. At Baltimore at 1.30—dined—Lamy resolved to stay—bade good-bye to Swan and Morris. The man at first would not take my ducks and boots to register or check them—twenty-five cents did it. I arrived at Washington late, because of detention of train by enormous transport; labelled and sent out game to the houses till James's fingers ached again. Nothing doing, except that General Scott has at last sent in resignation. M'Clellan is now indeed master of the situation. And so to bed, rather tired.

CHAPTER XXII.

General Scott's resignation—Mrs. A. Lincoln—Unofficial mission to Europe—Uneasy feeling with regard to France—Ball given by the United States cavalry — The United States army — Success at Beaufort—Arrests—Dinner at Mr. Seward's—News of Captain Wilkes and the Trent—Messrs. Mason and Slidell—Discussion as to Wilkes—Prince de Joinville—The American press on the Trent affair—Absence of thieves in Washington—"Thanksgiving Day"—Success thus far in favour of the North.

November 1*st*.—Again stagnation; not the smallest intention of moving; General Scott's resignation, of which I was aware long ago, is publicly known, and he is about to go to Europe, and end his days probably in France. M'Clellan takes his place, minus the large salary. Riding back from camp, where I had some trouble with a drunken soldier, my horse came down in a dark hole, and threw me heavily, so that my hat was crushed in on my head, and my right thumb sprained, but I managed to get up and ride home; for the brute had fallen right on his own head, cut a piece out of his forehead between the eyes, and was stunned too much to run away. I found letters waiting from Mr. Seward and others, thanking me for the game, if canvas-backs come under the title.

November 2*nd*.—A tremendous gale of wind and rain blew all day, and caused much uneasiness, at the Navy Department and elsewhere, for the safety of the Burn-

side expedition. The Secessionists are delighted, and those who can, say "Afflavit Deus et hostes dissipantur." There is a project to send secret non-official commissioners to Europe, to counteract the machinations of the Confederates. Mr. Everett, Mr. R. Kennedy, Bishop Hughes, and Bishop M'Ilwaine are designated for the office; much is expected from the expedition, not only at home but abroad.

November 3rd.—For some reason or another, a certain set of papers have lately taken to flatter Mrs. Lincoln in the most noisome manner, whilst others deal in dark insinuations against her loyalty, Union principles, and honesty. The poor lady is loyal as steel to her family and to Lincoln the first; but she is accessible to the influence of flattery, and has permitted her society to be infested by men who would not be received in any respectable private house in New York. The gentleman who furnishes fashionable paragraphs for the Washington paper has some charming little pieces of gossip about "the first Lady in the Land" this week; he is doubtless the same who, some weeks back, chronicled the details of a raid on the pigs in the streets by the police, and who concluded thus: "We cannot but congratulate Officer Smith on the very gentlemanly manner in which he performed his disagreeable but arduous duties; nor did it escape our notice, that Officer Washington Jones was likewise active and energetic in the discharge of his functions."

The ladies in Washington delight to hear or to invent small scandals connected with the White House; thus it is reported that the Scotch gardener left by Mr. Buchanan has been made a lieutenant

in the United States Army, and has been specially detached to do duty at the White House, where he superintends the cooking. Another person connected with the establishment was made Commissioner of Public Buildings, but was dismissed because he would not put down the expense of a certain state dinner to the public account, and charge it under the head of "Improvement to the Grounds." But many more better tales than these go round, and it is not surprising if a woman is now and then put under close arrest, or sent off to Fort M'Henry for too much *esprit* and inventiveness.

November 4th.—General Fremont will certainly be recalled. There is not the smallest incident to note.

November 5th.—Small banquets, very simple and tolerably social, are the order of the day as winter closes around us; the country has become too deep in mud for pleasant excursions, and at times the weather is raw and cold. General M'Dowell, who dined with us to-day, maintains there will be no difficulty in advancing during bad weather, because the men are so expert in felling trees, they can make corduroy roads wherever they like. I own the arguments surprised but did not convince me, and I think the General will find out his mistake when the time comes. Mr. Everett, whom I had expected, was summoned away by the unexpected intelligence of his son's death, so I missed the opportunity of seeing one whom I much desired to have met, as the great Apostle of Washington worship, in addition to his claims to higher distinction. He has admitted that the only bond which can hold the Union together is the common belief in the greatness of the departed general.

November 6th.—Instead of Mr. Everett and Mr. Johnson, Mr. Thurlow Weed and Bishop Hughes will pay a visit to Europe in the Federal interests. Notwithstanding the adulation of everything French, from the Emperor down to a Zouave's gaiter, in the New York press there is an uneasy feeling respecting the intentions of France, founded on the notion that the Emperor is not very friendly to the Federalists, and would be little disposed to expose his subjects to privation and suffering from the scarcity of cotton and tobacco if, by intervention, he could avert such misfortunes. The inactivity of M'Clellan, which is not understood by the people, has created an under-current of unpopularity, to which his enemies are giving every possible strength, and some people are beginning to think the youthful Napoleon is only a Brummagem Bonaparte.

November 7th.—After such bad weather, the Indian summer, *l'été de St. Martin,* is coming gradually, lighting up the ruins of the autumn's foliage still clinging to the trees, giving us pure, bright, warm days, and sunsets of extraordinary loveliness. Drove out to Bladensburgh with Captain Haworth, and discovered that my waggon was intended to go on to Richmond and never to turn back or round, for no roads in this part of the country are wide enough for the purpose. Dined at the Legation, and in the evening went to a grand ball, given by the 6th United States Cavalry in the Poor House near their camp, about two miles outside the city.

The ball took place in a series of small white-washed rooms off long passages and corridors; many supper tables were spread; whisky, champagne, hot terrapin soup, and many luxuries graced the board; and although

but two or three couple could dance in each room at a time, by judicious arrangement of the music several rooms were served at once. The Duke of Chartres, in the uniform of a United States Captain of Staff, was among the guests, and had to share the ordeal to which strangers were exposed by the hospitable entertainers, of drinking with them all. Some called him "Chatters"—others, "Captain Chatters;" but these were of the outside polloi, who cannot be kept out on such occasions, and who shake hands and are familiar with everybody.

The Duke took it all exceedingly well, and laughed with the loudest in the company. Altogether the ball was a great success—somewhat marred indeed in my own case by the bad taste of one of the officers of the regiment which had invited me, in adopting an offensive manner when about to be introduced to me by one of his brother officers. Colonel Emory, the officer in command of the regiment, interfered, and, finding that Captain A—— was not sober, ordered him to retire. Another small *contretemps* was caused by the master of the Work House, who had been indulging at least as freely as the captain, and at last began to fancy that the paupers had broken loose and were dancing about after hours below stairs. In vain he was led away and incarcerated in one room after another; his intimate knowledge of the architectural difficulties of the building enabled him to set all precautions at defiance, and he might be seen at intervals flying along the passages towards the music, pursued by the officers, until he was finally secured in a dungeon without a window, and with a bolted and locked door between him and the ball-rooms.

November 8th.—Colonel Emory made us laugh this morning by an account of our Amphytrion of the night before, who came to him with a very red eye and curious expression of face to congratulate the regiment on the success of the ball. "The most beautiful thing of all was," said he, "Colonel, I did not see one gentleman or lady who had taken too much liquor; there was not a drunken man in the whole company." I consulted my friends at the Legation with respect to our inebriated officer, on whose behalf Colonel Emory tendered his own apologies; but they were of opinion I had done all that was right and becoming in the matter, and that I must take no more notice of it.

November 9th.—Colonel Wilmot, R.A., who has come down from Canada to see the army, spent the day with Captain Dahlgren at the Navy Yard, and returned with impressions favourable to the system. He agrees with Dahlgren, who is dead against breech-loading, but admits Armstrong has done the most that can be effected with the system. Colonel Wilmot avers the English press are responsible for the Armstrong guns. He has been much struck by the excellence of the great iron-works he has visited in the States, particularly that of Mr. Sellers, in Philadelphia.

November 10th.—Visiting Mr. Mure the other day, who was still an invalid at Washington, I met a gentleman named Maury, who had come to Washington to see after a portmanteau which had been taken from him on the Canadian frontier by the police. He was told to go to the State Department and claim his property, and on arriving there was arrested and confined with a number of prisoners, my horse-dealing friend, Sammy Wroe, among them. We walked down to inquire

how he was; the soldier who was on duty gave a flourishing account of him—he had plenty of whisky and food, and, said the man, "I quite feel for Maury, because he does business in my State." These State influences must be overcome, or no Union will ever hold together.

Sir James Ferguson and Mr. Bourke were rather shocked when Mr. Seward opened the letters from persons in the South to friends in Europe, of which they had taken charge, and cut some passages out with a scissors; but a Minister who combines the functions of Chief-of-Police with those of Secretary of State must do such things now and then.

November 11th.—The United States have now, according to the returns, 600,000 infantry, 600 pieces of artillery, 61,000 cavalry in the field, and yet they are not only unable to crush the Confederates, but they cannot conquer the Secession ladies in their capital. The Southern people here trust in a break-down in the North before the screw can be turned to the utmost; and assert that the South does not want corn, wheat, leather, or food. Georgia makes cloth enough for all—the only deficiency will be in metal and *matériel* of war. When the North comes to discuss the question whether the war is to be against slavery or for the Union leaving slavery to take care of itself, they think a split will be inevitable. Then the pressure of taxes will force on a solution, for the State taxes already amount to 2 to 3 per cent., and the people will not bear the addition. The North has set out with the principle of paying for everything, the South with the principle of paying for nothing; but this will be reversed in time. All the diplomatists, with one exception, are of opinion the Union is broken for ever, and the independence of the South virtually established.

November 12th.—An irruption of dirty little boys in the streets shouting out, "Glorious Union victory! Charleston taken!" The story is that Burnside has landed and reduced the forts defending Port Royal. I met Mr. Fox, Assistant-Secretary to the Navy, and Mr. Hay, Secretary to Mr. Lincoln, in the Avenue. The former showed me Burnside's despatches from Beaufort, announcing reduction of the Confederate batteries by the ships and the establishment of the Federals on the skirts of Port Royal. Dined at Lord Lyons', where were Mr. Chase, Major Palmer, U.S.E., and his wife, Colonel and Mrs. Emory, Professor Henry and his daughter, Mr. Kennedy and his daughter, Colonel Wilmot and the Englishry of Washington. I had a long conversation with Mr. Chase, who is still sanguine that the war must speedily terminate. The success at Beaufort has made him radiant, and he told me that the Federal General Nelson *—who is no other than the enormous blustering, boasting lieutenant in the navy whom I met at Washington on my first arrival—has gained an immense victory in Kentucky, killing and capturing a whole army and its generals.

A strong Government will be the end of the struggle, but before they come to it there must be a complete change of administration and internal economy. Indeed, the Secretary of the Treasury candidly admitted that the expenses of the war were enormous, and could not go on at the present rate very long. The men are paid too highly; every one is paid too much. The scale is adapted to a small army not

* Since shot dead by the Federal General Jeff. C. Davis in a quarrel at Nashville.

very popular, in a country where labour is very well paid, and competition is necessary to obtain recruits at all. He has never disguised his belief the South might have been left to go at first, with a certainty of their return to the Union.

November 13th.—Mr. Charles Green, who was my host at Savannah, and Mr. Low, of the same city, have been arrested and sent to Fort Warren. Dining with Mr. Seward, I heard accidentally that Mrs. Low had also been arrested, but was now liberated. The sentiment of dislike towards England is increasing, because English subjects have assisted the South by smuggling and running the blockade. "It is strange," said Mr. Seward the other day, "that this great free and civilized Union should be supported by Germans, coming here semi-civilized or half-savage, who plunder and destroy as if they were living in the days of Agricola, whilst the English are the great smugglers who support our enemies in their rebellion." I reminded him that the United States flag had covered the smugglers who carried guns and *matériel* of war to Russia, although they were at peace with France and England. "Yes, but then," said he, "that was a legitimate contest between great established powers, and I admit, though I lament the fact, that the public sympathy in this country ran with Russia during that war." The British public have a right to their sympathies too, and the Government can scarcely help it if private individuals aid the South on their own responsibility. In future, British subjects will be indicted instead of being sent to Fort La Fayette. Mr. Seward feels keenly the attacks in the *New York Tribune* on him for arbitrary arrests, and representations have been made to Mr. Greeley

privately on the subject; nor is he indifferent to similar English criticisms.

General M'Dowell asserts there is no nation in the world whose censure or praise the people of the United States care about except England, and with respect to her there is a morbid sensitiveness which can neither be explained nor justified.

It is admitted, indeed, by Americans whose opinions are valuable, that the popular feeling was in favour of Russia during the Crimean war. Mr. Raymond attributes the circumstance to the influence of the large Irish element; but I am inclined to believe it is partly due at least to the feeling of rivalry and dislike to Great Britain, in which the mass of the American people are trained by their early education, and also in some measure to the notion that Russia was unequally matched in the contest.

November 14th.—Rode to cavalry camp, and sat in front of Colonel Emory's tent with General Stoneman, who is chief of the cavalry, and Captain Pleasanton; heard interesting anecdotes of the wild life on the frontiers, and of bushranging in California, of lassoing bulls and wild horses and buffaloes, and encounters with grizly bears—interrupted by a one-armed man, who came to the Colonel for "leave to take away George." He spoke of his brother who had died in camp, and for whose body he had come, metallic coffin and all, to carry it back to his parents in Pennsylvania.

I dined with Mr. Seward—Mr. Raymond, of New York, and two or three gentlemen, being the only guests. Mr. Lincoln came in whilst we were playing a rubber, and told some excellent West-country stories. "Here, Mr. President, we have got the two *Times*—of

New York and of London—if they would only do what is right and what we want, all will go well." "Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, "if the bad Times would go where we want them, good Times would be sure to follow." Talking over Bull's Run, Mr. Seward remarked "that civilians sometimes displayed more courage than soldiers, but perhaps the courage was unprofessional. When we were cut off from Baltimore, and the United States troops at Annapolis were separated by a country swarming with malcontents, not a soldier could be found to undertake the journey and communicate with them. At last a civilian"—(I think he mentioned the name of Mr. Cassius Clay)—"volunteered, and executed the business. So, after Bull's Run, there was only one officer, General Sherman, who was doing anything to get the troops into order when the President and myself drove over to see what we could do on that terrible Tuesday evening." Mr. Teakle Wallis and others, after the Baltimore business, told him the people would carry his head on their pikes; and so he went to Auburn to see how matters stood, and a few words from his old friends there made him feel his head was quite right on his shoulders.

November 15th.—Horse-dealers are the same all the world over. To-day comes one with a beast for which he asked £50. "There was a Government agent looking after this horse for one of them French princes, I believe, just as I was talking to the Kentuck chap that had him. 'John,' says he, 'that's the best-looking horse I've seen in Washington this many a day.' 'Yes,' says I, 'and you need not look at him any more.' 'Why?' says he. 'Because,' says I, 'it's one that I want for Lord John Russell, of the London *Times*,' says

I, 'and if ever there was a man suited for a horse, or a horse that was suited for a man, they're the pair, and I'll give every cent I can raise to buy my friend, Lord Russell, that horse.'" I could not do less than purchase, at a small reduction, a very good animal thus recommended.

November 16*th*.—A cold, raw day. As I was writing, a small friend of mine, who appears like a stormy petrel in moments of great storm, fluttered into my room, and having chirped out something about a "Jolly row"—"Seizure of Mason and Slidell"—"British flag insulted," and the like, vanished. Somewhat later, going down 17th Street, I met the French Minister, M. Mercier, wrapped in his cloak, coming from the British Legation. "Vous avez entendu quelque chose de nouveau?" "Mais non, excellence." And then, indeed, I learned there was no doubt about the fact that Captain Wilkes, of the U. S. steamer San Jacinto, had forcibly boarded the Trent, British mail steamer, off the Bahamas, and had taken Messrs. Mason, Slidell, Eustis, and M'Clernand from on board by armed force, in defiance of the protests of the captain and naval officer in charge of the mails. This was indeed grave intelligence, and the French Minister considered the act a flagrant outrage, which could not for a moment be justified.

I went to the Legation, and found the young diplomatists in the "Chancellerie" as demure and innocent as if nothing had happened, though perhaps they were a trifle more lively than usual. An hour later, and the whole affair was published in full in the evening papers. Extraordinary exultation prevailed in the hotels and bar-rooms. The State Department has made of course no communication respecting the matter.

All the English are satisfied that Mason and his friends must be put on board an English mail packet from the San Jacinto under a salute.

An officer of the United States navy—whose name I shall not mention here—came in to see the buccaneers, as the knot of English bachelors of Washington are termed, and talk over the matter. "Of course," he said, "we shall apologise and give up poor Wilkes to vengeance by dismissing him, but under no circumstances shall we ever give up Mason and Slidell. No, sir; not a man dare propose such a humiliation to our flag." He says that Wilkes acted on his own responsibility, and that the San Jacinto was coming home from the African station when she encountered the Trent. Wilkes knew the rebel emissaries were on board, and thought he would cut a dash and get up a little sensation, being a bold and daring sort of a fellow with a quarrelsome disposition and a great love of notoriety, but an excellent officer.

November 17th.—For my sins I went to see a dress parade of the 6th Regular Cavalry early this morning, and underwent a small purgatory from the cold, on a bare plain, whilst the men and officers, with red cheeks and blue noses, mounted on horses with staring coats, marched, trotted, and cantered past. The papers contain joyous articles on the Trent affair, and some have got up an immense amount of learning at a short notice; but I am glad to say we had no discussion in camp. There is scarcely more than one opinion among thinking people in Washington respecting the legality of the act, and the course Great Britain must pursue. All the Foreign Ministers, without exception, have called on Lord Lyons—Russia, France, Italy, Prussia, Denmark.

All are of accord. I am not sure whether the important diplomatist who represents the mighty interests of the Hanse Towns has not condescended to admit England has right on her side.

November 18th.—There is a storm of exultation sweeping over the land. Wilkes is the hero of the hour. I saw Mr. F. Seward at the State Department at ten o'clock; but as at the British Legation the orders are not to speak of the transaction, so at the State Department a judicious reticence is equally observed. The lawyers are busy furnishing arguments to the newspapers. The officers who held their tongues at first, astonished at the audacity of the act, are delighted to find any arguments in its favour.

I called at General M'Clellan's new head-quarters to get a pass, and on my way met the Duke of Chartres, who shook his young head very gravely, and regarded the occurrence with sorrow and apprehension. M'Clellan, I understand, advised the immediate surrender of the prisoners; but the authorities, supported by the sudden outburst of public approval, refused to take that step. I saw Lord Lyons, who appeared very much impressed by the magnitude of the crisis. Thence I visited the Navy Department, where Captain Dahlgren and Lieutenant Wise discussed the affair. The former, usually so calm, has too much sense not to perceive the course England must take, and as an American officer naturally feels regret at what appears to be the humiliation of his flag; but he speaks with passion, and vows that if England avails herself of the temporary weakness of the United States to get back the rebel commissioners by threats of force, every American should make his sons swear eternal hostility to Great Britain.

Having done wrong, stick to it! Thus men's anger blinds them, and thus come wars.

It is obvious that no Power could permit political offenders sailing as passengers in a mail-boat under its flag, from one neutral port to another, to be taken by a belligerent, though the recognition of such a right would be, perhaps, more advantageous to England than to any other Power. But, notwithstanding these discussions, our naval friends dined and spent the evening with us, in company with some other officers.

I paid my respects to the Prince of Joinville, with whom I had a long and interesting conversation, in the course of which he gave me to understand he thought the seizure an untoward and unhappy event, which could not be justified on any grounds whatever, and that he had so expressed himself in the highest quarters. There are, comparatively, many English here at present; Mr. Chaplin, Sir F. Johnstone, Mr. Weldon, Mr. Browne, and others, and it may be readily imagined this affair creates deep feeling and much discussion.

November 19*th*.—I rarely sat down to write under a sense of greater responsibility, for it is just possible my letter may contain the first account of the seizure of the Southern Commissioners which will reach England; and, having heard all opinions and looked at authorities, as far as I could, it appears to me that the conduct of the American officer, now sustained by his Government, is without excuse. I dined at Mr. Corcoran's, where the Ministers of Prussia, Brazil, and Chili, and the Secretary of the French Legation, were present; and, although we did not talk politics, enough was said to show there was no dissent from the opinion expressed by intelligent and uninterested foreigners.

November 20th.—To-day a grand review, the most remarkable feature of which was the able disposition made by General M'Dowell to march seventy infantry regiments, seventeen batteries, and seven cavalry regiments, into a very contracted space, from the adjoining camps. Of the display itself I wrote a long account, which is not worth repeating here. Among the 55,000 men present there were at least 20,000 Germans and 12,000 Irish.

November 22nd.—All the American papers have agreed that the Trent business is quite according to law, custom, and international comity, and that England can do nothing. They cry out so loudly in this one key there is reason to suspect they have some inward doubts. General M'Clellan invited all the world, including myself, to see a performance given by Hermann, the conjuror, at his quarters, which will be aggravating news to the bloody-minded, serious people in New England.

Day after day passes on, and finds our Micawbers in Washington waiting for something to turn up. The Trent affair, having been proved to be legal and right beyond yea or nay, has dropped out of the minds of all save those who are waiting for news from England; and on looking over my diary I can see nothing but memoranda relating to quiet rides, visits to camps, conversations with this one or the other, a fresh outburst of anonymous threatening letters, as if I had anything to do with the Trent affair, and notes of small social reunions at our own rooms and the Washington houses which were open to us.

November 25th.—I remarked the other evening that, with all the disorder in Washington, there are no

thieves. Next night, as we were sitting in our little symposium, a thirsty soldier knocked at the door for a glass of water. He was brought in and civilly treated. Under the date of the 27th, accordingly, I find it duly entered that "the vagabond who came in for water must have had a confederate, who got into the hall whilst we were attending to his comrade, for yesterday there was a great lamentation over cloaks and great-coats missing from the hall, and as the day wore on the area of plunder was extended. Carl discovers he has been robbed of his best clothes, and Caroline has lost her watch and many petticoats."

Thanksgiving Day, on the 28th was celebrated by enormous drunkenness in the army. The weather varied between days of delicious summer—soft, bright, balmy, and beautiful beyond expression—and days of wintry storm, with torrents of rain.

Some excitement was caused at the end of the month by the report I had received information from England that the law officers of the Crown had given it as their opinion that a United States man-of-war would be justified by Lord Stowell's decisions in taking Mason and Slidell even in the British Channel, if the Nashville transferred them to a British mail steamer. This opinion was called for in consequence of the Tuscarora appearing in Southampton Water; and, having heard of it, I repeated it in strict confidence to some one else, till at last Baron de Stoeckl came to ask me if it was true. Receiving passengers from the Nashville, however, would have been an act of direct intercourse with an enemy's ship. In the case of the Trent the persons seized had come on board as lawful passengers at a neutral port.

The tide of success runs strongly in favour of the North at present, although they generally get the worst of it in the small affairs in the front of Washington. The entrance to Savannah has been occupied, and by degrees the fleets are biting into the Confederate lines along the coast, and establishing positions which will afford bases of operations to the Federals hereafter. The President and Cabinet seem in better spirits, and the former indulges in quaint speculations, which he transfers even to State papers. He calculates, for instance, there are human beings now alive who may ere they die behold the United States peopled by 250 millions of souls. Talking of a high mound on the prairie, in Illinois, he remarked, "that if all the nations of the earth were assembled there, a man standing on its top would see them all, for that the whole human race would fit on a space twelve miles square, which was about the extent of the plain."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Captain under arrest—Opening of Congress—Colonel Dutassy—An ex-pugilist turned Senator—Mr. Cameron—Ball in the officers' huts—Presentation of standards at Arlington—Dinner at Lord Lyons'—Paper currency—A polyglot dinner—Visit to Washington's Tomb—Mr. Chase's Report—Colonel Seaton—Unanimity of the South—The Potomac blockade—A Dutch-American Crimean acquaintance—The American Lawyers on the Trent affair—Mr. Sumner—M'Clellan's Army—Impressions produced in America by the English Press on the affair of the Trent—Mr. Sumner on the crisis—Mutual feelings of the two nations—Rumours of war with Great Britain.

December 1*st*.—A mixed party of American officers and English went to-day to the post at Great Falls, about sixteen or seventeen miles up the Potomac, and were well repaid by the charming scenery, and by a visit to an American military station in a state of nature. The captain in command told us over a drink that he was under arrest, because he had refused to do duty as lieutenant of the guard, he being a captain. "But I have written to M'Clellan about it," said he, "and I'm d—d if I stay under arrest more than three days longer." He was not aware that the General's brother, who is a captain on his staff, was sitting beside him at the time. This worthy centurion further informed us he had shot a man dead a short time before for disobeying his orders. "That he did," said his sympathising and enthusiastic orderly, "and there's the weapon that done it." The captain was a boot and

shoe maker by trade, and had travelled across the isthmus before the railway was made to get orders for his boots. A hard, determined, fierce "sutor," as near a savage as might be.

"And what will you do, captain," asked I, "if they keep you in arrest?"

"Fight for it, sir. I'll go straight away into Pennsylvania with my company, and we'll whip any two companies they can send to stop us."

Mr. Sumner paid me a visit on my return from our excursion, and seems to think everything is in the best possible state.

December 2nd.—Congress opened to-day. The Senate did nothing. In the House of Representatives some Buncombe resolutions were passed about Captain Wilkes, who has become a hero—"a great interpreter of international law," and also recommending that Messrs. Mason and Slidell be confined in felons' cells, in retaliation for Colonel Corcoran's treatment by the Confederates. M. Blondel, the Belgian minister, who was at the court of Greece during the Russian war, told me that when the French and English fleets lay in the Piræus, a United States vessel, commanded, he thinks, by Captain Stringham, publicly received M. Persani, the Russian ambassador, on board, hoisted and saluted the Russian flag in the harbour, whereupon the French Admiral, Barbier de Tinan, proposed to the English Admiral to go on board the United States vessel and seize the ambassador, which the British officer refused to do.

December 3rd.—Drove down to the Capitol, and was introduced to the floor of the Senate by Senator Wilson, and arrived just as Mr. Forney commenced reading the

President's message, which was listened to with considerable interest. At dinner, Colonel D'Utassy, of the Garibaldi legion, who gives a curious account of his career. A Hungarian by birth, he went over from the Austrian service, and served under Bem; was wounded and taken prisoner at Temesvar, and escaped from Spielberg, through the kindness of Count Bennigsen, making his way to Semlin, in the disguise of a servant, where Mr. Fonblanque, the British consul, protected him. Thence he went to Kossuth at Shumla, finally proceeded to Constantinople, where he was engaged to instruct the Turkish cavalry; turned up in the Ionian Islands, where he was engaged by the late Sir H. Ward, as a sort of secretary and interpreter, in which capacity he also served Sir G. Le Marchant. In the United States he was earning his livelihood as a fencing, dancing, and language master; and when the war broke out he exerted himself to raise a regiment, and succeeded in completing his number in seventeen days, being all the time obliged to support himself by his lessons. I tell his tale as he told it to me.

One of our friends, of a sporting turn, dropped in to-night, followed by a gentleman dressed in immaculate black, and of staid deportment, whose name I did not exactly catch, but fancied it was that of a senator of some reputation. As the stranger sat next me, and was rubbing his knees nervously, I thought I would commence conversation.

"It appears, sir, that affairs in the south-west are not so promising. May I ask you what is your opinion of the present prospects of the Federals in Missouri?"

I was somewhat disconcerted by his reply, for rub-

bing his knees harder than ever, and imprecating his organs of vision in a very sanguinary manner, he said—

"Well, d—— if I know what to think of them. They're a b—— rum lot, and they're going on in a d—— rum way. That's what I think."

The supposed legislator, in fact, was distinguished in another arena, and was no other than a celebrated pugilist, who served his apprenticeship in the English ring, and has since graduated in honours in America.

I dined with Mr. Cameron, Secretary-of-War, where I met Mr. Forney, Secretary of the Senate; Mr. House, Mr. Wilkeson, and others, and was exceedingly interested by the shrewd conversation and candid manner of our host. He told me he once worked as a printer in the city of Washington, at ten dollars a week, and twenty cents an hour for extra work at the case on Sundays. Since that time he has worked onwards and upwards, and amassed a large fortune by contracts for railways and similar great undertakings. He says the press rules America, and that no one can face it and live; which is about the worst account of the chances of an honest longevity I can well conceive. His memory is exact, and his anecdotes, albeit he has never seen any but Americans, or stirred out of the States, very agreeable. Once there lived at Washington a publican's daughter, named Mary O'Neil, beautiful, bold, and witty. She captivated a member of Congress, who failed to make her less than his wife; and by degrees Mrs. Eaton—who may now be seen in the streets of Washington, an old woman, still bright-eyed and, alas! bright-cheeked, retaining traces of her great beauty—became a leading personage in the State, and ruled the imperious, rugged, old Andrew Jackson so

completely, that he broke up his Cabinet and dismissed his ministers on her account. In the days of her power she had done some trifling service to Mr. Cameron, and he has just repaired it by conferring some military appointment on her grandchild.

The dinner, which was preceded by deputations, was finished by one which came from the Far West, and was introduced by Mr. Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice-President; Mr. Owen Lovejoy, Mr. Bingham, and other ultra-Abolitionist members of Congress; and then speeches were made, and healths were drunk, and toasts were pledged, till it was time for me to drive to a ball given by the officers of the 5th United States Cavalry, which was exceedingly pretty, and admirably arranged in wooden huts, specially erected and decorated for the occasion. A huge bonfire in the centre of the camp, surrounded by soldiers, by the carriage drivers, and by negro servants, afforded the most striking play of colour and variety of light and shade I ever beheld.

December 4th.—To Arlington, where Senator Ira Harris presented flags—that is, standards—to a cavalry regiment called after his name; the President, Mrs. Lincoln, ministers, generals, and a large gathering present. Mr. Harris made a very long and a very fierce speech; it could not be said *Ira furor brevis est;* and Colonel Davies, in taking the standard, was earnest and lengthy in reply. Then a barrister presented colour No. 2 in a speech full of poetical quotations, to which Major Kilpatrick made an excellent answer. Though it was strange enough to hear a political disquisition on the causes of the rebellion from a soldier in full uniform, the proceedings were highly theatrical and very effective. "Take, then, this flag," &c.—"Defend

it with your," &c.—"Yes, sir, we will guard this sacred emblem with —," &c. The regiment then went through some evolutions, which were brought to an untimely end by a *feu de joie* from the infantry in the rear, which instantly broke up the squadrons, and sent them kicking, plunging, and falling over the field, to the great amusement of the crowd.

Dined with Lord Lyons, where was Mr. Galt, Financial Minister of Canada; Mr. Stewart, who has arrived to replace Mr. Irvine, and others. In our rooms, a grand financial discussion took place in honour of Mr. Galt, between Mr. Butler Duncan and others, the former maintaining that a general issue of national paper was inevitable. A very clever American maintained that the North will be split into two great parties by the result of the victory which they are certain to gain over the South—that the Democrats will offer the South concessions more liberal than they could ever dream of, and that both will unite against the Abolitionists and Black Republicans.

December 6th.—Mr. Riggs says the paper currency scheme will produce money, and make every man richer. He is a banker, and ought to know; but to my ignorant eye it seems likely to prove most destructive, and I confess, that whatever be the result of this war, I have no desire for the ruin of so many happy communities as have sprung up in the United States. Had it been possible for human beings to employ popular institutions without intrigue and miserable self-seeking, and to be superior to faction and party passion, the condition of parts of the United States must cause regret that an exemption from the usual laws which regulate human nature was not made in America; but

the strength of the United States—directed by violent passions, by party interest, and by selfish intrigues—was becoming dangerous to the peace of other nations, and therefore there is an utter want of sympathy with them in their time of trouble.

I dined with Mr. Galt, at Willard's, where we had a very pleasant party, in spite of financial dangers.

December 7th.—A visit to the Garibaldi Guard with some of the Englishry, and an excellent dinner at the mess, which presented a curious scene, and was graced by sketches from a wonderful polyglot chaplain. What a company!—the officers present were composed as follows:—Five Spaniards, six Poles and Hungarians, two Frenchmen—the most soldierly-looking men at table—one American, four Italians, and nine Teutons of various States in Germany.

December 8th.—A certain excellent Colonel who commands a French regiment visited us to-day. When he came to Washington, one of the Foreign Ministers who had been well acquainted with him said, "My dear Colonel, what a pity we can be no longer friends." "Why so, Baron?" "Ah, we can never dine together again." "Why not? Do you forbid me your table?" "No, Colonel, but how can I invite a man who can command the services of at least 200 cooks in his own regiment?" "Well then, Baron, you can come and dine with me." "What! how do you think I could show myself in your camp—how could I get my hair dressed to sit at the table of a man who commands 300 coiffeurs?" I rode out to overtake a party who had started in carriages for Mount Vernon to visit Washington's tomb, but missed them in the wonderfully wooded country which borders the Potomac, and returned alone.

December 9th.—Spent the day over Mr. Chase's report, a copy of which he was good enough to send me with a kind note, and went out in the evening with my head in a state of wild financial confusion, and a general impression that the financial system of England is very unsound.

December 10th.—Paid a visit to Colonel Seaton, of the *National Intelligencer*, a man deservedly respected and esteemed for his private character, which has given its impress to the journal he has so long conducted. The New York papers ridicule the Washington organ, because it does not spread false reports daily in the form of telegraphic "sensation" news, and indeed one may be pretty sure that a fact is a fact when it is found in the *Intelligencer;* but the man, nevertheless, who is content with the information he gets from it, will have no reason to regret, in the accuracy of his knowledge or the soundness of his views, that he has not gone to its noisy and mendacious rivals. In the minds of all the very old men in the States, there is a feeling of great sadness and despondency respecting the present troubles, and though they cling to the idea of a restoration of the glorious Union of their youth, it is hoping against hope. "Our game is played out. It was the most wonderful and magnificent career of success the world ever saw, but rogues and gamblers took up the cards at last; they quarrelled, and are found out."

In the evening, supped at Mr. Forney's, where there was a very large gathering of gentlemen connected with the press; Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War; Colonel Mulligan, a tall young man, with dark hair falling on his shoulders, round a Celtic impulsive face, and a hazy enthusiastic-looking eye; and other celebrities.

Terrapin soup and canvas-backs, speeches, orations, music, andsong, carried the company onwards among the small hours.

December 11*th.*—The unanimity of the people in the South is forced on the conviction of the statesmen and people of the North, by the very success of their expeditions in Secession. They find the planters at Beaufort and elsewhere burning their cotton and crops, villages and towns deserted at their approach, hatred in every eye, and curses on women's tongues. They meet this by a corresponding change in their own programme. The war which was made to develop and maintain Union sentiment in the South, and to enable the people to rise against a desperate faction which had enthralled them, is now to be made a crusade against slaveholders, and a war of subjugation—if need be, of extermination—against the whole of the Southern States. The Democrats will, of course, resist this barbarous and hopeless policy. There is a deputation of Irish Democrats here now, to effect a general exchange of prisoners, which is an operation calculated to give a legitimate character to the war, and is *pro tanto* a recognition of the Confederacy as a belligerent power.

December 12*th.*—The navy are writhing under the disgrace of the Potomac blockade, and deny it exists. The price of articles in Washington which used to come by the river affords disagreeable proof to the contrary. And yet there is not a true Yankee in Pennsylvania Avenue who does not believe, what he reads every day, that his glorious navy could sweep the fleets of France and England off the seas to-morrow, though the Potomac be closed, and the Confederate batteries hrow their shot and shell into the Federal camps on the

other side. I dined with General Butterfield, whose camp is pitched in Virginia, on a knoll and ridge from which a splendid view can be had over the wooded vales and hills extending from Alexandria towards Manassas, whitened with Federal tents and huts. General Fitz-John Porter and General M'Dowell were among the officers present.

December 12*th.*—A big-bearded, spectacled, moustachioed, spurred, and booted officer threw himself on my bed this morning ere I was awake. "Russell, my dear friend, here you are at last; what ages have passed since we met!" I sat up and gazed at my friend. "Bohlen! don't you remember Bohlen, and our rides in Turkey, our visit to Shumla and Pravady, and all the rest of it?" Of course I did. I remembered an enthusiastic soldier, with a fine guttural voice, and a splendid war saddle and saddle-cloth, and brass stirrups and holsters, worked with eagles all over, and a uniform coat and cap with more eagles flying amidst laurel leaves and U. S.'s in gold, who came out to see the fighting in the East, and made up his mind that there would be none, when he arrived at Varna, and so started off incontinent up the Danube, and returned to the Crimea when it was too late; and a very good, kindly, warm-hearted fellow was the Dutch-American, who—once more in his war paint, this time acting Brigadier-General*—renewed the memories of some pleasant days far away; and our talk was of cavasses and khans, and tchibouques, and pashas, till his time was up to return to his fighting Germans of Blenker's division.

He was *not* the good-natured officer who said the other day, "The next day you come down, sir, if my regiment

* Since killed in action in Pope's retreat from the north of Richmond.

happens to be on picket duty, we'll have a little skirmish with the enemy, just to show you how our fellows are improved." "Perhaps you might bring on a general action, Colonel." "Well, sir, we're not afraid of that, either! Let 'em come on." It did so happen that some young friends of mine, of H.M.'s 30th, who had come down from Canada to see the army here, went out a day or two ago with an officer on General Smith's staff, formerly in our army, who yet suffers from a wound received at the Alma, to have a look at the enemy with a detachment of men. The enemy came to have a look at them, whereby it happened that shots were exchanged, and the bold Britons had to ride back as hard as they could, for their men skedaddled, and the Secession cavalry slipping after them, had a very pretty chase for some miles; so the 30th men saw more than they bargained for.

Dined at Baron Gerolt's, where I had the pleasure of meeting Judge Daly, who is perfectly satisfied the English lawyers have not a leg to stand upon in the Trent case. On the faith of old and very doubtful, and some purely supposititious, cases, the American lawyers have made up their minds that the seizure of the "rebel" ambassadors was perfectly legitimate and normal. The Judge expressed his belief that if there was a rebellion in Ireland, and that Messrs. Smith O'Brien and O'Gorman ran the blockade to France, and were going on their passage from Havre to New York in a United States steamer, they would be seized by the first British vessel that knew the fact. "Granted; and what would the United States do?" "I am afraid we should be obliged to demand that they be given up; and if you were strong enough at the time, I dare say

you would fight sooner than do so." Mr. Sumner, with whom I had some conversation this afternoon, affects to consider the question eminently suitable for reference and arbitration.

In spite of drills and parades, M'Clellan has not got an army yet. A good officer, who served as brigade-major in our service, told me the men were little short of mutinous, with all their fine talk, though they could fight well. Sometimes they refuse to mount guard, or to go on duty not to their tastes; officers refuse to serve under others to whom they have a dislike; men offer similar personal objections to officers. M'Clellan is enforcing discipline, and really intends to execute a most villanous deserter this time.

December 15th.—The first echo of the San Jacinto's guns in England reverberated to the United States, and produced a profound sensation. The people had made up their minds John Bull would acquiesce in the seizure, and not say a word about it; or they affected to think so; and the cry of anger which has resounded through the land, and the unmistakable tone of the British press, at once surprise, and irritate, and disappoint them. The American journals, nevertheless, pretend to think it is a mere vulgar excitement, and that the press is "only indulging in its habitual bluster."

December 16th.—I met Mr. Seward at a ball and cotillon party, given by M. de Lisboa; and as he was in very good humour, and was inclined to talk, he pointed out to the Prince of Joinville, and all who were inclined to listen, and myself, how terrible the effects of a war would be if Great Britain forced it on the United States. "We will wrap the whole world in

flames!" he exclaimed. "No power so remote that she will not feel the fire of our battle and be burned by our conflagration." It is inferred that Mr. Seward means to show fight. One of the guests, however, said to me, "That's all bugaboo talk. When Seward talks that way, he means to break down. He is most dangerous and obstinate when he pretends to agree a good deal with you." The young French Princes, and the young and pretty Brazilian and American ladies, danced and were happy, notwithstanding the storms without.

Next day I dined at Mr. Seward's, as the Minister had given *carte blanche* to a very lively and agreeable lady, who has to lament over an absent husband in this terrible war, to ask two gentlemen to dine with him, and she had been pleased to select myself and M. de Geoffroy, Secretary of the French Legation, as her thick and her thin *umbræ;* and the company went off in the evening to the White House, where there was a reception, whereat I imagined I might be *de trop*, and so home.

Mr. Seward was in the best spirits, and told one or two rather long, but very pleasant, stories. Now it is evident he must by this time know Great Britain has resolved on the course to be pursued, and his good humour, contrasted with the irritation he displayed in May and June, is not intelligible.

The Russian Minister, at whose house I dined next day, is better able than any man to appreciate the use made of the Czar's professions of regret for the evils which distract the States by the Americans; but it is the fashion to approve of everything that France does, and to assume a violent affection for Russia. The Americans are irritated by war preparations on the part of Eng-

land, in case the Government of Washington do not accede to their demands; and, at the same time, much annoyed that all European nations join in an outcry against the famous project of destroying the Southern harbours by the means of the stone fleet.

December 20th.—I went down to the Senate, as it was expected at the Legation and elsewhere the President would send a special message to the Senate on the Trent affair; but, instead, there was merely a long speech from a senator, to show the South did not like democratic institutions. Lord Lyons called on Mr. Seward yesterday to read Lord Russell's dispatch to him, and to give time for a reply; but Mr. Seward was out, and Mr. Sumner told me the Minister was down with the Committee of Foreign Relations, where there is a serious business in reference to the State of Mexico and certain European Powers under discussion, when the British Minister went to the State Department.

Next day Lord Lyons had two interviews with Mr. Seward, read the despatch, which simply asks for surrender of Mason and Slidell and reparation, without any specific act named, but he received no indication from Mr. Seward of the course he would pursue. Mr. Lincoln has "put down his foot" on no surrender. "Sir!" exclaimed the President, to an old Treasury official the other day, "I would sooner die than give them up." "Mr. President," was the reply, "your death would be a great loss, but the destruction of the United States would be a still more deplorable event."

Mr. Seward will, however, control the situation, as the Cabinet will very probably support his views; and Americans will comfort themselves, in case the

captives are surrendered, with a promise of future revenge, and with the reflection that they have avoided a very disagreeable intervention between their march of conquest and the Southern Confederacy. The general belief of the diplomatists is, that the prisoners will not be given up, and in that case Lord Lyons and the Legation will retire from Washington for the time, probably to Halifax, leaving Mr. Monson to wind up affairs and clear out the archives. But it is understood that there is no ultimatum, and that Lord Lyons is not to indicate any course of action, should Mr. Seward inform him the United States Government refuses to comply with the demands of Great Britain.

Any humiliation which may be attached to concession will be caused by the language of the Americans themselves, who have given in their press, in public meetings, in the Lower House, in the Cabinet, and in the conduct of the President, a complete ratification of the act of Captain Wilkes, not to speak of the opinions of the lawyers, and the speeches of their orators, who declare "they will face any alternative, but that they will never surrender." The friendly relations which existed between ourselves and many excellent Americans are now rendered somewhat constrained by the prospect of a great national difference.

December (Sunday) 22*nd*.—Lord Lyons saw Mr. Seward again, but it does not appear that any answer can be expected before Wednesday. All kinds of rumours circulate through the city, and are repeated in an authoritative manner in the New York papers.

December 23*rd*.—There was a tremendous storm, which drove over the city and shook the houses to the foundation. Constant interviews took place between the Presi-

dent and members of the Cabinet, and so certain are the people that war is inevitable, that an officer connected with the executive of the Navy Department came in to tell me General Scott was coming over from Europe to conduct the Canadian campaign, as he had thoroughly studied the geography of the country, and that in a very short time he would be in possession of every strategic position on the frontier, and chaw up our reinforcements. Late in the evening, Mr. Olmsted called to say he had been credibly informed Lord Lyons had quarrelled violently with Mr. Seward, had flown into a great passion with him, and so departed. The idea of Lord Lyons being quarrelsome, passionate, or violent, was preposterous enough to those who knew him; but the American papers, by repeated statements of the sort, have succeeded in persuading their public that the British Minister is a plethoric, red-faced, large-stomached man in top-boots, knee-breeches, yellow waistcoat, blue cut-away, brass buttons, and broad-brimmed white hat, who is continually walking to the State Department in company with a large bulldog, hurling defiance at Mr. Seward at one moment, and the next rushing home to receive despatches from Mr. Jefferson Davis, or to give secret instructions to the British Consuls to run cargoes of quinine and gunpowder through the Federal blockade. I was enabled to assure Mr. Olmsted there was not the smallest foundation for the story; but he seemed impressed with a sense of some great calamity, and told me there was a general belief that England only wanted a pretext for a quarrel with the United States; nor could I comfort him by the assurance that there were good reasons for thinking General Scott would very soon annex Canada, in case of war.

CHAPTER XXIV.

News of the death of the Prince Consort—Mr. Sumner and the Trent Affair—Dispatch to Lord Russell—The Southern Commissioners given up—Effects on the friends of the South—My own unpopularity at New York—Attack of fever—My tour in Canada—My return to New York in February—Successes of the Western States—Mr. Stanton succeeds Mr. Cameron as Secretary of War—Reverse and retreat of M'Clellan—My free pass—The Merrimac and Monitor—My arrangement to accompany M'Clellan's head-quarters—Mr. Stanton refuses his sanction—National vanity wounded by my truthfulness—My retirement and return to Europe.

December 24th.—This evening came in a telegram from Europe with news which cast the deepest gloom over all our little English circle. Prince Albert dead! At first no one believed it; then it was remembered that private letters by the last mail had spoken despondingly of his state of health, and that the "little cold" of which we had heard was described in graver terms. Prince Alfred dead! "Oh, it may be Prince Alfred," said some; and sad as it would be for the Queen and the public to lose the Sailor Prince, the loss could not be so great as that which we all felt to be next to the greatest. The preparations which we had made for a little festivity to welcome in Christmas morning were chilled by the news, and the eve was not of the joyous character which Englishmen delight to give it, for the sorrow which fell on all hearts in England had

spanned the Atlantic, and bade us mourn in common with the country at home.

December 25th.—Lord Lyons, who had invited the English in Washington to dinner, gave a small quiet entertainment, from which he retired early.

December 26th.—No answer yet. There can be but one. Press people, soldiers, sailors, ministers, senators, Congress men, people in the street, the voices of the bar-room—all are agreed. "Give them up? Never! We'll die first!" Senator Sumner, M. De Beaumont, M. De Geoffroy, of the French Legation, dined with me, in company with General Van Vliet, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Lamy, &c.; and in the evening Major Anson, M.P., Mr. Johnson, Captain Irwin, U.S.A., Lt. Wise, U.S.N., joined our party, and after much evasion of the subject, the English despatch and Mr. Seward's decision turned up and caused some discussion. Mr. Sumner, who is Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate, and in that capacity is in intimate *rapport* with the President, either is, or affects to be, incredulous respecting the nature of Lord Russell's despatch this evening, and argues that, at the very utmost, the Trent affair can only be a matter for mediation, and not for any peremptory demand, as the law of nations has no exact precedent to bear upon the case, and that there are so many instances in which Sir W. Scott's (Lord Stowell's) decisions in principle appear to justify Captain Wilkes. All along he has held this language, and has maintained that at the very worst there is plenty of time for protocols, despatches, and references, and more than once he has said to me, "I hope you will keep the peace; help us to do so,"—the peace having been already broken by Captain Wilkes and the Government.

December 27th.—This morning Mr. Seward sent in his reply to Lord Russell's despatch—"grandis et verbosa epistola." The result destroys my prophecies, for, after all, the Southern Commissioners or Ambassadors are to be given up. Yesterday, indeed, in an under-current of whispers among the desponding friends of the South, there went a rumour that the Government had resolved to yield. What a collapse! What a bitter mortification! I had scarcely finished the perusal of an article in a Washington paper,—which, let it be understood, is an organ of Mr. Lincoln,—stating that "Mason and Slidell would *not* be surrendered, and assuring the people they need entertain no apprehension of such a dishonourable concession," when I learned beyond all possibility of doubt, that Mr. Seward had handed in his despatch, placing the Commissioners at the disposal of the British Minister. A copy of the despatch will be published in the *National Intelligencer* to-morrow morning at an early hour, in time to go to Europe by the steamer which leaves New York.

After dinner, those who were in the secret were amused by hearing the arguments which were started between one or two Americans and some English in the company, in consequence of a positive statement from a gentleman who came in, that Mason and Slidell had been surrendered. I have resolved to go to Boston, being satisfied that a great popular excitement and uprising will, in all probability, take place on the discharge of the Commissioners from Fort Warren. What will my friend, the general, say, who told me yesterday "he would snap his sword, and throw the pieces into the White House, if they were given up?"

December 28th.—The *National Intelligencer* of this morning contains the despatches of Lord Russell, M. Thouvenel, and Mr. Seward. The bubble has burst. The rage of the friends of compromise, and of the South, who saw in a war with Great Britain the complete success of the Confederacy, is deep and burning, if not loud; but they all say they never expected anything better from the cowardly and braggart statesmen who now rule in Washington.

Lord Lyons has evinced the most moderate and conciliatory spirit, and has done everything in his power to break Mr. Seward's fall on the softest of eider down. Some time ago we were all prepared to hear nothing less would be accepted than Captain Wilkes taking Messrs. Mason and Slidell on board the San Jacinto, and transferring them to the Trent, under a salute to the flag, near the scene of the outrage; at all events, it was expected that a British man-of-war would have steamed into Boston, and received the prisoners under a salute from Fort Warren; but Mr. Seward, apprehensive that some outrage would be offered by the populace to the prisoners and the British Flag, has asked Lord Lyons that the Southern Commissioners may be placed, as it were, surreptitiously, in a United States boat, and carried to a small seaport in the State of Maine, where they are to be placed on board a British vessel as quietly as possible; and this exigent, imperious, tyrannical, insulting British Minister has cheerfully acceded to the request. Mr. Conway Seymour, the Queen's messenger, who brought Lord Russell's despatch, was sent back with instructions for the British Admiral, to send a vessel to Providence town for the purpose; and as Mr. Johnson,

who is nearly connected with Mr. Eustis, one of the prisoners, proposed going to Boston to see his brother-in-law, if possible, ere he started, and as there was not the smallest prospect of any military movement taking place, I resolved to go northwards with him; and we left Washington accordingly on the morning of the 31st of December, and arrived at the New York Hotel the same night.

To my great regret and surprise, however, I learned it would be impracticable to get to Fort Warren and see the prisoners before their surrender. My unpopularity, which had lost somewhat of its intensity, was revived by the exasperation against everything English, occasioned by the firmness of Great Britain in demanding the Commissioners; and on New Year's Night, as I heard subsequently, Mr. Grinell and other members of the New York Club were exposed to annoyance and insult, by some of their brother members, in consequence of inviting me to be their guest at the club.

The illness which had prostrated some of the strongest men in Washington, including General M'Clellan himself, developed itself as soon as I ceased to be sustained by the excitement, such as it was, of daily events at the capital, and by expectations of a move; and for some time an attack of typhoid fever confined me to my room, and left me so weak that I was advised not to return to Washington till I had tried change of air. I remained in New York till the end of January, when I proceeded to make a tour in Canada, as it was quite impossible for any operation to take place on the Potomac, where deep mud, alternating with snow and frost, bound the contending armies in winter quarters.

On my return to New York, at the end of February,

the North was cheered by some signal successes achieved in the West principally by gunboats, operating on the lines of the great rivers. The greatest results have been obtained in the capture of Fort Donaldson and Fort Henry, by Commodore Foote's flotilla co-operating with the land forces. The possession of an absolute naval supremacy, of course, gives the North United States powerful means of annoyance and inflicting injury and destruction on the enemy; it also secures for them the means of seizing upon bases of operations wherever they please, of breaking up the enemy's lines, and maintaining communications; but the example of Great Britain in the revolutionary war should prove to the United States that such advantages do not, by any means, enable a belligerent to subjugate a determined people resolved on resistance to the last. The long-threatened encounter between Bragg and Browne has taken place at Pensacola, without effect, and the attempts of the Federals to advance from Port Royal have been successfully resisted. Sporadic skirmishes have sprung up over every border State; but, on the whole, success has inclined to the Federals in Kentucky and Tennessee.

On the 1st March, I arrived in Washington once more, and found things very much as I had left them: the army recovering the effect of the winter's sickness and losses, animated by the victories of their comrades in Western fields, and by the hope that the ever-coming to-morrow would see them in the field at last. In place of Mr. Cameron, an Ohio lawyer named Stanton has been appointed Secretary of War. He came to Washington, a few years ago, to conduct some legal proceedings for Mr. Daniel Sickles, and by his energy,

activity, and a rapid conversion from democratic to republican principles, as well as by his Union sentiments, recommended himself to the President and his Cabinet.

The month of March passed over without any remarkable event in the field. When the army started at last to attack the enemy—a movement which was precipitated by hearing that they were moving away—they went out only to find the Confederates had fallen back by interior lines towards Richmond, and General M'Clellan was obliged to transport his army from Alexandria to the peninsula of York Town, where his reverses, his sufferings, and his disastrous retreat, are so well known and so recent, that I need only mention them as among the most remarkable events which have yet occurred in this war.

I had looked forward for many weary months to participating in the movement and describing its results. Immediately on my arrival in Washington, I was introduced to Mr. Stanton by Mr. Ashman, formerly member of Congress and Secretary to Mr. Daniel Webster, and the Secretary, without making any positive pledge, used words, in Mr. Ashman's presence, which led me to believe he would give me permission to draw rations, and undoubtedly promised to afford me every facility in his power. Subsequently he sent me a private pass to the War Department to enable me to get through the crowd of contractors and jobbers; but on going there to keep my appointment, the Assistant-Secretary of War told me Mr. Stanton had been summoned to a Cabinet Council by the President.

We had some conversation respecting the subject

matter of my application, which the Assistant-Secretary seemed to think would be attended with many difficulties, in consequence of the number of correspondents to the American papers who might demand the same privileges, and he intimated to me that Mr. Stanton was little disposed to encourage them in any way whatever. Now this is undoubtedly honest on Mr. Stanton's part, for he knows he might render himself popular by granting what they ask; but he is excessively vain, and aspires to be considered a rude, rough, vigorous Oliver Cromwell sort of man, mistaking some of the disagreeable attributes and the accidents of the external husk of the Great Protector for the brain and head of a statesman and a soldier.

The American officers with whom I was intimate gave me to understand that I could accompany them, in case I received permission from the Government; but they were obviously unwilling to encounter the abuse and calumny which would be heaped upon their heads by American papers, unless they could show the authorities did not disapprove of my presence in their camp. Several invitations sent to me were accompanied by the phrase, "You will of course get a written permission from the War Department, and then there will be no difficulty." On the evening of the private theatricals by which Lord Lyons enlivened the ineffable dullness of Washington, I saw Mr. Stanton at the Legation, and he conversed with me for some time. I mentioned the difficulty connected with passes. He asked me what I wanted. I said, "An order to go with the army to Manassas." At his request I procured a sheet of paper, and he wrote me a pass, took a copy of it, which he put in his pocket, and then handed the

other to me. On looking at it, I perceived that it was a permission for me to go to Manassas and back, and that all officers, soldiers, and others, in the United States service, were to give me every assistance and show me every courtesy; but the hasty return of the army to Alexandria rendered it useless.

The Merrimac and Monitor encounter produced the profoundest impression in Washington, and unusual strictness was observed respecting passes to Fortress Monroe.

March 19th.—I applied at the Navy Department for a passage down to Fortress Monroe, as it was expected the Merrimac was coming out again, but I could not obtain leave to go in any of the vessels. Captain Hardman showed me a curious sketch of what he called the Turtle Thor, an iron-cased machine with a huge claw or grapnel, with which to secure the enemy whilst a steam hammer or a high iron fist, worked by the engine, cracks and smashes her iron armour. "For," says he, "the days of gunpowder are over."

As soon as General M'Clellan commenced his movement, he sent a message to me by one of the French princes, that he would have great pleasure in allowing me to accompany his head-quarters in the field. I find the following, under the head of March 22nd:—

"Received a letter from General Marcy, chief of the staff, asking me to call at his office. He told me General M'Clellan directed him to say he had no objection whatever to my accompanying the army, 'but,' continued General Marcy, 'you know we are a sensitive people, and that our press is exceedingly jealous. General M'Clellan has many enemies who seek to pull him

down, and scruple at no means of doing so. He and I would be glad to do anything in our power to help you, if you come with us, but we must not expose ourselves needlessly to attack. The army is to move to the York and James Rivers at once.' "

All my arrangements were made that day with General Van Vliet, the quartermaster-general of head-quarters. I was quite satisfied, from Mr. Stanton's promise and General Marcy's conversation, that I should have no further difficulty. Our party was made up, consisting of Colonel Neville; Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, Scotch Fusilier Guards; Mr. Lamy, and myself; and our passage was to be provided in the quarter-master-general's boat. On the 26th of March, I went to Baltimore in company with Colonel Rowan, of the Royal Artillery, who had come down for a few days to visit Washington, intending to go on by the steamer to Fortress Monroe, as he was desirous of seeing his friends on board the Rinaldo, and I wished to describe the great flotilla assembled there and to see Captain Hewett once more.

On arriving at Baltimore, we learned it would be necessary to get a special pass from General Dix, and on going to the General's head-quarters his aide-de-camp informed us that he had received special instructions recently from the War Department to grant no passes to Fortress Monroe, unless to officers and soldiers going on duty, or to persons in the service of the United States. The aide-de-camp advised me to telegraph to Mr. Stanton for permission, which I did, but no answer was received, and Colonel Rowan and I returned to Washington, thinking there would be a better chance of securing the necessary order there.

Next day we went to the Department of War, and were shown into Mr. Stanton's room—his secretary informing us that he was engaged in the next room with the President and other Ministers in a council of war, but that he would no doubt receive a letter from me and send me out a reply. I accordingly addressed a note to Mr. Stanton, requesting he would be good enough to give an order to Colonel Rowan, of the British army, and myself, to go by the mail boat from Baltimore to Monroe. In a short time Mr. Stanton sent out a note in the following words:—"Mr. Stanton informs Mr. Russell no passes to Fortress Monroe can be given at present, unless to officers in the United States service." We tried the Navy Department, but no vessels were going down, they said; and one of the officers suggested that we should ask for passes to go down and visit H.M.S. Rinaldo exclusively, which could not well be refused, he thought, to British subjects, and promised to take charge of the letter for Mr. Stanton and to telegraph the permission down to Baltimore. There we returned by the afternoon train and waited, but neither reply nor pass came for us.

Next day we were disappointed also, and an officer of the Rinaldo, who had come up on duty from the ship, was refused permission to take us down on his return. I regretted these obstructions principally on Colonel Rowan's account, because he would have no opportunity of seeing the flotilla. He returned next day to New York, whilst I completed my preparations for the expedition and went back to Washington, where I received my pass, signed by General M'Clellan's chief of the staff authorising me to accompany the head quarters of the army under his command. So far as I know, Mr. Stan-

ton sent no reply to my last letter, and calling with General Van Vliet at his house on his reception night, the door was opened by his brother-in-law, who said, "The Secretary was attending a sick child and could not see any person that evening," so I never met Mr. Stanton again.

Stories had long been current concerning his exceeding animosity to General M'Clellan, founded perhaps on his expressed want of confidence in the General's abilities, as much as on the dislike he felt towards a man who persisted in disregarding his opinions on matters connected with military operations. His infirmities of health and tendency to cerebral excitement had been increased by the pressure of business, by the novelty of power, and by the angry passions to which individual antipathies and personal rancour give rise. No one who ever saw Mr. Stanton would expect from him courtesy of manner or delicacy of feeling; but his affectation of bluntness and straightforwardness of purpose might have led one to suppose he was honest and direct in purpose, as the qualities I have mentioned are not always put forward by hypocrites to cloak finesse and sinister action.

The rest of the story may be told in a few words. It was perfectly well known in Washington that I was going with the army, and I presume Mr. Stanton, if he had any curiosity about such a trifling matter, must have heard it also. I am told he was informed of it at the last moment, and then flew out into a coarse passion against General M'Clellan because he had dared to invite or to take anyone without his permission. What did a Republican General want with foreign princes on his staff, or with foreign newspaper correspondents to puff him up abroad?

Judging from the stealthy, secret way in which Mr. Stanton struck at General M'Clellan the instant he had turned his back upon Washington, and crippled him in the field by suddenly withdrawing his best division without a word of notice, I am inclined to fear he gratified whatever small passion dictated his course on this occasion also, by waiting till he knew I was fairly on board the steamer with my friends and baggage, just ready to move off, before he sent down a despatch to Van Vliet and summoned him at once to the War Office. When Van Vliet returned in a couple of hours, he made the communication to me that Mr. Stanton had given him written orders to prevent my passage, though even here he acted with all the cunning and indirection of the village attorney, not with the straightforwardness of Oliver Cromwell, whom it is laughable to name in the same breath with his imitator. He did not write, "Mr. Russell is not to go," or "The *Times* correspondent is forbidden a passage," but he composed two orders, with all the official formula of the War Office, drawn up by the Quartermaster General of the army, by the direction and order of the Secretary of War. No. 1 ordered "that no person should be permitted to embark on board any vessel in the United States service without an order from the War Department." No. 2 ordered "that Colonel Neville, Colonel Fletcher, and Captain Lamy, of the British army, having been invited by General M'Clellan to accompany the expedition, were authorized to embark on board the vessel."

General Van Vliet assured me that he and General M'Dowell had urged every argument they could think of in my favour, particularly the fact that I was the

specially invited guest of General M'Clellan, and that I was actually provided with a pass by his order from the chief of his staff.

With these orders before me, I had no alternative.

General M'Clellan was far away. Mr. Stanton had waited again until he was gone. General Marcy was away. I laid the statement of what had occurred before the President, who at first gave me hopes, from the wording of his letter, that he would overrule Mr. Stanton's order, but who next day informed me he could not take it upon himself to do so.

It was plain I had now but one course left. My mission in the United States was to describe military events and operations, or, in defect of them, to deal with such subjects as might be interesting to people at home. In the discharge of my duty, I had visited the South, remaining there until the approach of actual operations and the establishment of the blockade, which cut off all communication from the Southern States except by routes which would deprive my correspondence of any value, compelled me to return to the North, where I could keep up regular communication with Europe. Soon after my return, as unfortunately for myself as the United States, the Federal troops were repulsed in an attempt to march upon Richmond, and terminated a disorderly retreat by a disgraceful panic. The whole incidents of what I saw were fairly stated by an impartial witness, who, if anything, was inclined to favour a nation endeavouring to suppress a rebellion, and who was by no means impressed, as the results of his recent tour, with the admiration and respect for the people of the Confederate States which their enormous sacrifices, extraordinary gallantry,

and almost unparelleled devotion, have long since extorted from him in common with all the world. The letter in which that account was given came back to America after the first bitterness and humiliation of defeat had passed away, and disappointment and alarm had been succeeded by such a formidable outburst of popular resolve, that the North forgot everything in the instant anticipations of a glorious and triumphant revenge.

Every feeling of the American was hurt—above all, his vanity and his pride, by the manner in which the account of the reverse had been received in Europe; and men whom I scorned too deeply to reply to, dexterously took occasion to direct on my head the full storm of popular indignation. Not, indeed, that I had escaped before. Ere a line from my pen reached America at all—ere my first letter had crossed the Atlantic to England—the jealousy and hatred felt for all things British—for press or principle, or representative of either—had found expression in Northern journals; but that I was prepared for. I knew well no foreigner had ever penned a line—least of all, no Englishman—concerning the United States of North America, their people, manners, and institutions, who had not been treated to the abuse which is supposed by their journalists to mean criticism, no matter what the justness or moderation of the views expressed, the sincerity of purpose, and the truthfulness of the writer. In the South, the press threatened me with tar and feathers, because I did not see the beauties of their domestic institution, and wrote of it in my letters to England exactly as I spoke of it to every one who conversed with me on the subject when I was amongst

them; and now the Northern papers recommended expulsion, ducking, riding rails, and other cognate modes of insuring a moral conviction of error; endeavoured to intimidate me by threats of duels or personal castigations; gratified their malignity by ludicrous stories of imaginary affronts or annoyances to which I never was exposed; and sought to prevent the authorities extending any protection towards me, and to intimidate officers from showing me any civilities.

In pursuance of my firm resolution I allowed the slanders and misrepresentations which poured from their facile sources for months to pass by unheeded, and trusted to the calmer sense of the people, and to the discrimination of those who thought over the sentiments expressed in my letters, to do me justice.

I need not enlarge on the dangers to which I was exposed. Those who are acquainted with America, and know the life of the great cities, will best appreciate the position of a man who went forth daily in the camps and streets holding his life in his hand. This expression of egotism is all I shall ask indulgence for. Nothing could have induced me to abandon my post or to recoil before my assailants; but at last a power I could not resist struck me down. When to the press and populace of the United States, the President and the Government of Washington added their power, resistance would be unwise and impracticable. In no camp could I have been received—in no place useful. I went to America to witness and describe the operations of the great army before Washington in the field, and when I was forbidden by the proper authorities to do so, my mission terminated at once.

On the evening of April 4th, as soon as I was in

receipt of the President's last communication, I telegraphed to New York to engage a passage by the steamer which left on the following Wednesday. Next day was devoted to packing up and to taking leave of my friends—English and American—whose kindnesses I shall remember in my heart of hearts, and the following Monday I left Washington, of which, after all, I shall retain many pleasant memories and keep souvenirs green for ever. I arrived in New York late on Tuesday evening, and next day I saw the shores receding into a dim grey fog, and ere the night fell was tossing about once more on the stormy Atlantic, with the head of our good ship pointing, thank Heaven, towards Europe.

THE END.

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